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Dignity of Trade

By Elbert Hubbard

MEN must eat, they must be clothed, they must be housed. It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food as that you should read good books, listen to good music, hear good sermons, and look upon beautiful pictures. ¶ That is sacred which serves. There are no menial tasks. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and, rightly understood, they are one and the same thing. We live in a world of spirit and our bodies are the physical manifestation of a spiritual thing. ¶ We change men by changing their environment. Commerce changes environment and gives us a better society. To supply water, better sanitary appliances, better heating apparatus, better food served in a more dainty way—these are tasks worthy of the highest intelligence and devotion that can be brought to bear upon them. ¶ We have ceased to separate the secular from the sacred. The way to help yourself is to help humanity. The way to cheat humanity is to cheat yourself. We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others.



Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.

THE REAL COW-BOY.

Cosmopolitan Magazine.

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The Fight Against Alcohol

AN ISSUE ALMOST AS IMPORTANT TO-DAY AS THE SLAVERY QUESTION
OF FIFTY YEARS AGO. THE SUBJECT OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE
VERSUS MODERATION DISCUSSED BY DR. ALEXANDER
ALISON AND MR. GUSTAVE PABST

Second Article—World-Wide Significance of the Movement

By Arthur Brisbane

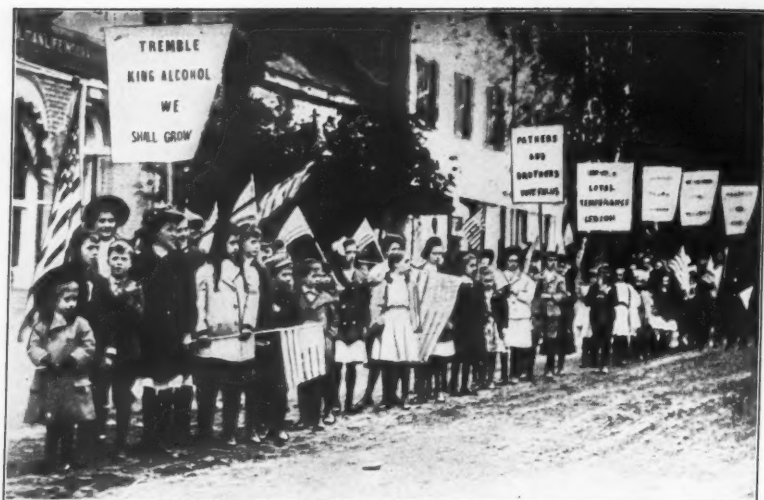


THE fight against alcohol spreads all over the world. In German universities, where Gambrinus has been safely enthroned for long years, with Bismarcks and Kaisers bowing before him, there is open rebellion. Students are testing the effects of beer and other stimulants upon "brain efficiency." Total abstinence enthusiasts report that the maximum of efficiency is attained with the minimum of beer or wine.

Advocates of old-style, semi-moderate drinking reply that short tests prove nothing: a horse runs its best race with stomach

empty, but it cannot be kept always empty. A man does his best work with a mind free of any artificial stimulant, but between efforts that mind requires the relaxation and rest, freedom from nervousness and facility of digestion that mild stimulants alone can give.

In France, directly and energetically, the government is fighting the drink evil. Drunkenness in France was almost unknown among the people while they confined themselves to the use of the light, natural wines of the country. Of late the drinking of absinthe, liqueurs, and various digestion killers called "appetizers" has been accompanied with drunkenness steadily increasing. The low French birth-rate has been ascribed to ex-



DELAWARE SCHOOL CHILDREN PARADING IN THE CAUSE OF PROHIBITION

All through the country young children have been very active in winning prohibition votes

cessive use of alcohol, and the government has undertaken to fight that.

On the dead walls of Paris, posters against drink, paid for by the government, describe the evil effects of alcohol. Prisoners brought from their cells are ranged around a paid government lecturer, and each prisoner, with his head alone visible, is compelled to hear a scientist explain the connection between alcohol and crime. Specific drinks, representing "great property investments," are mentioned and denounced by name in the government temperance posters. The French government, more advanced than ours, considers the interest and welfare of all the people rather than the individual or corporation pocket-book.

The drink agitation is strong in England, even stronger in Ireland. In China, there is a fight against the use of opium, a drug to which Chinese officials attribute the evils charged to alcohol by prohibitionists in this country. And in China, so long thought petrified and hopeless in her habits, have been recorded extraordinary results through self-control and through imposed laws.

In America, the fight is everywhere; it is dramatic and picturesque. Women working for prohibition turn out in a great baby parade. Each mother pushes her baby along in the carriage; above the baby

a sign urges men to close the saloons for the sake of the children. Posters appealing to paternal love are conspicuous in the temperance campaign. Passers-by are told. "Saloons cannot exist without boys. Have you a boy to spare?"

The fight that was made with Biblical texts, on a purely religious basis, in the old days of prohibition campaigning is distinctively religious no longer. That is one of the features of the modern campaign.

When John B. Gough was at work, there was hair-splitting as to the exact meaning of passages in the Bible. Prohibitionists picked out the text that spoke of drink as "the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," said the prohibitionist, and his opponent replied, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities" (I Tim., 5.23), and quoted freely the miracle of the changing of the water into wine.

The prohibitionist explained that miracle on the assumption that the wine was miraculously non-alcoholic.

John B. Gough quoted a rabbi thus: "We use no fermented wine at our Passover. We boil the raisins, and use the liquid juice." He also proved to his own satisfaction that the ancients could preserve

their grape-juice unfermented, by using airtight receptacles.

Religious discussion and exhortation, prayer, and hymn-singing made up old-fashioned temperance agitation. One desirable "terrible example," sober for the moment at least, and joining in the religious exercises, was the backbone of almost every temperance meeting. Now that is changed. The prohibitionists no longer discuss the exact meaning of texts in the Bible. They say: "We don't propose to drink alcoholic stimulants now, whether they were drunk in Palestine two thousand years ago or not. We know they are harmful for us and others *now*, whether they were harmful *then*, or not. And we are going to stop drinking if we can."

Temperance campaigning, no longer religious, has become purely practical.

Religious leaders and others treat the question from the point of view of expediency. Cardinal Gibbons, speaking with authority for millions of deeply religious people in the United States, declares flatly against prohibition in big cities. In a statement issued by him in Baltimore as this is written he says:

Local option should under no circumstances apply to this city. Liquor would be sold here quite as abundantly under prohibition laws as under

well-regulated license. The consequence will be that liquor will be dispensed contrary to law instead of being sold in accordance with law. Then, too, the city will be deprived of a large revenue which is so much needed for the government of this community.

When a law is flagrantly and habitually violated it brings legislation into contempt. It creates a spirit of deception and hypocrisy, and compels men to do insidiously and by stealth what they would otherwise do openly and aboveboard.

You cannot legislate men into the performance of good and righteous deeds. If we are to improve the morality of our city and make our citizens more temperate let the virtue of temperance be proclaimed in the churches; above all let it be enforced in the family, that parents, both by word and example, may inculcate their children with the temporal and spiritual blessings which spring from a life of temperance and sobriety.

It will be seen that the attitude of Cardinal Gibbons is based upon the probable effect of prohibition laws on the moral character of men, the danger of breeding contempt for law by non-observance.

Interesting in to-day's cold, calculating war on alcohol is the fact that it does not follow any outbreak of drunkenness. On the contrary, it crops out in a civilization in which the excessive use of alcohol has steadily diminished. Drunkenness among statesmen, literary men, mechanics, among all considerable divisions of the population, grows less each year. It is openly recognized



A LOCAL OPTION ELECTION, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

In the window on the right hangs a sign, "Remember Margaret Lear," referring to a young schoolgirl who was brutally outraged and shot by a drunken negro in this ward

The Fight Against Alcohol

only as a feature of deepest misery. Yet the fight against drink has been revived with an energy almost vicious and never dreamed of in the old days, when fashionable doctors made it fashionable to write illegible prescriptions, because they were often so drunk that they could not write legibly; when a man like Pitt could not only drink to excess, as did many of the ablest men of his day, but just about it with impunity.

One open exhibition of drunkenness now might ruin any professional man, or great politician, or young newspaper reporter, or member of the bar. Drunkenness is tolerated no longer, except in the gutter. If King Alcohol were an individual, we could imagine him shaking his puzzled, muddled head and asking himself: "What have I done lately? I thought I had been pretty good." His predicament is not unlike that of Louis XVI, one of the least harmful, and most good-natured kings.

It is interesting to notice a world-wide attack on drink, when drink is unquestion-

ably a less serious problem in civilization than it has been at any time within hundreds of years.

The whole world agrees that all but temperate use of stimulants should be condemned. There are no more Omars to advocate drowning man's few years of consciousness in drink.

There is question among scientists as to the food value of alcohol, but not one maintains that it has *any* food value, except in very small doses.

To-day's question is, Shall humanity achieve self-control, freedom from the domination of alcohol, by gradual growth and exercise of will-power in the individual, as hitherto, or shall men be freed by prohibition, *the imposition of the will of the prohibitionist upon the will of the non-prohibitionist?*

In this magazine, this fundamental question of Temperance or Prohibition is interestingly discussed by men excellently chosen. Mr. Pabst represents well in



Photograph by Cayce

A PROHIBITIONIST STREET-PARADE ON THE EVE OF A LOCAL OPTION ELECTION,
BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

Nearly all the women and children in the town took part



A GROUP OF PROHIBITION PARADERS AT BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

thought, in character, and in business standing the side of those that advocate temperance and oppose prohibition.

Dr. Alexander Alison, editor of the "National Advocate," and General Secretary of the National Temperance Society, takes the side of prohibition.

The prohibitionist will tell you sincerely that there is no such thing in the long run as "temperate drinking." He will quote to you the Japanese saying, "a man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man."

The man who opposes prohibition and advocates reform through increasing temperance, replies that the total abstainer is always in greater danger from alcohol than the temperate drinker. People who have never known alcohol are utterly unable to resist its effects. Total abstainers all their lives, there is no such thing as temperance possible to them. Scientific men will tell you and undertake to prove that humanity by actual contact and assimilation must conquer not only alcohol, but smallpox, consumption, and other enemies.

Prohibitionists detest the idea that temperate drinking means anything in the long run but final drunkenness in the majority of men originally temperate. And they believe that the man who remains temperate is the most harmful of drinkers, because he sets a bad example to others who lack his

will-power, admire his strength of character, and imagine that they can safely imitate his habits.

Prohibitionists, if they don't know it, will enjoy an old Arab story which is supposed to explain the bad luck attached by superstition to peacock feathers. After Satan, with the help of Sin and Death, had constructed the bridge over Chaos so that he and his assistants might comfortably visit the earth, he made his first appearance in Paradise. In that happy garden, the grapevine was growing quite innocently—no alcohol in the grapes. Satan watered the roots of the vine with the blood of four animals. First he poured on the blood of a peacock. When the leaves began to grow he poured on the blood of a monkey. While the grapes were green he watered the vine with the blood of a lion. And finally, when they were ripe he watered the vine with the blood of a hog.

As a consequence, say the Arabs, the man who drinks the forbidden juice first struts like a peacock, drinks a little more and begins to dance and act foolishly like an ape, drinks more and rages like a lion, finally, having drunk his fill, lies down in the mire like a hog.

The prohibitionist looks upon the grape as a thing of evil, leading mankind a peacock, monkey, lion, and hog dance.

The opponent of prohibition declares that

the vine, like all the gifts of nature, is a blessing to man, properly used, and harmful, improperly used. It is man's business to use all of nature's products temperately.

Opponents of prohibition find an interesting argument in the fact that those races which are most powerful now were cannibals in their infancy. The races that did not practise cannibalism did not thrive—their children rarely had enough meat to eat and developed indifferently. The cannibal races, always having plenty of meat in the house, feeding the children well whenever they captured enemies, and being swift in the chase because of their meat-diet, and stomachs less distended than the vegetarian stomach, thrive and conquered the earth. Our own respectable ancestors of northern Europe not so very long ago had the disagreeable habit of using the skull of an

enemy as a goblet out of which they drank that enemy's blood.

From this cannibalism the strong races have emerged. They are now moderate meat-eaters, and they still rule with the greatest of ease the hundreds of millions of vegetarians in Asia and elsewhere.

The opponent of prohibition tells you that vile drunkenness, or the Arab's man-hog lying in the gutter, represents the cannibal stage. He believes that this cannibal or drunken condition must be overcome, not by vegetarianism or prohibition, but by self-control and gradual growth in will-power and morality.

Both sides of the question being presented here by Mr. Pabst and Doctor Alison, intelligent readers, after interesting discussion, will form their own opinions. It is quite likely that each will put down this magazine with his opinion what it was before, but stronger.

Why I am a Total Abstainer

The Argument for Prohibition Legislation

By Alexander Alison, D.D.

General Secretary of the National Temperance Society

THERE are three attitudes which may be occupied toward the use of alcoholic beverages:

First. Drinking to excess.

Second. Drinking, as it is usually expressed, in moderation.

Third. Total abstinence.

No one will defend the first. Not a few speak kindly of the second. The larger number are indisposed to adopt the third. Let us, therefore, eliminate the first named and consider the second and third.

What is moderation? That is a question which it seems impossible to answer. That which is moderation to A, all agree would scarcely be recognized as such by B. Let us use an illustration.

I have just swallowed a full glass of whiskey. Its effect upon me has been that of intoxication. I am lying prostrate on the sidewalk. A large, full-fledged toper, looking more like a beer-keg on stilts than a man, happens to pass by. A brandy-

blossom on his nose speaks more eloquently than words his daily habits of indulgence. He looks askance at the unfortunate victim of the single glass. "Why can't that fellow take it in moderation like me!" is his exclamation to a companion as he passes on. Perhaps that man has swallowed a dozen or more glasses of different kinds of alcoholic liquor during the previous part of the day and is able to keep his equilibrium notwithstanding. It is obvious that what is moderation to him is not moderation to the one who is unaccustomed to the use of liquors. Continued use gives increased ability to "stand up under."

It is obvious, therefore, that we can find no rule for our guidance. There is constant danger of the man who takes the first glass taking the second. We may safely aver as a proposition that will stand considerable examination, *He who takes the first glass does not possess the moral power to resist the second glass which he had to resist the first.*



WORKERS AT THE POLLS, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

Women of all ages were in constant attendance during election hours. Voters were compelled to listen to their arguments and pleadings before they were allowed to enter the polls

Therefore, the only sound doctrine is, *Decline the first glass*. He who does not drink the first will not drink the second.

Again, drinking grows on one, but not on all alike. We learn that a large number indulge without apparently becoming excessive. Since, however, the line of moderation is invisible and really impossible to find, no one may be positively sure when he passes it.

From the village of Chippewa, about four miles above Niagara Falls, it is safe for the larger number of people to cross the river in a boat. But some who have attempted to do so have failed. Without being aware of it they were caught in the current and gradually drifted down-stream far enough to be unable to return. The result was that they went over the falls of Niagara to death.

People who live in that region are not in the habit of doing much boating on that river, because they are wise enough to realize that every attempt to cross is fraught with danger, and that the only crossing that is free from danger is the crossing that never takes place.

In regard to drinking, therefore, I have no hesitation in making the positive asser-

tion that safety lies in total abstinence, while danger must ever be coincident with drinking. The best place to stop the use of alcoholic beverages is *before you begin*. The first glass contains the possibilities of the second and the third and so on. Therefore, *let the first alone*.

An argument in favor of total abstinence may well be derived from the health side. Medical science has made it clear beyond all peradventure that alcohol is not helpful in the making of tissue, nor in repairing that which is wasted. The best scholars in this field say positively that alcohol is neither food nor fuel for the body. Instead of being helpful it is hurtful to the system. He who would be a healthy man cannot afford to ignore the doctrine of total abstinence. While there may be, here and there, apparently perfect specimens of health in the cases of individuals who drink occasionally, it may nevertheless be safely maintained that their fine physical condition is in spite of, and not because of, the alcohol that enters their system.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon to King Edward VII, expresses himself as follows:

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"It is said that alcohol is strengthening and that it gives great working power. We hear a great deal of this in the advocacy of British beef and beer. That sounds very well, but let us view the facts. Alcohol modifies certain constituents of the blood and, on this account and on others, it affects prejudicially the nourishment of the body."

Sir Frederick also speaks of the British troops in the South African campaign a few years ago. The great surgeon was with the relief column that moved on Ladysmith. He states, "In that column of some thirty thousand men the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men, but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs."

In speaking of the effects of alcohol on the circulation, Sir Frederick states:

"Alcohol produces an increased heart-beat, a fuller pulse and redder skin. It calls upon the reserve power of the man, but the moment the effect passes off the action of the heart is actually weakened. Consequently the temporary effect is produced at an unfortunate cost."

Another statement by this eminent physician is as follows:

"To be 'fit' no young man must touch it. No one who is young and healthy can want alcohol any more than he can want strychnin."

Perhaps we will be pardoned for another quotation from this eminent writer and scholar. He says:

"The point in regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is a poison, and a poison which, like other poisons, has certain uses; but the limitations in the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations in the use of any other kind of poison. Moreover, it is an insidious poison in that it produces effects which seem to have only one antidote—alcohol again."

Several other distinguished writers can be quoted. N. S. Davis, M.D., says, "No form of alcoholic drink is capable of either warming, strengthening, nourishing, or sustaining the life of any human being."

Professor Youmans says, "All alcohol is the product of death and decay."

F. R. Lees, M.D., says, "It is false that alcohol promotes digestion."

Even in disease it is unnecessary. Dr. John S. Griscomb says, "I have come to the

conclusion that alcohol as a medicine can be wholly dispensed with."

Dr. Willard Parker says, "When people understand what alcohol is and what it does, they will put it out of existence."

Sir Henry Thompson says, "I find alcohol to be an agent that gives no strength."

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson many years ago said, and, so far as we are aware, it has not been successfully refuted, "Alcohol cannot, by any ingenuity of excuse for it, be classified among the foods of man."

Thousands of great names might be quoted along these lines. Fifty years ago physicians were generally disposed to speak kindly of the alcoholic beverage. To-day the opposite is true. The consensus of opinion, we have no hesitation in declaring, is that alcohol is not necessary in health or sickness. It is a poison pure and simple.

Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., physician to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, expressed himself unhesitatingly as follows:

"Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnin; so is arsenic; so is opium. Alcohol ranks with these. The health is always in some way or other injured by alcohol; benefited by it—never!"

We have thus far spoken of the physical. Nor is the use of alcohol less injurious to the mental conditions. It is not sound doctrine that claims the use of alcohol as beneficial to high thinking. There may be stimulus at times, but there comes just as surely reaction. To the physician, lawyer, banker, and business man generally a normal mental condition is of the highest importance. Great issues may depend upon this. Whatever men in professional and commercial circles may do in the evening under social conditions, those who are successful are careful to abstain completely during the day. There can be no doubt that alcohol hinders mental activity.

Professor Huxley once remarked, "If a man cannot do brain work without stimulants of any kind, he had better turn to hand work; *it is an indication on nature's part that she did not mean him to be a head-worker.*"

Sir Benjamin Richardson wrote, "Of all men brain-workers are the least able to bear up under the ravages of alcohol—this traitor who enters the most precious treasury, the citadel of the mind."

The Poet Homer, certainly a very ancient authority, has spoken wisely on this subject,

as on many others. Here are his sentiments,

Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind.

A greater than Homer, however, has spoken with emphasis upon the subject. We refer to the Prophet Isaiah. Here are his words,

The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink . . . they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

Those of us who believe in total abstinence certainly feel grateful to Dr. Sims Woodhead, professor of pathology in Cambridge University, for the following: "*A man under the influence of even small quantities of alcohol has no right to believe his senses. He cannot trust them to give him correct facts, and he cannot rely upon his judgment for the interpretation of those facts.*"

Very much more might be said along this line, and many more quotations might be given. "To the wise," however, "a word is sufficient."

The effect of alcohol upon the conscience and the will would afford an interesting study, and many expressions of opinion by those high in authority and having a right to speak, might be quoted. Perhaps the strongest argument that can be advanced for total abstinence is the argument from the standpoint of expediency. Paul remarks in one of his epistles, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." He shows that his brother's welfare is the important consideration which should occupy the mind of the true man. "If meat

make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Perhaps the revised version gives this text with a little more clearness, as follows, "It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."

For the sake of my brother, then, I am to let that entirely alone which may injure him. Does anyone question the fact that the use of alcoholic beverages injures human beings? It is difficult to secure actual

statistics.

We are safe, however, in saying that from sixty to one hundred thousand persons die annually in our country from the effects of intoxicating liquors. Over five hundred thousand more are made to suffer as wives and children from the loss that is



SOME YOUTHFUL WORKERS AT THE LAST LOCAL OPTION ELECTION, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

thus sustained by the death of so many who are necessary as bread-winners.

Nor do we consider in this estimate those who do not die, but live and continue the drinking habit with increasing appetites. Think of the great number of men and women who, by reason of indulgence in the intoxicating cup, are cut off from the ranks of industry. There is nothing, perhaps, that produces indisposition to work and the disposition to loaf more than the use of liquors. The nation is suffering tremendously from the army of consumers, and therefore non-producers, that are the results of the liquor traffic. It is unkind to say that those who are the victims of intemperance are weak and should be ashamed of themselves

for not being stronger. It is the duty of the strong to help the weak. He was not a manly man who said, many centuries ago, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I owe it to my brother whose will-power is weak and whose powers of resistance are greatly deficient, not alone to impress upon him the duty of abstinence as a duty incumbent on him. It is a duty incumbent on me to set him an example by totally abstaining myself. This duty belongs to me all the more

that it is no great exercise of self-denial on my part to assume it. I have not formed the alcoholic habit as yet. It is a cross of the heaviest kind for him to give it up. It seems to the writer that Paul was correct in his declaration, therefore, that we should, for the sake of our brother, let those things which make him to stumble and fall severely alone.

This is the doctrine of total abstinence in a nutshell.

Temperance or Prohibition

How the Best Results May be Obtained

By Gustave Pabst

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe.
—Shakespeare.

SHALL men rely on their strength of character, finding temperance in their will-power, or shall they, as a nation, confess defeat and put upon themselves a strait-jacket to make up for their lack of character and forever dispense with the exercise of will? This is the question put before the people by the prohibitionists, who demand the right to control all men, because of the prohibitionists' belief that men are incapable of controlling themselves.

The question at issue is not as to the propriety of combating drunkenness. Every good citizen can be relied upon to assist in the fight against the excessive use of intoxicating drinks. The question is whether the prohibitionists are right in their assertion that all use of drinks containing alcohol is sinful, that men may properly be coerced in their habits by other men, and that such coercion will result in the production of a better race.

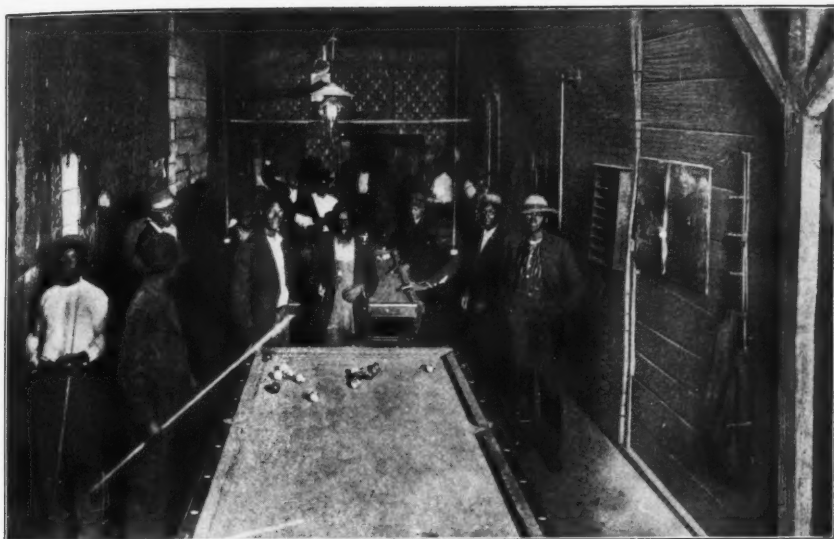
I speak for the great majority of thinking, earnest men—the average citizens—for law-makers, scientists, and physicians, when I assert that humanity will develop by exercise of the will in the future as in the past, and that it will not develop through coercion or confession of failure. A vast majority of all the successful men and of all the successful nations in the world are moderate drinkers of light wines or beers.

And it is a fact that in those countries where such light wines or beers are drunk exclusively there is little or no drunkenness—much less than in those that spasmodically, and by legal coercion, aim at absolute prohibition.

The art of brewing was originated in Egypt, developed in Germany and England, and perfected in America. Statistics as to the consumption of beer by the old Egyptians are lacking. In this country, in 1905, the consumption per capita was 16.8 gallons, in Germany 26.3 gallons, in England 27.7 gallons.

We must judge nations and men and their customs by the results that they achieve. The brewing and beer-drinking Egyptians were certainly substantial builders and successful men. Those pyramids erected mysteriously without the aid of modern engineering do not tell of a people lacking in will-power.

Germany, Great Britain, and our own country do not lag behind in the world's competition. Among Mohammedans, the Turks especially, we can study the effects of legal prohibition. It seemed wise to their prophet to substitute an iron law for the human will. What figure do the Mohammedans cut in the world to-day? They are a race of prohibitionists, and we hear of them only by the reports of outrages, fanatical murders, and massacres that come to us from time to time, or from tragedies in their harems where women are



Photograph by Birmingham View Co.

REAR OF A NEGRO SALOON, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

It is the continued influence for evil of such resorts as this that has had much to do with recent prohibition success in the South

slaves. Has prohibition, with them, meant moral uplift?

The aim of civilization is to make men better and stronger by the exercise of will-power, not by imposing arbitrary rules upon them. Temperance is civilization and intelligence. Prohibition is tyranny.

Temperance is the habit of a strong man. Prohibition is the resort of a weak man or a sentimentalist—I mean, prohibition as imposed by a minority upon a majority. In the individual case total abstinence, when necessary, is to be honored. When a man realizes that he cannot control himself as a temperate man, all honor to him if he have the courage and the will to control himself by total abstinence. But small honor to him if that total abstinence be forced upon him by others instead of growing out of his own will-power.

No man has a right to say to another, "It is impossible for me to keep sober, and therefore you shall not have in moderation the food and stimulant to which you have been accustomed." The good of mankind never was and never will be subserved by laws limiting men's opportunities for activity so that they may no longer choose for themselves between right and wrong.

Can we conceive of a weaker and flabbier being than a man growing to maturity in a state which had removed all temptation to evil? The success of the prohibitionists in their efforts to enact local option laws, which, as admitted by them, are only a stepping-stone to absolute prohibition, would put and keep swaddling clothes upon humanity until, from constriction, it must finally perish.

Teach a child in infancy to use properly its muscles as well as its brain, and a foundation for self-development, self-reliance, and self-control is laid. Put its body into a steel-and-leather jacket—which would do for that body what the prohibition law would do for the will—and you will make the child sit up straight at once, but it won't amount to much in the long run. Better teach that child to sit up with the aid of its own backbone. That is the principle upon which humanity has grown thus far, and upon which the future of the race will be built. As Goethe has truthfully said, the best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.

What is the effect produced by the moderate use of light wines and beers? There are no reliable statistics which show a

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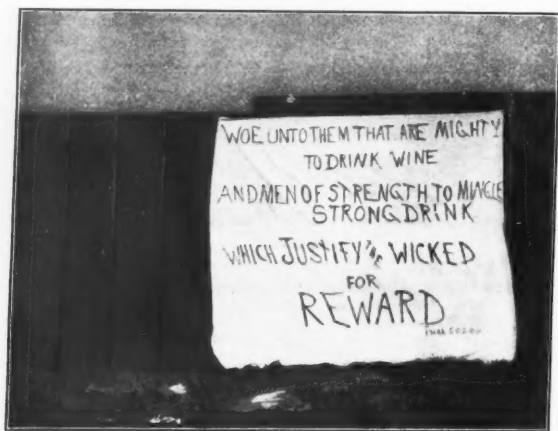
higher death-rate among temperate users of stimulants than among total abstainers.

The overindulgence in a meat-diet is more injurious perhaps than the effect produced by the excessive eating of vegetables; but I should oppose the effort of any vegetarian to compel the meat-eaters to give up meat.

We know that ice-water used unwisely and excessively will produce dyspepsia. Every man regrets the fate of the drunkard and of the hopeless dyspeptic. But the remedy will not be found in laws prohibiting the use of stimulants, of ice-water or mince-pie. That

cism of prohibition, eliminate public temperate drinking, such as we see in Germany, England, America, and other countries, and your prohibition will result in the secret drinking of concentrated alcoholic products that leads to drunkenness and hypocrisy.

Extreme advocates of prohibition must admit that a prohibitory statute, under which the place of the saloon is taken by the bootlegger, the speak-easy, and the "blind-pig," with their soul-scorching liquids—the concoctions of pine-tops and tobacco brewed by the negroes of the South,



AN ARGUMENT FOR PROHIBITION. MANY SIMILAR SIGNS DECORATED THE FENCES LAST ELECTION DAY AT SHREVEPORT

remedy will be found in developing human intelligence along lines of self-control.

A very large majority of physicians of the highest class prescribe beer for patients in delicate health in need of building up, because they know its food value, its easy assimilation, and its digestive qualities. Millions of men and women use it as a necessary adjunct to their daily diet. Hundreds of thousands of men employed in melters, foundries, glass-works, and factories, where the laborer is subjected to high temperatures in plying his trade, find the use of beer necessary not only as a beverage to quench their thirst, but also to replace loss of tissue caused by excessive perspiration.

Beer is the drink of many temperate nations and finds its equivalent in the wines produced in the more southern grape-growing countries. Accede to the fanati-

with cocaine and other narcotics disguised in various forms—is a peril and menace to our government and our people. It is therefore not wise or philanthropic to brush these facts aside, for history shows these results from action too repressive.

Abolition of dives where they exist, granting licenses only to those who can be relied upon to conduct saloons properly, sane regulation under laws approved by the people, will be productive of good results.

Man will develop through the exercise of his will, through the exercise of his intelligence, not by the imposition upon him of the will of another. The foundation of republican government itself is an affirmation of the rights of the individual man. And prohibition, substituting tyranny of the minority for individual rights, is a backward step in government that will not be taken by the American people.

The Road to Romance

By Howard E. Morton

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher



INNER for two. She and I. A cold December evening. One of those nameless, little Italian places near Washington Square. Dingy outside, dingier within until you know the chef by his first name. Then it becomes a palace of epicurean delight. You forget the sanded floor and the stained walls after your first fish *à la papillote*; the garish plaster statuary and the cheap prints of the Bay of Naples cease to get on your nerves under the spell of cunningly compounded entrées; and when you have tasted the salads with elusive, insinuating flavors, the spaghetti and risotto awash with mysterious sauces, the *zambayone* light as air, perhaps you are appreciative enough to drink an extra glass of Chianti to the portrait of the Italian patriot and cry "Viva Garibaldi" from sheer gastronomic exuberance.

We were dabbling lazily over black coffee. She in a listless, imaginative mood; I captious, cynical, almost savage from overwork. We had been discussing many things—art, plays, music (her hobby), books (mine)—and the conversation had lagged. I watched her through the smoke from my cigar and relapsed into reverie. She sipped thoughtfully and with half-closed eyes glanced from table to table in the quaint old restaurant.

"I wonder," said she abruptly, "what life-stories some of these people have who come here."

"Why?" I answered absently.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Sometimes I see faces that seem to hint at a past out of the ordinary, a romance, perhaps, interesting and unusual. Often I invent a story to fit the face and guess how near I am to the truth."

"Rot," I snapped. I was irritable and

argumentative. "Romance is less and less a part of modern life, New York life, at least. I used to believe in it, but I am getting to be more and more of a pessimist every day. Real romance nowadays exists mostly in fiction, and you don't see much of it in every-day life." I puffed forth a cloud of smoke with an air of finality. She smiled indulgently; she knew how hard I had been working.

"Don't get cynical and cranky," she reproved gently. "You're not often that way. A cynic is bad enough, but a cranky cynic is unbearable." Her smile was irresistible, and I subsided.

"Now I want you to look at that old man across the aisle," she said, a moment later. "I've been watching him for a long time. He seems lonely and sad to me. He has a fine face; looks as though he might have been somebody once."

I was in no temper to bother with practical physiognomy, but to humor her I was about to turn, when she whispered: "Don't now; he's looking at me. I think he heard what I said." She flushed and peered rather sheepishly at the floor.

When I ventured to look at the old man he was pouring a glass of claret. She was right. His face was worth seeing more than once. He was probably eighty, but well preserved, with long white hair combed back from a high, broad forehead; full straight nose and long white beard that did not entirely mask a wide, strong mouth, a square chin, and a heavy jaw. It was a wonderful head, set firmly and erectly upon powerful shoulders that age did not seem to have bowed. He turned again, and I saw his eyes, splendidly clear eyes they were, serious, kindly, piercing, gray—a rare combination. I was forced to admit interest, and we watched him covertly for some time. He finished his wine and sat musing over the empty glass, apparently oblivious of those around him.



HE WAS PLAYING TO HER, AND



HIS GAZE NEVER LEFT HER FACE

"I wonder what he's thinking about," she murmured.

"Probably rejoicing over a long line of creditors despoiled and figuring a new way to escape those to come," I suggested sardonically.

"Cynic again," she retorted hotly. "Money and debts are not the only things in the world people think about."

"They are in New York."

"I don't believe it. Why don't you get away from realism for a while and try idealism?"

"Idealism wouldn't buy this dinner, and the roofs of air-castles don't keep out the rain."

"Perhaps not, but one doesn't need to remain a realist at his meals simply because he has to be one the rest of the time to pay for them, does he?"

An epigrammatic duel seemed imminent. I was framing a reply to her last sally when the old man rose, gathered up his hat and several books, and came toward our table. The next instant he was addressing us.

"I ask your pardon if I intrude," he began. His voice was deep, resonant, musical; his manner, courteous, polished. He paused as if for permission to say more, and I motioned him to proceed.

"I have unavoidably overheard fragments of your conversation," he continued, "and you have mentioned many subjects dear to me. You were discussing Poe. I knew him when he was nearly starving in that tiny cottage in Fordham and walking downtown to sell his masterpieces for food. You spoke of Whistler. I knew him, too, and Boucicault and some of the others. We seem to have tastes in common, kindred ideals, as it were. I have apartments near here, and if you care to honor me with a visit I think I have some books and pictures you might like to see." He spoke with graceful precision and bowed low as he paused again. His magnetism was masterful. I glanced at her inquiringly. Her eyes were asparkle with the thought of the novelty his proposal offered. It was contagious, and I felt my own curiosity tingle insistently.

"We shall be very glad to accept your invitation," I replied, but added hastily, "I am afraid, however, it will be we who will be intruding."

"The presence of congenial companions is never an intrusion. Shall we go now?" Again he bowed courteously. That settled it. A moment later we were following him

across the snow-covered street, down an alley, up two flights of stairs into an ancient building, where he flung open a door and stood aside for us to enter.

We stepped into a large, luxuriously furnished room that extended the full length of the house. A log fire laid on andirons on a broad, stone hearth radiated a welcoming fan of warmth and light. In every direction were objects dear to the heart of the art-lover, the bibliophile, the collector. High on the dark green walls were half a dozen splendid oils. A Rembrandt gentleman peered stolidly at us from the end wall, and below it a solid front of crowded book-shelves ranged from side to side. Etchings, water-colors, miniatures, bronzes, brasses, ivories, bric-à-brac swept past our bewildered eyes as they circled the room. It seemed as if some playful necromancer had waved a magic wand and whisked us from a desert of tumble-down houses and frowzy byways into some connoisseur's fairy-land. We turned quizzically to the old man, who stood watching us with an expression of amused indulgence.

"No," he said, answering the interrogation in our faces, "you are not dreaming. Over there is a Whistler, there is a Corot, here is some Satsuma. Yonder on the corner shelf are first editions of Poe, and I have some of his manuscripts, too. Won't you let me show you around?"

The old man took us on a tour of the apartment, and his face lighted with the pride of an enthusiast at our appreciation of his treasures. There was profusion without prodigality, warmth without the sensual, and withal a touch of the old-fashioned that was charming. It was a pleasant little journey with so fascinating a guide.

"Ah, do you play the cello?" she asked as we came to a niche in the wall where a violoncello stood. I thought I saw the old man draw back slightly. He hesitated.

"I used to play years ago, but my fingers have lost their skill now." He laughed strangely.

"Won't you play something for me, please?" she smiled coaxingly.

"All I play are old, very old things that some people forgot before you were born."

"But those are the ones I like the best. Please." She lifted the cello carefully and offered it to the old man. He gazed into her pretty, appealing face, then slowly, mechanically, closed his fingers around the

neck of the instrument. I saw him shiver involuntarily. His face was a study of suppressed feeling. Without a word he sat down beside the fireplace and began to tune the strings. We sought a comfortable place on the thickly cushioned settee opposite him. I scarcely had time to marvel at the sureness of his touch when he started playing, softly at first but with singular sweetness.

It was a simple, lilting air with just a tinge of sadness. He was playing to her, and his gaze never left her face. Gradually the music increased in power and passion. A sonorous, pulsing flood of melody sprang forth under his inspired touch, and the cello seemed to throb like a living thing. The thrill of it was tremendous. Suddenly the key modulated to a minor, and the music became plaintive, melancholy. The old man's face was haggard and worn now, and his eyes glistened brightly in the firelight as the melody swept on through a tragic *andante*. An expression of physical pain crept into his face as if each swing of the bow were tearing at his heart-strings instead of those of the cello. The music dwindled to a whisper, stopped. A choking sob broke the sudden stillness, the old man covered his face with his hands, his head drooped against the strings, and he wept.

It was some time before I could overcome the spell the strange scene held over me. I turned to her. There were tears in her eyes. I rose and gently touched the old man on the shoulder. He did not respond at once. Finally he raised his head. He was calmer now.

"You must both forgive me. I couldn't help it." His voice trembled.

"Forgive?" I answered with emotion. "There is nothing to forgive. It is we who are to blame for allowing ourselves to intrude as we have."

"No, no, no!" He faced me almost with a gesture of rebuke. "I wanted *her*—I wanted you both to come. You have awakened memories, that is all. I want you to know why. May I explain?"

I nodded and silently resumed my place on the settee. For several minutes he sat looking earnestly at her, then spoke softly, dreamily, almost as though he were talking to himself.

"When I was twenty-one a large fortune came to me from an uncle. After I left college my relatives urged me to marry one worthy, in their eyes, of my wealth and social position. We were Virginians, and our

family was one of the first. I did not care for social conquest or for politics. They did, and they planned a brilliant career for me. It was to begin with a marriage into one of the powerful political families of Richmond and led straight to Washington. They were ambitious, and I sometimes think their secret hopes soared to the White House. Then I met *her*. We loved each other from the beginning. We met first by accident, afterward secretly, for there was a bitter ancestral feud between our families, and any other way would have

been suicidal. She was only twenty, I twenty-five. I asked her to marry me, and one night we eloped. Ah, that was years ago, yet I remember it as though it were yesterday—the meeting in the orchard where she bade good-by to her father's plantation, the ride in the moonlight, the next morning at the country parsonage. I have not forgotten the smallest incident of it all."

The old man pressed his fingers across his eyes as if to shut out the present and give memory full vision. It was a long time before he went on.

"She cared nothing for town life, neither did I. We built a cottage in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains and went there



IT WAS AN EXQUISITE MINIATURE

The Cradle Song

to live. I had studied music, and evenings I used to improvise for her on the cello just as I have done for you to-night. Four years we dreamed away in that lovely spot. Then she sickened and—I lost her.” His voice choked again and he mastered it with effort.

“They say youth and time are great healers, but I must have been cut too deep, for my wound never healed. I traveled, wrote, studied, did everything to forget. Years brought me success almost unsought and a place as a critic in matters of art and letters, but no relief from the heart-hunger that came when she went. I retired, tried to find seclusion, but my friends hunted me out and pressed me to return to active work. I was weary of the grind, and I wanted peace and rest. Twelve years ago I fitted up these apartments in this obscure place where I could hope to be unknown and undisturbed. I have succeeded.” He gazed tenderly at her and went on in a low voice:

“When I saw you at the table there to-night *her* face came back to me out of the past like the dead brought to life. You have her lips, her eyes, her hair. Wait.”

The old man rose, walked unsteadily to a small mahogany cabinet, and took something from a drawer. He brought it into the firelight and held it for us to see.

“Now do you understand?” he asked slowly.

It was an exquisite miniature. The por-

trait was that of a young woman, with hair and gown of the fashion of the forties. The likeness to her beside me was remarkable, startling. She saw it too, and I felt her breathe sharply as the meaning of it all flashed upon her. The old man pressed the picture to his lips, then returned it to its hiding-place.

“I am going to ask you to go now,” he said weakly. “I am very tired, and I want to be alone. But I want you to come again, often. We must be friends.” He bent over us and kissed her on the forehead, then shook our hands together in a strong, warm clasp.

We left him standing in the glow of the firelight at the top of the stairs, and the next moment we were out in the noisy, practical, matter-of-fact street. Newsboys were raucously hawking final editions, car-bells jangled harshly, and a hurrying dray nearly ran over us as we crossed the slushy pavement. The transition seemed stunning, incomprehensible. We walked along the busy, workaday sidewalk for several blocks in silence. Finally she put her hand on mine and turned to me with an adorable, questioning smile.

“Don’t you think romance is still very real after all?” she whispered.

I nodded and caught her hand tightly, for there was something in the way her eyes looked into mine that made even the old man’s romance fade into insignificance.

The Cradle Song

By Marion Forster Gilmore

ADOWN the vista of the years,
I turn and look with silent soul,
As though to catch a muted strain
Of melody, that seems to roll
In tender cadence to my ear.
But as I wait with eyes that long
The singer to behold, it fades,
And silence ends the Cradle Song.

But when the shadows of the years
Have lengthened slowly to the west;
And, once again, I lay me down
To sleep upon my mother’s breast,
Then well I know I ne’er again
Shall cry to God, “How long? How long?”
For to my soul *her* voice will sing
A never-ending Cradle Song.

THE MEANEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED

BY BRUNO LESSING

Illustrated
by




COHEN, the tailor, the fat old fellow with the long gray beard who used to sell his wares from open carts in the Hester Street mart, gave a *bar mitzvah* party in honor of his grandson Davy, who had just completed his thirteenth year. There were many guests; I among them. Cohen, seated at the head of the table, had told a story of a mean man. This man, a perfect stranger, had purchased a pair of trousers at Cohen's cart. While Cohen was wrapping them up, the stranger deftly relieved him of his gold watch. Then he gave Cohen a twenty-dollar bill, which he knew Cohen would have to go some distance to change. In his absence the stranger walked off with the cart. Incidentally, the twenty-dollar bill was counterfeit.

"Oh, such meanness! He iss der meanest

man in New York! He iss der meanest man in der United States in America!"

Little Davy, leaning on his elbows, had listened to the story with the grave interest of childhood. "Iss he der meanest man in der whole world, gran'pa?" he asked.

Cohen puffed at his pipe for a moment and deliberated calmly. Then he nodded. "Yes! Der meanest man in der whole world!"

"Iss he der meanest man vot ever lifed in der world?" asked Davy, with that eagerness that children always possess to fix the exact status of a matter.

Cohen looked at the face of one of his guests, who promptly fastened his eyes upon the ceiling. Then he looked at another, who became interested in a crumb that lay before him. Then he gazed at another, who shut his eyes and seemed to be plunged in thought. And so on, slowly,

The Meanest Man that ever Lived

until his gaze had roamed over the faces of some dozen of his old cronies, all of whom seemed to show a sudden aversion to the topic that was being discussed. He then turned to his grandson and, with a faint smile, "No, Davy," said he. "Dere vas vunce a meaner man. But it iss time for you to be in bed."

Which is how I came to learn the story.

Nobody in the Ghetto had the faintest idea how rich old Rosenheim was. He owned property, and he had bank-accounts, and the little printing business that he conducted, with no one but young Brandes to help him, was, the gossips guessed, fairly lucrative. But of the actual extent of his possessions no one could speak definitely. This ignorance was not due to a lack of discussion of the matter, however. Rosenheim, being a clever old chap, a charming companion, and, at the same time, the most miserly human being who had ever made a dollar in the Ghetto, was a most interesting subject for gossip in every coffee-house from Houston Street to East Broadway. And while many a hint was dropped in his presence in the hope of eliciting some voluntary information on his part, there was, with all his miserly habits, a certain dignity about the man that forbade inquisitive questioning.

In the coffee-houses of the Ghetto the great American institution of "treating" has but a bare foothold. Each man, as a rule, pays for himself and is heedless of what his neighbor does. Night after night Rosenheim would sit with groups that were eating, drinking, or playing cards, chatting as gaily as the rest of them but never, if he could possibly help it, spending a cent. He lived in a bare room and cooked his own breakfast. He purchased his midday meal at the fruit-stand that had the cheapest fruit. The evening meal, however—ah! that was the wrench—always cost money.

"Money," he frequently would say to Brandes, his workman, "is the hardest thing in the world to get. It takes work, brains, and sacrifice to get it. Yet why do the fools who are lucky enough to get a little of it throw it away so carelessly? Tell me that, Brandes!"

"You're just stingy! That's all that's the matter with you!" was Brandes's invariable reply. Rosenheim's keen blue eyes would always twinkle at this frank rejoinder.

One Shabbas day in summer Rosenheim sat idly in front of his printing-shop thinking and thinking and chuckling to himself for hour after hour. It was a cheap way of spending the day. Then, suddenly, he burst into a roar of laughter that made the passers-by stare at him as if he were mad. When the sun had set he went to the house of Cohen, his lawyer.

"Cohen," said he, "for how much will you write me a will?"

"Fifteen dollars," was the lawyer's prompt reply.

Rosenheim shook his head. "I only want a little bit of a will. A five-dollar will is good enough for me. Not a cent more will I pay."

The lawyer knew Rosenheim and knew that he would either draw up the will for five dollars or not draw it up at all. He drew it up.

"The house in Rivington Street, and my printing-business," said Rosenheim, "I want to leave to—to Mister Somebody. All the rest of my property I want to leave to Mister Somebody Else. That is all you have to put in the will. Just write it according to law. Then I will copy it and put in the names."

The lawyer, chagrined at the man's secretiveness as to his intended legatees, told him that wills were never made out in that manner.

"Never mind," said Rosenheim. "That's the way I want mine made out. Besides, why can't I fill in the names as well as anybody else?"

The lawyer had no answer. "But," he explained, "it is necessary to have an executor or several executors, and the will must be signed in the presence of witnesses."

"I will have witnesses present when I sign it," said Rosenheim. "But what about those executors? What are they for?"

"Well, when you're dead the executors are the people who see that your will is carried out."

"Do they have to be paid? Do I have to leave them anything?"

"No. The law provides that they get a certain percentage of the estate unless they agree beforehand to serve for nothing."

Rosenheim slapped his sides with glee. "Good!" he exclaimed. "Put in Mister Somebody as executor. Put in two Mister Somebodies. And don't say anything about

their not getting paid. They deserve to get something."

When Rosenheim departed he carried the outline of his simple will in his pocket. That night, all by himself, he set up the form of the will in type, leaving the names in blank, and carefully printed a copy. The type itself he locked in his safe. Then, whistling cheerfully, he went to bed.

The next night, in Fuchs's coffee-house, he called Rosnofsky, the butcher, and Fishlovitz, the fur-dealer, aside. "Friends," he said, "as long as I have known you, you have been kind to me. You, Fishlovitz, once treated me to a dinner, and you, Rosnofsky, twice sent me a kosher bologna for a present. The time has come for your reward. Here is my will. To Fishlovitz I leave a house. One house for one dinner. Rosnofsky was good to me two times. All the rest of what I have will go to him. Besides, I am not feeling well. I drink too much port wine, which the doctor says is bad for me. But when I am gone you will have your reward."

The two men gazed at Rosenheim and at each other with stupefied faces, and then, the full significance of the matter dawning upon them, with one accord they embraced him.

"Angel man!" cried Fishlovitz. "I always said you had a noble heart!"

"Dear friend!" murmured Rosnofsky. "You must take good care of yourself. Let me get you a glass of port wine."

Rosenheim drank the port wine. He loved port wine as a cat loves milk. Then he showed them his will with their names written in the proper spaces.

"One thing more is necessary," he said. "A will must have executors to see that it is properly carried out. Who would you like to be executors? Give me the names of two men. They will each get some money for their trouble."

"Can't we be the executors?" asked Fishlovitz. "What's the use of wasting money!"

Rosenheim shook his head. "They must be different men," he said.

"Well," said Rosnofsky, after a moment's thought, "you can put down Meyer, my brother-in-law, for one."

"And Sammy Greenburg, my uncle, for the other," said Fishlovitz.

The names were inserted, a couple of waiters served as witnesses, and the will was given to Rosnofsky to keep in his safe.

"Now," said Fishlovitz, "you all come to my house and we celebrate with champagne."

"One thing I forgot," said Rosenheim on his way to Fishlovitz's house. "It must be a secret. If our friends hear of it they



SAT IDLY IN FRONT OF HIS PRINTING-SHOP
THINKING AND THINKING

The Meanest Man that ever Lived

will feel bad, and maybe I will have to change the will and leave them something."

"Rosenheim," they both swore, "it is the secret of our lives!"

During the following month Rosenheim dined alternately at the homes of his two legatees. He grew fat and merry. Never was there such a jovial companion as Rosenheim. He was well versed in Talmudic lore and could tell entertaining stories by the hour. The women folk, particularly, loved to listen to him. And at Fuchs's coffee-house, in the evening, Fishlovitz and Rosnofsky vied with each other in buying things for Rosenheim to eat and drink.

Rosnofsky caught cold one day and sent for the doctor.

"H'm!" said the doctor. "Why don't you take better care of yourself? There's Rosenheim, for instance. He's the man who knows how to take care of himself. He never catches cold. Follow his example, and you will never be sick."

While the doctor wrote out a prescription Rosnofsky pondered. "Is Rosenheim a very healthy man?" he finally asked.

"Healthy? That man ought to live to be a hundred years old!"

All that afternoon Rosnofsky pondered. In the evening he sent for Fishlovitz. "Look here, Fishlovitz," he blurted out, the moment the latter entered the room, "how long are we going to put up with that Rosenheim business?"



THE NEXT NIGHT, IN FUCHS'S COFFEE-HOUSE, HE CALLED ROSNOFSKY, THE BUTCHER, AND FISHLOVITZ, THE FUR-DEALER, ASIDE



ALL THAT AFTERNOON ROSNOFSKY PONDERED

"What business?" asked Fishlovitz.

"Oh, of feeding him and buying him things to eat and drink. Do you know that we are supporting him between us? The old miser hasn't spent a cent since the day he made out that will, and to-day my doctor says he ought to live till he's a hundred years old. We will be dead before he will."

Then Fishlovitz did some pondering. "Did your doctor really say that?" he finally asked.

"Sure he did. He says Rosenheim's the healthiest man he ever saw."

"H'm!" said Fishlovitz. "I guess you are right."

Rosenheim arrived at the Fishlovitz house at supper-time.

"What!" exclaimed Fishlovitz, "have you already had your supper?"

"No," said Rosenheim, in surprise. "I thought I would eat with you to-night."

Fishlovitz shook his head. "It is such a pity!" he said. "We have no supper to-night. This is the anniversary of my grandfather's death, and I fast to-day."

Rosenheim's face fell, but in an instant his good-spirits returned. "Do not worry," he said reassuringly, "I will eat with Rosnofsky. Did I tell you that to-morrow is my birthday?"

"You don't say! A thousand congratulations! May you live a hundred years more!"

Rosenheim shook his head sadly. "I don't feel at all well. I eat too much. The doctor says the more I eat the sooner I die."

Fishlovitz gazed abstractedly at the wall.

"I need a new hat," said Rosenheim.

"I wear number seven. Well, good-night. I will see you to-morrow."

He found Rosnofsky sitting with his feet in a tub of hot water. "Poor, dear Rosnofsky, I am so sorry to see you sick. I have come to spend the evening with you, and after supper I will read to you if you like."

Rosnofsky's brow became corrugated. "I am not eating supper to-night," he said. "Only milk, the doctor says. Besides, I'm going to bed right away."

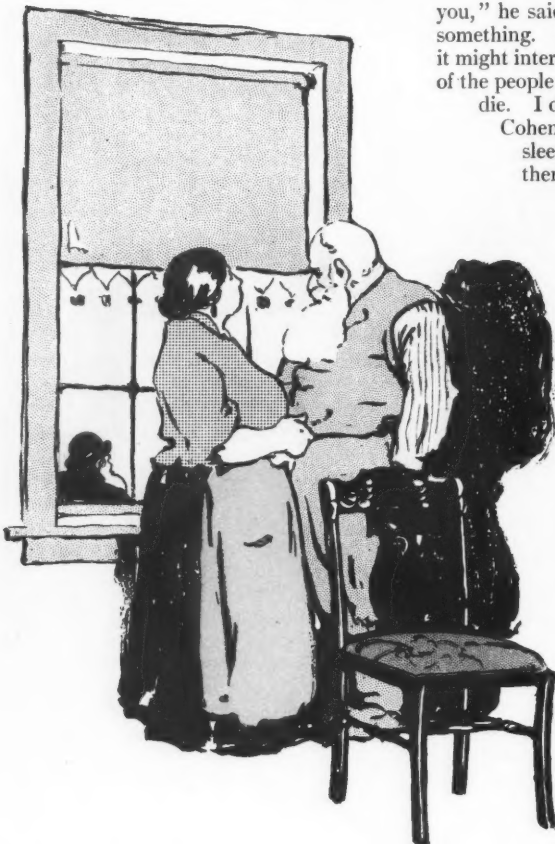
Rosenheim sighed. "Did you know that to-morrow is my birthday?"

"No, I didn't know it. I'm glad. Hope you have many more."

"Impossible. I drink too much port wine. The doctor says any glass is likely to kill me. I wonder if it is too late to buy a new hat? I wear number seven."

"Oh, I guess you will find some store open; and if not you can get one in the morning."

Rosenheim went into his printing-office and opened his safe. From it he drew the type of the blank will and printed half a dozen copies. Then he chuckled and went out and paid for his own supper.



WHEN ROSENHEIM HAD DEPARTED HER FIRST QUESTION WAS, "DO YOU THINK HE WILL LIVE LONG?"

On the following day Cohen, the tailor, the fat old fellow with the long gray beard, who in those days owned a dozen carts in the Hester Street mart, had come home at noon, as was his custom, for his dinner. Cohen lived well; the table-cloth was almost hidden under the dishes of appetizing things that filled the air with savory odors. The first mouthful had hardly touched his lips when there came a gentle tap upon the door, and Rosenheim entered.

"Peace be with you!" he exclaimed.

"And with you peace!" replied Cohen. "Step into the parlor. I will be through with my dinner in a few minutes."

Rosenheim's eyes took in the appetizing array in one glance. "I will not disturb

you," he said. "I only came to show you something. I have just made my will, and it might interest you to read the name of one of the people who will get something when I die. I do not think I will live long."

Cohen wiped his mouth upon his sleeve, adjusted his spectacles, and then turned red. "Me?" he exclaimed. "All except one house to me?"

"Sure!" said Rosenheim.

"Why not? Do you remember how one day you gave me a fine ten-cent cigar for nothing? I never forget a kindness. Only one thing I ask. You must swear never to tell anybody. My other friends would be so jealous!"

"Oh, never, never would I open my mouth!" cried Cohen. "But forgive me such terrible impoliteness. I have not asked you to sit down and eat. Have you had your dinner?"

"No. I didn't even feel hungry until I saw you eat; but your happy face has given me a fine appetite." And Rosenheim proceeded to do justice to the best meal he had eaten in years. Before he had finished he began to regret the time he had wasted upon Rosnofsky and Fishlovitz. Cohen was a legatee after his own heart. Such meals were

rare in the Ghetto.

"I see you leave a house to Gordon," remarked Cohen. "Which Gordon is that?"

"The wine-dealer. Once I went to him to get a pint of port wine, and he didn't have a pint bottle but gave me a quart for the same price. Such a kindness I never forget."

"The old miser!" thought Cohen. But, aloud: "You surely have a fine heart, Rosenheim. Did you ever hear my daughter play on the piano? No? Come around to-night, and you will hear some fine music. Will you come?"

"Sure I will. At what hour do you eat?"

"Seven o'clock. But if you come at six maybe we find a little bottle that mama

doesn't know anything about, before supper. Hey, mama?"

Mrs. Cohen, whose sparkling eyes betrayed the visions of wealth that filled her mind, smiled amiably. When Rosenheim had departed her first question was,

"Do you think he will live long?"

"Who can tell? He is much older than I, but may outlive us all. I heard him say the other day that he loved good eating, but the more he ate the worse he felt. And he loves port wine, but his doctor told him it would kill him. So I guess he doesn't lose much by being so stingy. Get a good supper tonight. Have we any port wine in the house?"

"Oh, husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Cohen, in horror. There was no port wine in the house, but she sent for some.

Cohen lasted nearly six months before the growing healthiness of Rosenheim made him despair. Gordon lasted nearly a year, but then Gordon only sent him an occasional bottle of wine.

In the next will Abrahams, the grocer, and Markstein, the real-estate agent, were the legatees. They lasted quite a long time—I have forgotten how long. After them came others—for nearly five years.

Each was sworn to secrecy. Each showed his appreciation of Rosenheim's generosity by heaping meals, gifts, and kindnesses upon him. Each selected some relative or close friend to be one of the executors of the will. And all, in turn, eventually despaired of Rosenheim ever dying.

But, alas! we all must die, and Rosenheim's mortal career ended suddenly, unexpectedly, and painlessly. During his sleep, one night, his heart quietly ceased beating, and Rosenheim was gathered into the bosom of Abraham.

The synagogue was filled with mourners, eager, nervous, dry-eyed mourners, nearly all of whom carried in their pockets notes that they had received from a lawyer they had never heard of before, asking them to come to Rosenheim's printing-establishment after the services.

The appointed hour was three o'clock. At one second past three the little printing-shop was jammed. A sharp-faced, elderly man, whose face never relaxed a single muscle but whose eyes seemed to twinkle a great deal, came forward with a document in his hand.

"My name, gentlemen, is John Stewart. I was for many years the late Mr. Rosenheim's legal adviser, at least in so far as his financial affairs were concerned. He sent me his will, which I have here, only three days before his death. From time to time he sent me the names of his friends whom he wanted to be present when his will was read, which accounts for the request you received to be here to-day. As a matter of fact"—Mr. Stewart's twinkling eyes peered over the edge of his glasses and slowly took in the whole room—"as a matter of fact, Mr. Rosenheim had a curious habit of sending me a will every two, three, or four months, always asking that the last one be destroyed. The wills, however, were all alike. They read exactly like the one I have here, which I shall now read."

The stillness in the room was deathly.

"The house in Rivington Street and my printing-business I leave to David Brandes, with my blessing. Tell him not to spend his money foolishly. All the rest of my property I leave to the Jewish Charitable Society to use as they think best. The president of the society, Mr. John Stewart, and David Brandes are to be the executors, without pay."

For the space of nearly a minute the stillness continued. No one moved. The lawyer's audience sat, as if spellbound, gazing into vacancy, thinking, thinking. Then Rosnofsky heaved a long sigh and arose. That broke the spell, and in a few seconds the room was deserted. The men went off in as many different directions as they could find, silent, uncommunicative. They had no clear idea as to where they were going. Each wanted to be alone. Each wanted to think.

The next day Rosnofsky and Fishlovitz talked the matter over. They had waited the longest. They had not the faintest suspicion of the existence of other legatees; they could think of nothing but their own feelings. They discussed the matter with utmost calmness. With utmost calmness they damned the late Rosenheim through all eternity. They cursed his treacherous heart and his treacherous lungs and his treacherous liver. They cursed every treacherous hair upon his treacherous head. They cursed each treacherous finger of his treacherous hands and each treacherous toe of his treacherous feet.

The Meanest Man that ever Lived

"Never was heard such a terrible curse!"

Rosh Hashana came and the holy week, and the spirit of Rosnofsky grew troubled. For nearly a year he had harbored the deadliest enmity toward the departed Rosenheim, and now the day of atonement was near, the day of days when no man can atone for his sins so long as his heart holds resentment against a single soul, living or dead. Rosnofsky laid the matter before the rabbi.

"The matter is very simple," declared the rabbi. "On the day before Yom Kippur you must go to the grave of the departed and beg his forgiveness."

Rosnofsky went home with a lightened heart. He was eager to atone for the terrible curses he had pronounced against the dead man, and the rabbi's method was conveniently simple. On the appointed day he started for the little cemetery where they had buried Rosenheim. On the way he met Fishlovitz.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the cemetery," replied Fishlovitz. "I have no enmity against Rosenheim's memory. I ask his forgiveness to-day."

They journeyed together. As they entered the cemetery they met Gordon, the wine-dealer, coming out. He bowed to them, coldly, and they passed without saying a word. As they neared the grave they came face to face with Cohen, the tailor, the fat old fellow with the long gray beard, and he grinned at them. They looked at each other. As they passed Cohen they heard him chuckle softly. When they came to the grave they found quite a crowd gathered there. All who had been invited to hear the reading of the will were there, but they were not conversing with one another. Occasionally an eye would be raised furtively, but the moment it met another eye, both would be instantly lowered. Suddenly a great light dawned upon Rosnofsky.

"Fishlovitz!" he whispered.

"What is it?" whispered Fishlovitz.

"Rosenheim was a smart man!"

Then they looked at each other and grinned.



SUDDENLY A GREAT LIGHT DAWNED UPON ROSNOFSKY



The Salting of the Golden Rule

A New "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



"BACK in Tennessee," observed the Old Cattleman, with an air of meditative retrospection, "when in boyhood's happy hour I attends services in them sanctuaries that's scattered up an' down the ancestral 'Possum Trot, I freequent hears the preacher sharps refer to the 'cunnin' of the serpent.' As a child I allows that the same, with said pastors, is a mere figger of pulpit speech, the more since what serpents I scrapes pers'nal acquaintance with—an' I gen'ally scrapes it with a elm club—proves plumb doltish that a-way, an' thick. Them reptiles, when tested, displays about as much cunnin' as Thompson's colt, which animal is that besotted it swims a river to get a drink. Later on, however, as I b'ars interested witness to the wile an' guile of the Copper Head, as he salts the Golden Rule felonious, an' depletes Bass Drum Bowlby of forty thousand in cold dollars tharwith, I recalls that phrase of them divines as something which, if applied to the Copper Head, would shore have been plenty justified.

"The Copper Head preecedes Bass Drum into town by about a week. In trooth, he's adjourned to Red Dog before ever Bass Drum hits camp, an' ain't livin' none in Wolfville at all. Not that he's so feeble-minded he prefers Red Dog, only Cherokee Hall alarms him so he don't dare stay.

"What rouses Cherokee is this. While not sayin' nothin', the Copper Head is guilty one evenin' of a deal of onnecessary starin' at Faro Nell, as that young priestess of fortune sets lookin' out Cherokee's play. Of a sudden, at the close of a deal, Cherokee turns his box up, an' briefly excooses himse'f—he's onflaggin'y p'lite, that a-way—to what gents is buckin' the game. He crosses over to the Copper Head, who's planted by himse'f down near the end of the bar.

"'You don't gamble none?' reemarks Cherokee, givin' the words a upflourish to show it's a question.

"'No,' replies the Copper Head; 'I'm averse irrev'cable to takin' chances.'

"'Then,' returns Cherokee, mighty bitter, 'don't look at that young lady none no more. Which in so doin', whether you're wise to it or no, you're takin' the chances of your life!'

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"As Cherokee vouchsafes this admonition, an' by way of urg'in it home on the wanderin' attention of the Copper Head, he cinches onto that serpent by the y'ear—the same bein' some wide-flung an' fanlike—an' leads him to the Red Light door. Once arrived at that egress, Cherokee dismisses him outside by a foot in the small of the back, said Copper Head flying through the air in the shape of a hooman horseshoe.

"Now don't return!" cautions Cherokee as the Copper Head, who lands all spraddled out in the dust of the street, picks himse'f up an' goes limpin' over to the O. K. House; 'I've took a notion ag'in'st you, an' the less I sees of you the longer you're likely to live.'

"That Copper Head," says Boggs, as Cherokee gets in back of his box ag'in, 'is ornery to the brink of bein' odious; an' yet, Cherokee, I don't much reckon he's starin' at Nell in a spirit of insult. My idee is he's simply eediotic.'

"Mebby so," returns Cherokee, some grim; 'we-all won't argue that, Dan. Let me add, however, for the illoom'nation of all concerned, that if eediocy's to be a defense yereafter for crim'nal roodness, why, then I'm some eediotic myse'f—on certain subjects. One of 'em is Nell, as that Copper Head'll shore find out a heap should him and his red snake-eyes take to transgressin' ag'in.'

"Snappin' the deck he's rifflin' into the deal box, Cherokee addresses the circle about the layout. 'Now, gents,' he says, his urbanity restored, 'when your hands is off your stacks, we'll resoom the exercises of the evenin'. Thar you be! Trey lose, nine win!'

"Which in all my born days," wails the Copper Head, complainin' to Rucker of the voylent usage he receives, 'thar's never a more onprovoked assault! Cats may look at kings!'

"That cat-an'-king bluff," returns Rucker, mighty onsympathetic, 'may go in the far East, but it carries no weight in Arizona, none whatever! Before you-all insists 'round yere on lookin' at any kings, you better be shore an' have, besides a workin' knowledge of the gent who's holdin' 'em, somethin' vergin' onto a full hand yourse'f.'

"No, nothin' comes of Cherokee's rebooke, the Copper Head takin' it plumb moote an' quiescent, that a-way. Snakes may be

p'isen, an' freequent is, but thar ain't a ounce of war in a wagon-load. However, since early the next mornin' the Copper Head pulls his freight in favor of Red Dog, I nacherally infers said eepisod to be the cause.

"While the Copper Head done packs his blankets over to Red Dog, an' tharfore the disgrace of his citizenship belongs rightful to that collection of vulgarians, he's 'most every day in Wolfville, confabbin' with Rucker. Not that they nourishes designs, Rucker, mental, bein' no more 'n a four-spot an' totally onfit for what the actor person in the Bird Cage Op'ry House calls 'treasons, stratagems, an' spoils.' But the Copper Head is so much like misery that he shore loves company; an', since no one except Rucker'll stand for his s'ciety, he puts in a deal of time hibernatin' 'round with that broken-sperited husband. As for Rucker himse'f, he's plumb willin'; for, at bein' what you-all might call a social fav'rite, said spouse of Missis Rucker's ain't got nothin' on the Copper Head. Which any contest of onpopoolarty between 'em would have been a stand-off, a plain case of hoss an' hoss.

"Some darkened sport says some'ers that thar's nothin' in mere looks, in which utterances he's shootin' plenty onder an' way off to one side. The Copper Head is instanter the least trusted an' most deespised party that ever comes rackin' into Wolfville; an' yet, if you back-tracks for reasons, you finds nothin' ag'in'st him at the go-off but his looks.

"For that matter, thar's nothin' partic'lar ag'in'st him at the finish, his clean-up of Bass Drum for them forty thousand comin' onder the head of a private play, wharin the public ain't entitled to no kyards. Mines, like roulette an' draw poker an' faro-bank, is a deevce to which no gent is licensed to pull his cha'r up onless he's prepared pers'nal to protect himse'f plumb through. If he gets handed a gold brick, thar's nothin' in the sityooation which entitles him, for purposes of revenge or retribootion, to ring the body pol'tic in on the play. This yere's Peets's doctrine; an', when it comes to a even balancin' of right an' wrong, that scientist possesses the wisdom of a treeful of owls.

"As I states, it's the looks of this Copper Head which confers on him his low ratin' in the gen'ral esteem. He's a thin, bony,

scarecrow form of hoomanity, with little red eyes like a ferret, y'ears of onbecomin' lib'rality, loose lip, wide onauthorized mouth, the whole capped by a stubble of ha'r the hue of one of them liver-colored bird-dogs. His hands, too, is long an' knobby, an' has a cold, clammy feel like a fish when you takes hold of 'em. Rucker allows that back East the Copper Head's a sexton, an' digs graves; which may or may not be the reason a damp, moldy, tomblike smell invests his physical bein' perpetuooal, an' wrops it 'round like a atmosphere.

"As a further pop'lar setback, the Copper Head makes a speshulty of -spotlessness an' lets on he's a party of exact morals. Never once askin' the way to the nearest s'loun, the same bein' the yoousual inquiry of emigrants, his first question after he hits the outfit is, 'Do we-all have a church?' It's on Texas Thompson he presses his query concernin' meetin'-houses, an' when Texas replies some surly, 'No, but we've got a graveyard,' meanin' Boot Hill, the Copper Head lapses into silence, savin' what's left of his stock of inquisitiveness for the y'ears of Rucker.

"Aside from him bein' reepulsive pers'nal, the Copper Head conducts himse'f in a sneaky, underground way; an' he shows himse'f so he'pless intellectchooal, when put up ag'inst what few prop'sitions the camp casyoocally submits to him to fix his caliber, that Boggs an' Tutt an' Texas is all of one mind that he's a eediot.

"Not witless enough to lock up, you understand," explains Tutt, 'but onfit to hold commoonyon with folks whose som-breros is of normal size.'

"Don't get your chips down wrong, Dave," warns Peets, to whom Tutt's talkin'; 'that Copper Head's not your kind, an' you simply fails to savvy him. You an' Dan an' Texas thar is one an' all the dog sort of man. This Copper Head belongs to the snake tribe. Which you couldn't count him up nor take his measure in a thousand years. You can gamble that name of "Copper Head," which Old Monte informs me he acquires in Tucson, ain't no miscue in nomenclatchoor!"

"The Copper Head is loafin' about town, listless an' onregarded, the same evenin' Bass Drum Bowlby blows in. This latter gent is the preecise opposite to the Copper Head, bein' big an' broad an' tall. Also

he's certainly the most resoundin' sport! Which his conversation, when he's talkin', goes rollin' 'round the town like peals of thunder; an' at supper, when he's obleeged to ask for doughnuts the second time, seven ponies boils out of the corral, an' goes stampedin' off for the hills.

"Say, pard," he roars appealin'ly to Boggs, who's settin' next, 'jest please pass them fried holes!"

"An' with that, them alarmed cayuses lines out for cover in the Tres Hermanas, onder the impression Wolfville's done gone crashin' to its eternal fall.

"While I won't say we-all sets up nights declarin' our friendly admiration for Bass Drum none, still he's a mighty sight more tol'rable than the Copper Head. You-all could pass a hour in his company without feelin' the hom'cidal instinct beginnin' to move in your bosom, an' set you eetchin' to shed hooman life. For one moll'fyin' matter, without him bein' partic'larly inclined crim'nal, Bass Drum possesses vices s'fficient to keep a se'f-respectin' gent in countenance. He's a heap noisy an' obvious, an' owns a metallic voice like one of these yere Chinese dinner-gongs; but he's sociable, an', when all's in, his voice is jest the same a good-nachered voice. Moreover, he's liable to change in a hundred-dollar bill at faro-bank, or fling a ten acrost the Red Light counter as his subscription towards drinks for the house, in which amiable respects he proves himse'f in symp'thy with his day and place. Also Bass Drum is 'ppreciative of the virchoos of vice.

"Shore! The whitest gents I ever meets up with has vices. For myse'f, so long as they keeps 'em out from onder my feet, I finds no fault. What is it Cain reemarks after he bumps off Abel that time? While I don't applaud Cain none in that killin', the sentiment he fulm'nates later secoores my yoonan'mous endorsements. Moreover, no gent ought to overlook the great trooism that, rightly regyarded, a vice is nothin' but a virchoo multiplied. A virchoo is like a cucumber; it's no good once it goes to seed. Which it then becomes a vice. That's the straight goods; every vice is nothin' but some virchoo overplayed. Wharfore, when I crosses up with a gent who's beset of vices that a-way, I reflects to myself thuswise: 'Now this yere sport has virchoos; the loose screw is he's got too

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plumb many an' too much! Lookin' at it from that angle, he's not only to be excused but loved.'

"Whoever is this Bass Drum sport? All I knows is that on the first occasion of his showin' up he rolls into the Red Light, lurches heavy up ag'inst the counter, an' shouts:

"My name's Bass Drum Bowlby, an' I invites every gent to take a drink. Them who don't drink is welcome to a dollar out of the drawer.'

"Followin' the libation, Bass Drum, goin' more into details, makes himse'f heard ag'in. 'For two years,' says he, 'I've been pirootin' 'round between the Rio Colorado an' the Spanish Peaks. Which I'm shore wedded to the West! Likewise the reason I loves the West is, it's a fraud. That's whatever; thar ain't a play comes off on the sundown side of the Missouri you-all can p'int to as bein' on the level. Thar ain't a fact or a conclousion on the genyooiness of which you could wager a white chip.'

"Be you plumb certain?' asks Jack Moore. 'Now it's my belief every gent in the room has got a cartridge-belt full of indisputable facts; an', if a Colt's 45 ain't a conclousion, I shore don't know what is.'

"For heaven's sake,' exclaims Bass Drum, evincin' concern, 'don't talk gun-talk. My only thought is to pay the West some compliments. I only says the West's a fraud that a-way as offerin' encomiums. Which I'm somewhat of a fraud myse'f; an' I onhesitatin'ly informs mankind that, at my fact'ry back East, I ain't doin' a thing in my own lowly way but makin' goose-ha'r matteresses out o' wood-pulp—not only makin' 'em, gents, but sellin' 'em. Two years ago, though, as I informs you-all prior, I gets wedded to the West, an' never does go back East no more. I simply stays yere, an' permits that wood-pulp, goose-ha'r fraudyoolent matteress-fact'ry to run itse'f.'

"He talks,' growls Texas to Boggs, 'of bein' wedded to the West; an' then he evolves a howl that the West's a fraud. Which he'd better wed some reg'lar lady once!'

"May I ask,' puts in Enright, addressin' Bass Drum plenty suave an' bland, 'what-ever brings about them nuptials?'

"It's in Vegas,' says Bass Drum; 'I'm jest in from the East, an' headed for the Vegas Hot Springs. I piles out of the kyars;

a party, name onknown, throws me into a hack. "Plaza Hotel," says I. Ten minutes later we're at that car'vansary. "How much?" says I. "Twenty plunks," says he. "Shake!" says I, as I pays over the twenty bones. "This is where I stay. A country in which you can make twenty dollars in ten minutes is good enough for me!" An' so I goes romancin' along in an' registers, meanwhile singin', "This yere's the place I long have sought, an' mourned because I found it not." Gents, I've been part of the West ever since.'

"An' prosperin', I reckons?' says Peets.

"Not exactly prosperin',' returns Bass Drum, startin' the nose-paint on a second trip; 'not altogether prosperin', but learnin' a whole lot. Bein' in Silver City the other day, I hears of this camp; an' the more I hears the better it sounds. At last I allows I'll break in, look you-all stingin' lizards over, an' mebbey make investments.'

"Investments?' observes Enright; 'in cattle, do you say?'

"Not cattle,' returns Bass Drum, wipin' his lips. 'Which I gets fully through with cattle over back of San Marcial towards the Black Range. You knows old Axtell of the Triangle X? Bought a thousand head of that old outlaw, thirty dollars per. He builds a chute, drives up the thousand cows, runs 'em through, claps the red-hot iron on 'em, counterbrands 'em C in a box, the new mark I invents. Thar they be, gents, back on the range ag'in—a thousand head of C-in-a-box cows, an' that cimmaron Axtell countin' my little old thirty thousand simoleons! Do I come forth onscathed? Gents, listen! In two months I ain't got twenty head. That C-in-a-box brand ain't nothin' but a ha'r brand; it all grows out afresh, an' them cattle returns *poco tiempo* to their old-time Triangle X form. Oh, you bet I'm learnin'! No more bovines for Bass Drum! This time I aims to break my guileless teeth on mines. If thar's any sport within hearin' of my loud bazoo, who's got a salted mine, let him prepare for the feast. Yere I stands in my ignorance, his nacheral-born prey!' Sayin' which, Bass Drum beats his breast until it booms, while his eyebrows work up an' down like one of them gorillas.

"It looks as though Bass Drum paves the way for his own deestruction. The Copper Head, drawn to the scene by the exyooberant an' far-reachin' tones of Bass

Drum, is hoverin' about the portals of the Red Light at the time. He don't come inside none, Cherokee bein' back of his layout, an' the Copper Head ownin' a mem'ry. Presently he disappears; an', while his comin' an' goin' don't leave no profound impressions on me at the moment, I thinks of it afterwards a whole lot.

“Bass Drum pervades the camp in an' out for several days, an' so far as I hears gets proper action for what *dinero* he puts in cirkyoolation. One evenin', when we're wrastlin' our chuck at the O. K. House—Rucker attendin' on our wants as waiter—Texas asks over his shoulder:

“‘Whar's that Copper Head *compadre* of yours, Rucker? I ain't seen him 'round none for four days.’

“‘Well,’ snarls Rucker, who's testy an' spiteful, on account of him bein' redooed to a servile p'sition, ‘you don't reckon I kills an' eats him, does you?’

“‘Don't wax gala, Rucker,’ returns Texas, mighty high an' cautionary, ‘or the next time Doc Peets wants a skeleton to play hoss with scientific, I'll shore present him yours. You-all would furnish a fairly person'ble skeleton that a-way. Whatever do you yourse'f think, Doc?’

“‘He'll do,’ says Peets, runnin' Rucker over kind o' critical, like he's a hoss an' him, Peets, is goin' to buy him. ‘To be shore, Rucker wouldn't afford no skeleton of highest grade, not one of these yere top-notch corn-fed skeletons; but he'd match in plumb successful between a Mexican an' a Digger Injun, as completin' a chain.’

“‘You-all asks about the Copper Head?’ says Rucker to Texas, a heap subdooed; for the way Texas an' Peets goes bulgin' off about skeletons almost brings on him a fit of the fantods. ‘Which he's gone to minin' over in Colorow Gulch. Thar's that prospect Chicken Bill abandons; the Copper Head refles on it as the “Golden Roole,” an' is deevolopin' the same.’

“‘Whoever is this yere enterprisin' Copper Head?’ asks Bass Drum of Cherokee.

“‘Which he's a bad-mannered miscreent,’ returns Cherokee, ‘who, if asked to set in a game of freeze-out for two dollars' worth of brains a corner, couldn't even meet the ante.’

“‘The more weak-witted,’ says Bass Drum, ‘the better; less brains, more luck. It takes a eediot to find a mine. Which I'll look this bullhead up some; if he's

struck anything good I'll take it away from him.’ Then, to Rucker, who's staggerin' in from the kitchen with a passel of dry-apple pies: ‘How about this yere Golden Roole mine? What for a prospect is it?’

“‘All I knows,’ returns Rucker, ‘is that the Copper Head sends what he calls a “mill run” over to Silver City for a assay, an' it shows eight hundred dollars to the ton.’

“‘Whoever says sech things as that,’ retorts Bass Drum, ‘is conversin' through his sombrero. Thar ain't no such ore in Arizona.’

“‘While I don't savvy mines none, I'm plenty sapient when it comes to men, an' I sees, for all his bluff front, Bass Drum is a heap struck. The next mornin' he hires Rucker of Missis Rucker, to show him where the Golden Roole is located. It's over towards Red Dog in Colorow Gulch, an' Rucker an' Bass Drum finds the Copper Head idlin' about in the drift. He an' his Golden Roole is a heap alone that a-way, an' never another prospect within a half-dozen miles.

“‘As Bass Drum an' Rucker draws near they hears the Copper Head singin' a church toone, that one about India's golden sands.

“‘Is this onderdone party religious?’ whispers Bass Drum.

“‘Religious?’ says Rucker. ‘Which I only wishes I has four bits for every pray'r he's flung off! I should say he is religious! Thar's members of the clergy who ain't ace-high to the Copper Head. But see yere,’ continyoos Rucker, detainin' Bass Drum by the arm, ‘don't you go sayin' nothin' about that assay. Mebby he ain't ready to have it bropited abroad as yet.’

“‘Fear not!’ returns Bass Drum; ‘my little game don't inlood me tellin' him things.’

“‘Right yere the onconscious Copper Head pours out his soul afresh:

‘From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's golden sands;
Where Africk's sunny fountains
Rolls down them coral strands—’

“‘Which he's singin' all wrong!’ whispers Bass Drum, disgusted; ‘that of itse'f shows his mem'ry to be wabbly in its knees. Which if he can't think any better'n he can sing, he'll be plumb easy! Religious, too, you says? The shore mark of weakness! Look at me!’ Yere Bass Drum lapses into his pastime of thumpin' his bosom. ‘Look

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at me an' wonder—six feet tall, an' a chest like a hoss! This Copper Head, bein' off his feet religious, shows he's of a weak, clingin' vine-like nacher, an' no more backbone to him than a wet lariat. A robust sport like me, who knows his way through, plays tag with sech a weaklin'.

"Bass Drum and Rucker deescends on the Copper Head, an' Bass Drum says, 'How thar, pard!'

"The Copper Head gives a nervous start, an' looks 'round with his red ferretty eyes. 'How!' says the Copper Head. Then, beholdin' Rucker, 'Whatever be you-all doin',' he asks, 'so far from your dooties? You ain't had time none'—glancin' at the sun—'to get your noonday dishes washed.'

"Rucker seems some heated at these slights, but says nothin', bein' fearful what bluffs he makes gets back to Missis Rucker. Bass Drum, however, relieves him by takin' up the talk.

"'Struck somethin' rich?' he asks. 'Which if it's good I'll buy it.'

"'Friend,' returns the Copper Head, a heap honest an' deprecatory, an' runnin' his oncertain fingers through his bird-dog ha'r, 'this yere's but a barren prospect, I fears; I'm none convinced of its valyoo. It's not for me to deloode the onwary, an' I shall avoid offers until I be. That's why I names it the Golden Roole.'

"Thar's a queer greenish yellow look to the gray face of the rock, an' a sharp smell in the air that tickles a gent's nostrils like hartshorn. Bass Drum wrinkles up his nose sympathetic, an' wipes the water from his eyes; to which man'festations the Copper Head responds like they're queries.

"'What you-all smells,' says he, 'is a prep'ration for softenin' the rock. It's somethin' like embalmin'-flooid; I gets onto it when I'm in the ondertaking line. It's what gives the rock that green-yellow tinge. She shore does soften it up a whole lot, however; the drillin' an' diggin' is redooced by half.'

"As the Copper Head gets off this yere explanation, he oncovers a big glass bottle, holdin' about a gallon, where it's lyin' hid behind a rock. Thar's a rubber stopper. The Copper Head picks up the bottle, an' handles it as if it's filled with centipedes, an' each clamorous for p'isenous action. Both Bass Drum an' Rucker notices how it's half full of a liquid of a greenish yellow

color, to match the pecooliar hue of the rock face.

"'It's a heap vol'tile,' observes the Copper Head, 'an' I has to keep it tight corked. I spills out what I uses as I goes along.' Sayin' which, he slops out about a pint into a glazed earthen dish, with the heedfulness of b'ilin' oil. Then he sops it up with a brush, an' paints away at the rock face same as though he's whitewashin' a fence.

"'An' does that soften the rock?' asks Bass Drum, sort o' held by the exhibition.

"'Leaves it like so much cheese,' returns the Copper Head, whitewashin' away mighty sedyoolous.

"'What's that embalmin'-mixchoor composed of?' asks Bass Drum ag'in, at the same time rubbin' his nose an' eyes, the fumes growin' doubly acrid while the Copper Head works.

"'What's it composed of?' repeats the Copper Head. Then he shets one eye, an' grins both feeble an' deerisive. If it ain't for his liver-colored ha'r, you might think he's a sheep tryin' to assoome a foxy look. 'Excoose me,' he says, 'that's my little hold-out.'

"Bass Drum don't press the business of the embalmin'-flooid, but la'nches out into what he calls a 'train of argyooment,' calk'lated to make cl'ar how he ain't got time to wait the slow unfoldment of the Golden Roole. The best he can say is, he's jest now squanderin' 'round, on a hunt for a mine, an' if the Copper Head'll furnish him what spec'mens he wants, he'll have a assay made an' mebbey buy.

"The Copper Head listens, his lank jaw ajar as if he ain't got force of char'cter s'fficient to shet his mouth. Bass Drum talks on, all sperit an' bustle an' business, while the dazed Copper Head hangs back in the breechin', like a dull mule at a quicksand crossin'.

"'I ain't ready none to deal,' the Copper Head protests final. 'Sellin' a pig in a poke is as bad as buyin' a pig in a poke. Yere I be, plumb ignorant whether I have somethin' or nothin'; an' you comes bush-wackin' 'round an' talks of buyin' me out.'

"'Not before a assay, onderstand,' returns Bass Drum. 'Most likely this yere rock ain't got no more gold into it than grindstones.'

"'Well, I shore don't know!' returns Copper Head, crackin' the j'int of his knobby fingers until they sounds like cockin'

a Winchester. 'Whatever is your advice, Mister Rucker?'

"Bass Drum winks his nigh eye at Rucker as sayin' thar's somethin' in it for him, an' Rucker tharupon yoonites his voice to Bass Drum's.

"What harm,' he says, 'to let him get a assay?'

"With both of 'em ag'inst him, the reluctant Copper Head at lasts consents. A blast is put in, an' fifty pounds of spec'mens knocked off the rock face.

"Bass Drum prodooes a dozen buckskin pouches from the war-bags on his pony. 'You observes,' he reemarks to the Copper Head, 'I travels preepared.' Then he fills the buckskin pouches, ties 'em up tight, an' swings 'em half an' half acrost the horn of his saddle, the Copper Head eyin' proceedin's with a doobious air.

"I reckon it's all right,' he reemarks, like he's tryin' to convince himse'f. 'I lets a couple of mavericks from Tucson have a hatful yesterday, an' tharfore why not you?'

"Bass Drum pricks up his y'ears, smellin' rivals. 'Which I'll start these bags,' he says, 'for Silver City this evenin'. Mean-while, stand them Tucson hold-ups off. If they're the sharps I think they be, they'll do you out o' your back teeth.'

"That evenin', about sixth drink-time, Bass Drum grows confidential with Peets. 'It's like playin' seven-up with a babe on-weaned,' he says. 'Still, it ain't as if this Copper Head is otherwise safe. Which I don't mind confessin' I'd shore hesitate to lay him waste, only if I don't rob him some more hardened party will.'

"Don't his bein' religious,' asks Peets, 'sort o' op'rate to stay your devastatin' hand? Or be your wars of commerce waged alike ag'inst both believer an' on-believer?'

"At the game of dollar-chasin', responds Bass Drum, mighty cocky, 'believers or onbelievers, Jews or Gentiles, it's all one to me. Whenever I gets ready to throw a stone, you bet I ain't carin' whether it hits a grog-shop or a church.'

"To be shore,' observes Tutt, when later he's discussin' matters with Peets an' Texas, 'I ain't got no use for that Copper Head; an' yet I asks myse'f, Be we jestified in permittin' this overpowerin' Bass Drum to strip him of his all?'

"Dave,' returns Peets, 'I regyards your

excitement as misplaced. If you has tears to shed, reserve 'em for that vainglorious Bass Drum.'

"Three days, an' Bass Drum gets the returns from Silver City. The fifty pounds of ore shows forty dollars—sixteen hundred dollars to the ton! Bass Drum's ha'r as-soomes the perpendic'lar, he's that scared lest them Tucson coyotes gets a prior move on, an' beats him to it.

"As fast as his pony can drum the ground, Bass Drum goes surgin' over to Red Dog. The Copper Head hesitates an' hangs back; he wants to hear from them Tucson parties, he says, who gets the hatful of spec'mens. Bass Drum won't hear to it, but crowds the Copper Head's irresoloot hand, namin' two thousand dollars.

"An' at that,' observes Bass Drum, when, a month later, he's rooffully recountin' his financial wounds to Peets an' Enright that a-way, 'if I has a lick of sense, I ought to have remembered that, with the eight-hundred-dollar assay Rucker speaks of former, this Copper Head must certainly possess some halfway notion of where he's at. But no; thar I go cavortin' to deestruction like a bar'l down hill! Congratchoolatin' myse'f, too, on my sooperhooman cunnin', when I evades his queries as to how that last assay turns out! Gents, I knows burros of inferior standin', who in intellects could give me kyards an' spades!'

"When Bass Drum says two thousand, the Copper Head falls into a brown study. The longer he studies, the sadder an' more sorrowful he gets.

"It's all wrong!' he says at last. 'I'll never yereafter see the hour when the gnawin' tooth of conscience'll be still! An' yet, if I must sin, let it not be for no bagatelles. Say forty thousand, an' doubtless the temptation'll be more than I can b'ar.'

"Bass Drum sweats an' froths an' argues, but he's up ag'inst it. The eediotic Copper Head, with the pertinac'ity of weak-minded folks, holds by that forty thousand like it's the rock of his last hope.

"With forty thousand in my grasp,' says the Copper Head, 'I returns East, reenters the ondertakin' profession, resoomes my rightful place on the front seat of a hearse, an' lifts up my diminished head as of yore. That's the figger, forty thousand; an' not a nickel less!'

"Thar's nothin' else to do; Bass Drum yields, an' him an' the Copper Head goes



"AS FAST AS HIS PONY CAN DRUM THE GROUND, BASS DRUM GOES
SURGIN' OVER TO RED DOG"

over to Tucson, where he endows that red-ha' red reptile with eight five-thousand-dollar bills. Inside of no time, the Copper Head is a thing of the Tucson-Wolfville past.

"It takes a fortnight for Bass Drum to convince himse'f thar ain't as much treasure to be extracted from the Golden Roole as should belong in the bank-roll behind a ten-cent game of monte. For a moment he's hotter'n a fire in a lard-fact'ry. Then he simmers down.

"Gents," says he, "I'm stuck. That Golden Roole's a deadfall! Between old Axtell an' his ha'r brands, an' this yere Copper Head an' his salted mines, it'll take a forest of sprooce, worked up into goose-ha'r matteresses, to reestore my fallen fortunes."

"Salt a mine!" exclaims Enright. "That egreegious Copper Head don't look like he's equal to saltin' sheep! I shore marvels how he does it!"

"Pete Bland, the Red Dog boniface at whose flapjack foundry the Copper Head's been hangin' out, brings over a gallon bottle with a rubber stopper to Peets. He finds it, he says, in the Copper Head's former room. It's filled with the same greenish yellow liquid wharwith the Copper Head is doctorin' the Golden Roole when Bass Drum an' Rucker surprises him at his labors. The question is, Can Peets as a scientific sharp identify the same?"

"Peets uncorks the bottle, takes a sniff, an' bats a tearful eye. 'Chlorin!' says he.

"Then he pours about a pint into a wide glass dish. In half an hour or less, it's took to itse'f wings an' evaporated. Thar's enough sediment remainin' to fill two table-spoons. Peets puts it in a bowl, an' fills the bowl up with water. Then he twists an' tosses an' whirls an' slops away at it, same as if he's pannin' out gold. That's what it comes to; he cleans up enough dust to make a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Bass Drum has already posted Peets how the Copper Head whitewashes away at the rock face, an' Peets gets a brush and

tries a quart of the embalmin'-flood on a round hard rock, the size of a watermelon, which is lyin' in front of the New York Store. The results is highly gratifyin'; the stone sucks up that embalmin'-flood like it's a sponge, thirstily gettin' away with the entire quart. Also it turns that same good old greenish yellow color.

"When the stone has done drunk up its quart, Peets regyards it plenty thoughtful. 'By what that pint pans out,' he says, 'thar should be twenty dollars' worth of gold in this yere dornick!' Which the subsequent assay proves said surmise to be c'rrect.

"Thar's mebbly a pint remainin' of the embalmin'-flood, an' Peets cuts loose chem'cal, an' subjects it to exper'ments.

"An' at that, Sam," says Peets to Enright, at the wind-up, 'I can't say what it wholly is. Thar's this, however. It contains, among other things, chloric acid with king's water, which last is a combination of sulphooric an' nitric acids. The proportion of ox'gen thus secored is so tremenjus it makes no more of eatin' up forty dollars' worth of gold to the gallon than a colored camp-meetin' would of eatin' up forty yellow-laigged chickens. Also, it's so penetratin' it'll carry the gold through eighteen inches of the solid rock. Gents, we've been entertainin' a angel onawares. That Copper Head person is a genius, an' has raised mine-saltin' to the plane of art.'

"It's two years before we ag'in hears of the Copper Head. A waif-word wanders up from Rincon that some deservin' party opens on him, low and ackerate, with a ten-gage shotgun, twenty-one buckshot to the shell, an' bombards him into the heavenly land of many mansions, where the come-ons cease from troublin', an' the mine-salter is at rest. The vig'lance committee which considers the case sustains the action of Cherokee that time in ejectin' the Copper Head from the Red Light, since it exculpates the accoosed shotgun gent on the grounds that the Copper Head is lookin' at his wife."





If War Should Come!

First Article — The Question of Preparedness

By Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson


EDITOR'S NOTE.—In spite of the assurances of Japanese diplomats, war with that nation is by no means improbable. By many clear-sighted statesmen it is even regarded as inevitable.

How are the American people prepared to cope with so stupendous a possibility? Are we adequately equipped and fortified against so formidable an enemy?

Would it be an impossibility, under present conditions, for the Japanese to occupy our Pacific seaboard, lay San Francisco, Seattle, and Los Angeles under tribute, and fortify the Coast states so thoroughly and scientifically that their reconquest would cost billions of dollars and perhaps a million lives?

Does not the mere suggestion of so desperate a contingency point urgently to the necessity of swift national action for the adoption of the most complete preparatory plans?

These are questions which concern every American citizen from Maine to California. In order that the readers of the *Cosmopolitan* may understand the facts about the peril which threatens the country and the measures which must be instantly taken to meet it, we have obtained a highly interesting series of articles by Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson in which the situation is reviewed from the standpoint of an expert. The first of these articles is presented herewith. It will be followed by two others in the next succeeding issues. We venture to say that the facts presented by Captain Hobson will make very clear the duty of Congress to take such vigorous and immediate action as will be likely to avert the danger which is so lucidly and convincingly pointed out.

HE sailing of the American fleet from Hampton Roads through the capes of the Chesapeake into the open sea on its voyage to the Pacific was the greatest naval spectacle ever witnessed in the western world. The tens of thousands of spectators who had come from far and near to witness this event were electrified when the sailors mounted the bulwarks, superstructures, turrets, rigging, and

masts, and gave rousing cheers as the President reviewed the departing ships. The multitude in turn spontaneously cheered as the great ships weighed anchor, and one by one stood away in solemn grandeur, in a column extending over four miles. The multitude present was but the eye and the voice of the eighty million Americans who gazed upon this event from afar, some with a feeling of misgiving, but all with that confidence and assurance which possesses the American people, undismayed by nature and never yet defeated by man.

This event stirred the people of America, however, not merely with feelings of pride, and of expectancy awakened by the mere fact of undefined danger; beneath the great shouts of applause, pitched in the major of exultation, there was in the depths a minor chord, expressed in the tears of parents, children, wives, sweethearts, whose dear ones were leaving for the unknown.

The eyes of the whole world also were fixed upon this fleet, and properly so. For the first time in history the yellow men of the Orient and the white men of the Occident gazed together with concentrated interest upon each other and upon a movement of vital moment, not only to their two continents, but to all men and nations, indeed to civilization itself. And yet, few people in any country seem to have comprehended the full significance of what was occurring.

For the first time since the birth of our Republic the monarchies of Europe were looking upon an undefended American coast-line. How the members of the Holy Alliance, against whose conspiracy the Monroe doctrine was declared, would have gloated over that sight! What was whispered

in Europe's secret councils by the direct successors of those conspirators against the rights of the people, as the American fleet passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, transferring to our western waters practically the entire naval power of the one nation that has stood for and compelled the progress that has been achieved during the past century, not only in America, but also in Europe? The answer concerns our people more than the price of stocks, the cause of the panic, or the solution of any of the grave internal questions which now perplex the nation.

Leaving the European chancelleries to discuss these events, the American fleet has retraced the course taken by the *Oregon* in 1898, when that gallant ship made the record voyage for a single ship in time of war. Heretofore America has faced eastward, whence our foreign wars have come. Now, and suddenly, we have been compelled by the action of an Asiatic power to leave our European sea-coast unprotected and to place practically the entire naval power of the nation between us and Asia. And yet the dangers in the Atlantic have not disappeared; they have not even decreased.



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DRILLING JAPANESE SCHOOLBOYS IN MILITARY TACTICS AND THE MANUAL OF ARMS

The marvelous discipline of the Japanese army is largely due to the fact that military drill begins with schoolboys of the ages of twelve to fourteen and is continued until perfect obedience to orders has become a second nature

If War Should Come!

Indeed the "mistress of the sea" is at this moment, and for the first time in history, in league with the Asiatic power that has compelled this change in the policy of our nation. Though England is our mother country, two of our foreign wars have been fought with her. We have no contract with England binding her to respect our territories and rights. Japan has such a contract with England, and contempora-

President was compelled by the logic of events to take this action. It was not a matter of private opinion or personal preference. Conditions, not theories, confronted the nation, and duty laid its compelling hand upon our chief executive.

During the past two decades Japan has seized upon and utilized to the utmost the inventions and discoveries made by the white race. And in consequence Japan



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JAPANESE OFFICERS RECONNOITERING WITH WAR-BALLOONS

The Japanese balloon and air-ship service is as up-to-date and thorough as any in the world

neously with the sailing of our fleet England gathered together, for foreign service, a fleet almost twice as large as ours.

No sudden or even immediate change had taken place in Europe or in our relation with European powers: The change that had taken place was in Asia, or, preferably, in our relation with one of the Asiatic powers, the one that is making itself the master of the Orient. The dangers in the Atlantic are not decreased, but the dangers in the Pacific have increased, and our

holds to-day the mighty forces of nature and of organization more completely at her command than any nation of the white race. In naval and military affairs each western nation has built up a practice of its own, with both good and bad characteristics. Japan, on the other hand, has appropriated the good characteristics of all; and just at the time when Japan is emerging from feudalism she has made her entry into the council chamber of the nations through the gate of war forced open by the mighty power of her military organization.



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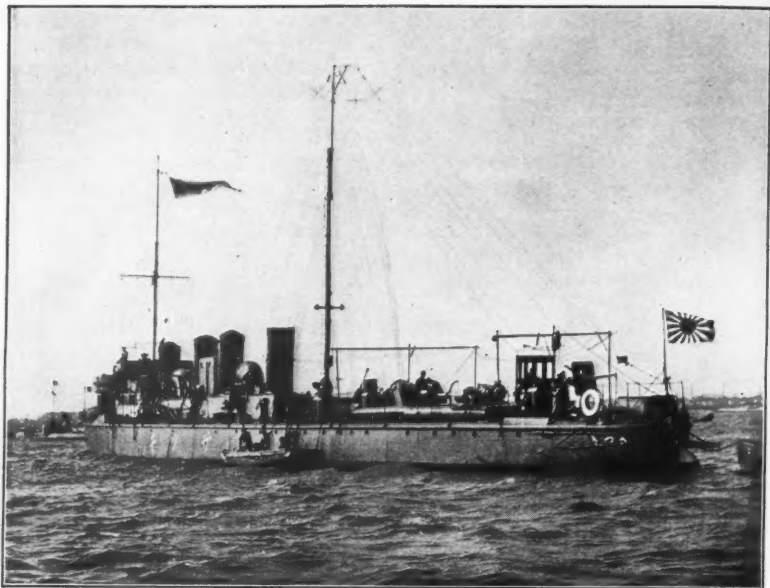
PART OF THE HUGE STORE OF SHELLS FOR JAPAN'S ELEVEN-INCH SIEGE-GUNS



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A DRILL OF THE MIKADO'S BODYGUARD AT TOKIO

The discipline of these veteran troops has never been surpassed in military history



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JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS APPARATUS

The Japanese fleet of torpedo-boats and destroyers is more than double that of the United States, and is provided with every device known to modern warfare

The feudalism from which Japan is now emerging was regnant in Europe centuries ago. It was never a part of the life of America. This fact makes it difficult for Americans to grasp, without careful consideration, the significance of what is now transpiring. The white nations, on the whole, are three or four hundred years beyond feudalism, and under the leadership of America are swiftly traveling the road toward international confederation and organization that will tend to make war obsolete. But these nations are not yet federated. War is not yet obsolete even among the white nations in their relations with each other, and it behooves them to understand the meaning of Japan's rise in power through victorious handling of the weapons of war. The presence of superior power is absolutely necessary to check the natural course of that nation toward war with foreign powers, now that war within her own body has ceased as a result of the union of the feudal lords behind the Mikado.

No internal question at this moment is comparable in importance to the present and prospective strength of Japan compared

with that of our country. The supreme duty of America at this moment is to gage accurately the possibilities of Japan's military power and to make that power ineffectual by the provision of an unquestionably superior force. No other thing that our government can do would have so powerful an influence for the establishment of justice and the maintenance of peace in international relationships.

The departure of the fleet was like a flash of lightning. Things heretofore hidden by the darkness were brought momentarily into plain view. On one side of the Pacific was disclosed a great nation, heretofore considered inferior, that had demonstrated superior power on the field of battle, and emerged victor over the most populous nation of Europe. Justly proud of its achievements, and wounded by the condescensions of the western world; different in color, in traditions, in political institutions, from our country; capable of being either friend or enemy to America as its supposed interest at any moment may dictate; almost as different from us in character and in preparedness and inclina-

tion for conflict as in color or in position on the world's map, this people, molded into one body and with a common purpose in the heat of the war with Russia, caused and witnessed the most humiliating military and political spectacle ever seen in the western world, namely, a revelation in the face of a grave danger that the United States is unable to execute a just foreign policy, is unable even to perform the duty imposed by the Constitution of preserving the members of the Union in the full and free exercise of the rights reserved by the several states. The people's representatives neither foresaw the danger nor provided against it. Congress, the press, the two great political parties of the country, did not see, even in this flash of light, that our nation is defenseless, and that the most tempting morsel that ever became a menace to national character or international peace is displayed unprotected before the rising power of the Orient.

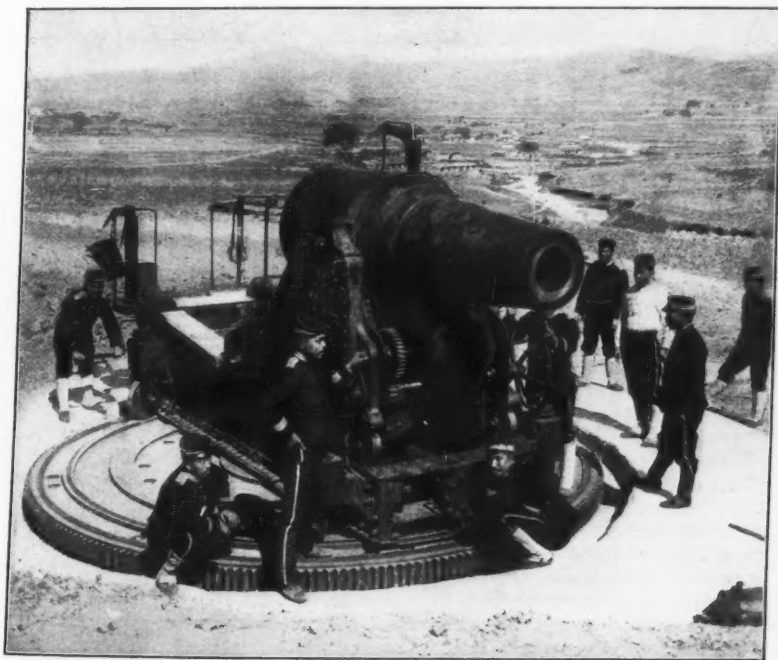
The strength of a nation is in the number of its able-bodied men, their availability for

action, the average fighting value of the men, and the preparation and efficiency of their organization.

For her soldiers and sailors Japan draws upon a population at home of nearly fifty millions, a population greater than that of England, Austria-Hungary, or France, and only second to that of Germany in Europe and the United States in America.

By an extensive system of propaganda Japan is preparing to draw upon the four hundred and fifty million people in China, making, with Japan, for prospective use, a total of five hundred millions, more than the combined population of all Europe and both the Americas.

The Japanese population is more available for war at the present moment than the population of any white nation. The people are not only more disposed for war, on account of the stage of their civilization and their recent victories, but are more willing than the people of the West to bear the greater burdens of taxation without



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ONE OF JAPAN'S GREAT ELEVEN-INCH SIEGE-GUNS WHICH DID SUCH EFFECTIVE SERVICE AT PORT ARTHUR

Her artillerymen are as efficient as any in the world

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MAP SHOWING HAWAII AS THE STRATEGIC POINT OF THE PACIFIC

Military operations from either shore are dependent on the effective occupation of the islands.

Japan's possession of the Philippines would give her complete mastery of the Eastern coast

of Asia. With the Hawaiian Islands, where the Japanese already number 30,000,

mostly trained soldiers, Japan would have an enormous advantage

and could be dislodged only by the attacks of our fleets

murmuring against the government. Furthermore, the women are more ready to do the work while the men are on the battlefield. In the next place, the military forces can be maintained and a campaign properly executed at a cost far below what the same movements would impose upon the white nations.

Since the Russo-Japanese War the world has been compelled to put the fighting value of the average Japanese above that of the average white man. The Japanese has shown himself equally courageous in action and equally skilful in the use of modern

weapons, while superior in endurance and more amenable to discipline.

The degree of preparation for war in America is low; it is high in the chief military nations of Europe, but it is higher still in Japan. There they begin with the school children and continue the work throughout life. In the Russo-Japanese War the extraordinary degree of preparation and the efficiency in action of the Japanese organization were the marvel of the world. The character of the yellow man, his patience, his attention to details, his endurance, make him an ideal unit for the organization of a per-

fect human mechanism of no matter what dimensions. The only safe assumption for a white man to make is that the yellow man, on the average, will be found his superior as a soldier and his equal as a sailor.

I do not hesitate in making this statement. With a knowledge of the Chinese derived from actual experience in China, I am prepared to say that the average Chinaman, properly trained, will make a better soldier than the average Japanese, being equally intelligent, more reliable, of greater strength

They have allowed no access to anything going on in Japan. The half has not been told of the preparations for war made by Japan during the past two years and a half, and yet that which is known of their preparations should rouse this nation to a sense of the danger and to a performance of its duty to the states composing the Union, and to the great principles of liberty, of which our nation is the world's leading exponent.

After the war with Russia, when the one



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SURGEON AND NURSES IN A TOKIO HOSPITAL

Japanese surgeons and nurses broke the world's record in military surgery during the war with Russia. In one army corps there were only thirty-four deaths in seven thousand cases—an unparalleled performance

and endurance, and without fear of death. In estimating the present as well as the prospective preparation of Japan it is necessary to take this fact into account, for Japan at this moment is carrying on a systematic instruction of the Chinese in the arts of war, and when war comes Japan will find a way of drawing upon China for assistance.

The Japanese are masters in the inspection and spying out of the naval and military preparations of other nations. They are past masters in secreting their own preparations and intentions. They have had opportunity, and have made use of it, for learning everything that is going on in America.

fleet to be feared by Japan had been destroyed, when the vessels captured in the war constituted a substantial increase in the Japanese navy, when the heavy burdens laid upon the people by the war called for economies, especially in view of the fact that by the treaty of Portsmouth the expected war indemnity was denied to the victor, it would have been natural for Japan to rest for a while and recover herself before inaugurating an expensive program for an increased navy. Instead of doing this, Japan has ordered more than one hundred million dollars' worth of new ships of the *Dreadnought* class and large armored

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cruisers, eleven in number, together with auxiliaries and torpedo-boats. Rush orders for these ships were given to English and Japanese shipyards.

Japan was already allied with Great Britain. There was certainly no need of additional ships to cope with Germany, France, or Italy. Why was this done? The only plausible inference is that the purpose was to secure an advantage over America while she was still sleeping. It was a master stroke, proved by the fact that Congress simply discussed the question for two whole years before ordering a single large ship of the new type; and the peace societies of America even increased their agitation in favor of disarmament.

Our people are liable to indulge in a feeling of unwarranted security now that our fleet has arrived safely in the Pacific and has been joined by the two battle-ships and the two squadrons of armored cruisers already in those waters, numbering altogether eighteen battle-ships and eight armored cruisers, making twenty-six armored vessels. The Japanese now have in Pacific waters eleven battle-ships and eleven armored cruisers, making twenty-two armored vessels. It should be noted that the Japanese armored cruisers *Tsu Kuba*, *Okoma*, *Ibuki*, and *Satsuma* carry twelve-inch guns, larger than any guns carried by our armored cruisers. These Japanese armored cruisers will certainly be found on the battle-line with the regular battle-ships. The moderate superiority of our fleet will soon disappear. Our own ships will gradually deteriorate because of the lack of docking and repairing facilities, and the Japanese will be constantly adding to their fleet the great new ships as they are completed. The only two of this type that we have in course of construction will probably go into commission in the summer of 1910, and will be on the Atlantic seaboard. The Japanese by that time will certainly have in commission eight, and possibly eleven, more vessels, all of the new type. Conservative estimates have placed one vessel of the new type as equivalent to at least three vessels of the type that compose our fleet.

Assuming that our two new vessels can reach the Pacific in time, Japan will have a superiority of nine new vessels. The total strength of the two fleets, estimated in the average units of the present vessels, will be, United States thirty-two, and Japan fifty-

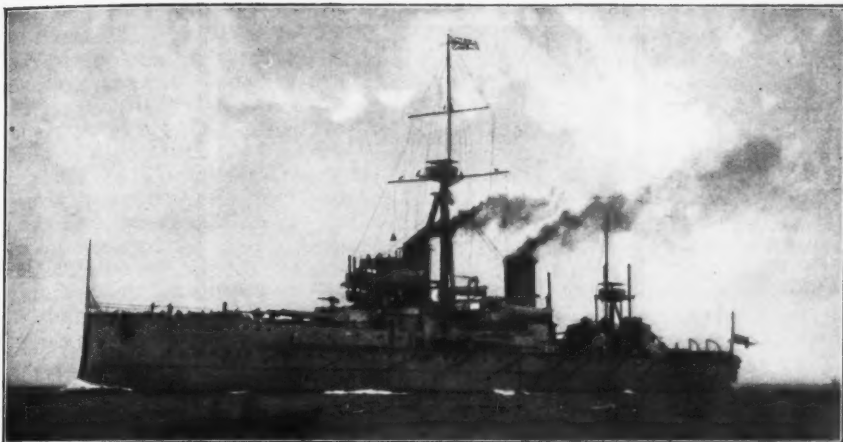
five. To bring us up to an equality with Japan, we must order at once and complete in record-breaking time eight battle-ships of the *Delaware* class of twenty thousand tons. If we order two of this class to complete a squadron of four, with the two already building, and at the same time four of an improved class of twenty-five thousand tons, we can realize the same result at considerable less cost and in the same time. This program must be regarded as the very minimum demanded by scientific treatment of the subject, for even then all these vessels would have to leave the Atlantic to make our strength equal to Japanese strength in the Pacific. The fact is, Japanese efficiency must be reckoned as gradually becoming greater than ours on account of their superior docking and repairing facilities and because of their presence in home waters. It is not scientific to have simply an equal fleet in the Pacific. We should have an unquestionably superior force so as to prevent war if possible and to win if conflict is inevitable.

This still leaves the Atlantic Ocean absolutely stripped of American war-vessels, a condition which Congress can never justify before the American people.

One would have expected that the armies of Japan would decrease after the peace of Portsmouth. On the contrary five divisions have since been added to the Japanese army, and to-day Japan is prepared to put into the field half again as many men as in the war with Russia; this would mean 1,500,000 trained men.

The preparation of war material would naturally have fallen to a normal condition upon the conclusion of peace with Russia. Instead greater activity has resulted. Old works have not only continued in full force and overtime, but new works of great size have been established, and they are kept working day and night. The Japanese have built new steel-works and armor-plate factories, new ordnance works for heavy guns, new torpedo-factories, new powder-factories, new factories for high explosives, also factories for small arms and projectiles; new shipyards have been established, new dry-docks built, as well as new building-slips, new machine-shops, new building- and repair-works, and new boiler- and engine-shops; and besides all this, heavy orders for war material have been placed abroad.

In contrast with this great army of



JAPAN IS NOW BUILDING TWO 19,000-TON BATTLE-SHIPS OF THIS TYPE AND HAS ORDERED MORE—THE MOST FORMIDABLE FLOATING FORT IN THE WORLD, THE "DREADNOUGHT" OF THE BRITISH NAVY

1,500,000 trained men, containing one million seasoned veterans, and with this feverish activity, America has drifted drowsily along and now has but sixty-nine thousand men in the regular army and only 140,000 raw militiamen, most of the regulars being now in service in Cuba and the Philippine Islands. There are now available inside of our own country only nine thousand infantry of the regular army, *less than the police force of New York.*

I estimate that Japan could place five hundred thousand trained men on the Pacific slope within four months, and one million men within ten months, against whom we could not marshal over two hundred thousand men that have ever had any substantial military service. Where great numbers are involved, untrained men cannot be effective against veterans. Our army therefore is hopelessly inadequate to cope with Japan even on the Pacific slope, to say nothing of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines. So that for security we must depend absolutely upon superiority on the sea.

In addition to the preparation described above, in modern warfare a nation must not neglect to provide money or to secure active assistance, or neutrality where assistance is impossible, on the part of the most important nations likely to be affected by the war. In preparation of this kind Japan has been wonderfully active and successful. She has negotiated great loans at home and

abroad, and now has on hand over six hundred million yen in specie, mostly in European depositories and immediately available for military purposes, sufficient to keep one million Japanese soldiers in the field for a year.

Although the exact text of the treaties between Japan and France and Japan and Russia is not fully known, there are evidences that by these treaties Japan has secured the neutrality of these two powers through conceding to them, with England's approval, special privileges in certain sections of the opening markets of China.

It is certain, however, that the accumulated wealth of France is pouring into Japanese coffers. But important as these things are, the supreme achievement of diplomacy was an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, which for a century has held undisputed control of the sea. Being an island kingdom, Japan is vitally affected by the attitude of the "mistress of the sea" until such time as she is in control of the situation. This treaty continues until 1915 and renews itself automatically for ten-year periods successively, unless denounced by one of the parties. We must therefore squarely face the natural conclusion that Great Britain will cooperate with Japan, and consequently we must prepare to be masters of our waters in the Atlantic at the same time that we hold the supremacy in the Pacific.



ABRAHAM H. HUMMEL

The Fall of Hummel

THE EXTRAORDINARY AND MYSTIFYING EVENTS PRECEDING THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF THE NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER. HOW ABRAHAM HUMMEL ACCOMPLISHED HIS OWN DOWNFALL

By Arthur Train

Assistant District Attorney of New York



THE career of Abraham H. Hummel, who, in the language of District Attorney Jerome, was "for twenty years a menace to the community," ended with his conviction for conspiracy and his imprisonment in the penitentiary on Blackwells Island in 1907. During that period it is safe to say that he and his partner, Howe, under the firm name of Howe & Hummel, were more widely known, both in this country and in England, than

any other members of the American bar. Howe, who was a man of slight legal ability but of some natural eloquence, was prominent in the criminal courts when Hummel first entered his employ as an office-boy. Hummel's preceptor took a fancy to him from the start, and from that time until his death always called and referred to his diminutive ally as "Little Abey." Three years later was formed the famous partnership, the very mention of whose name speedily became enough to cause a shiver to run down the spine of many of New York's most conspicuous citizens.

Howe & Hummel's office in full action was one of the sights of the city. Situated in an old-fashioned, red-brick edifice at the southwest corner of Center and Leonard streets, and directly in the shadow of the Tombs, it arrested the glance of all who passed, by a mammoth sign running across the front and side of the building. Its creaking door swung open for all comers, and many there were who passed in thereat. Inside a catacomb of dingy offices hung the webs of these legal spiders whose invisible threads ran into the homes of many of the supposedly good and great. No carpets absorbed the dirt of the floors; the windows were never washed; chairs and tables stood in reckless angularity; law-books lay torn and half opened upon the floors; and a flock of process-servers, clerks, messengers, and all sorts of hangers-on loitered in the outer room and threw terror into the hearts of prospective clients. Outside, the street would be crowded with cabs and carriages, while the waiting-rooms were filled with actresses, injured husbands, and members of the demi-monde, although the clients of this distinguished firm were by no means all drawn from the lower orders of society.

HOWE & HUMMEL

Amid this clientele Hummel was in his element. There was always some way to

beat a case "on the facts"—or to make a case. Of law he knew, and knows, nothing. It is his boast that in twenty-five years he has not opened a law-book three times. Yet he and Howe, it is alleged, made and squandered millions.

They kept no books, all payments being required to be made in cash, on the spot, and as fast as the money was handed over they stuffed it in their pockets. At five o'clock daily the firm adjourned to a near-by saloon, disgorged, and "divvied." But apart from a handsome weekly stipend to his sister, Hummel's money all went into the Tenderloin or the race-track, and to-day he has not a penny in the world.

Of the two, Howe was the more interesting character, and his loud, pompous voice and his extraordinary clothes made him conspicuous in any court. The writer once prosecuted a murder case where Howe was defending. He was arrayed (it was winter) in an outing-costume of light material, with brown checks fully two inches in diameter. He wore no necktie, but in lieu thereof a pin representing an eagle, and composed of rubies, sapphires, and pearls. Diamonds sparkled down his shirt-front, and he had rings on his fingers and bells—no, he only had on yachting-shoes and a blue cap trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons. He cross-examined no witnesses, but when-



THE FORMER OFFICES OF HOWE & HUMMEL, CENTER AND LEONARD STREETS, NEW YORK, SHOWING THEIR PROXIMITY TO THE CITY PRISON, "THE TOMBS"

ever one gave a particularly damaging bit of testimony against his client he groaned with a mixture of pathos and incredulity.

"I like diamonds," he used to say. "I love their glitter and sparkle."

"Little Abey," on the other hand, was modest in his attire; and while, as his friends used to call him, a "neat dresser," he never courted exterior notoriety. Howe wore a gold watch-chain like the main cable of a battle-ship, Hummel a slender thread across his attenuated bosom.

"Big Bill" Howe has been dead these five years, but his coffin must have been strong indeed to prevent his rising up to the defense of his "Little Abey." Had he been alive some things might have happened before his little partner was compelled to don striped overalls, which was probably his severest trial, for Hummel always wore the daintiest of pointed patent-leather shoes and slender broadcloth trousers.

A book, nay, twenty books, could be written of these two men, and would Hummel speak he could a tale unfold whose lightest word would make the quills rise not only on the fretful porcupine, but on the heads of several thousand pleasure-loving dames and gentles not half a mile from Broadway. But enough; this is the story of a single crime.

THE DODGE DIVORCE SUIT

The case against Hummel arose in this wise. In the year 1877 Charles Foster Dodge, who later became the central figure in the criminal proceedings against the lawyer, married Clemence Chrystie Cowles, in San Francisco. Dodge was thirty-two years old, had been engaged in the hotel business for a number of years, and at the

time of his marriage was manager of the Palace Hotel. For the next twelve years the two led a somewhat unhappy life together, and finally separated, Mrs. Dodge to keep a lodging-house in New York, and her husband to return to his semi-nomadic occupation of hotel man. Between 1889 and 1897, during which period his life was not above reproach, Dodge was successively manager of various hotels, a conductor on the Southern Railway, and eventually a part owner of a restaurant in Atlanta.

In March, 1897, Mrs. Dodge decided to divorce her husband, and employed as her counsel for that purpose William A. Sweetzer, of New York. A referee was appointed to hear the evidence, and before him Sweetzer swore that he had personally served the summons in the action on Dodge, the defendant, at the Everett House, corner of Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, New York, on March 31, 1897. This was the point in denying which Dodge subsequently perjured himself. A lawyer named Ruger ap-

peared for the defendant; but, the evidence of Dodge's infidelity not being controverted, the referee reported in favor of the divorce, and it was granted. By the terms of the decree Clemence Dodge was given the right to marry again. In his report the referee specifically found that "all the jurisdictional facts were properly proved."

In June, 1901, Mrs. Dodge, never doubting her entire right to do so, and relying implicitly upon the validity and propriety of her divorce, married Charles W. Morse, of New York, a widower with four children, whose first wife had died in 1897. Morse was a busy capitalist interested in various enterprises, and it appeared that he neglected to inform his sister and children, who



WILLIAM F. HOWE, THE FAMOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER, PRECEPTOR AND PARTNER OF ABRAHAM HUMMEL

lived in Maine, of his matrimonial venture until a week before the ceremony took place.

MORSE'S MARRIAGE AROUSES FAMILY HOSTILITY

The question of how far the marriage was actually displeasing to Morse's family is important in determining what hidden motives, if any, lay behind the extraordinary legal proceedings which took place later on. At Hummel's trial Morse testified under oath that the members of his family were hostile to his marriage and showed their disapproval in their attitude toward him. "That manner toward me obtained from the time they first learned that I had married this woman. They never lived where this second wife could act in the relation or capacity of a mother to them."

But according to Morse, and even more according to himself, the relative most actively opposed to the marriage was "Uncle" or "Captain" James T. Morse, of Boston, a retired sea-captain, who was treasurer of several enterprises in which his nephew was interested. Apparently "Uncle Jim" was against the whole thing, for he swore that his one object in life from that time on (he was then only sixty-four) became to break up his nephew's second matrimonial enterprise. Now, why "Uncle Jim" should have been so anxious to unmake this marriage does not appear, and no satisfying reason therefor has ever yet been made public. He was not only on good terms with his forty-nine-year-old nephew, but also more or less dependent on his good will, and so far as can be learned he knew nothing about the second Mrs. Morse to justify his antipathy. Moreover, although he spent an enormous sum of money in a fruitless attempt to rid his nephew of the lady, it is said by some who claim to know that his purse was lean and the fist which held it somewhat tight.

Save as a matter of speculative interest, however, the exact cause of "Captain Jim's" extraordinary and somewhat belated antagonism is immaterial, and it is sufficient to record that after a period of two years, during which, so far as is known, Mr. and Mrs. Morse lived happily together, "Uncle Jim" suddenly made up his mind to find some flaw in the link which bound his nephew and the new wife together.

The worthy sea-captain swore at Hummel's trial that it was all his fault, that he

had wantonly burst into a silent sea of conjugal felicity, and, in a word, that there was no "nigger in the wood-pile." He alleged that he had "heard rumors" that Mrs. Morse's divorce from Dodge was illegal and irregular—why or from whom he did not specify—and protested that until he had actually consulted Hummel he had no idea that there was anything wrong *so far as the service of the original summons upon Dodge was concerned.*

HUMMEL FINDS "A WAY OUT"

Be that as it may, we find him in Hummel's office in August, 1903, instructing the lawyer to find out if Mrs. Dodge's divorce from her husband could not be set aside, and thus his nephew's marriage to her be invalidated. A few days later Hummel called up "Captain Jim" on the long-distance telephone in Boston and informed the sea-captain that he had looked up the Dodge-Dodge divorce papers, that they were shockingly irregular, and that the best thing "Captain Jim" could do would be to come right over to New York with fifteen thousand dollars. According to his own story, the captain rushed at once to the bank, drew out fifteen thousand dollars, and started for New York, where he handed the money to Hummel and gave him orders to upset the Morse marriage if he could. Then for a time "Uncle Jim" disappeared from the case, and Hummel started in to earn his money.

On September 3, 1903, Dodge, who was running a restaurant in Atlanta, received a telegram, signed "Edward M. Bracken," inviting him to dine at the Piedmont Hotel on the following evening. Dodge went, dined, was handed five hundred dollars, and agreed to go up to New York with Bracken to see Mr. Hummel. The next Monday morning he visited the lawyer's den, where Hummel told him that he had sent Bracken down to find him and bring him back. Just then a clerk brought in word that the firm had won a case, and the little lawyer slapped his new friend on the leg and exclaimed, "Dodge, you are a mascot!" The words must have afterward echoed mockingly in his memory.

Hummel asked Dodge if he had ever been served with a summons in the divorce proceedings instituted by Mrs. Dodge.

Dodge said that he had, at the Everett House, in New York, in March, 1897, and

that he had retained by letter a lawyer named Ruger to represent him.

THE FALSE AFFIDAVIT

Hummel winked at Dodge and called in a stenographer, to whom he dictated a long affidavit which was absolutely false in many of its most important allegations, for it contained statements to the effect that Mrs. Dodge had unexpectedly visited him (Dodge) in Atlanta in 1895, and that, so far as the divorce proceedings were concerned, he had *never retained Ruger and had never been served with any summons either in New York or anywhere else*, although he had deliberately furnished evidence to assist Mrs. Dodge in quietly getting a divorce.

This affidavit Dodge swore to in Hummel's office and at Hummel's direction on September 8, 1903, before a notary, Joseph F. Moss, a present police magistrate, then a member of the firm of Howe & Hummel.

Two days later Hummel wrote to Charles W. Morse, stating that Dodge had made this affidavit. "It is my duty," he continued, "to advise you that this decree is collusive and irregular, and it may be doubted whether your subsequent marriage is a lawful one, and whether Mr. Dodge could not set aside that decree and claim that your subsequent marriage to his wife was an alienation of her affections and that her conduct in becoming your wife entitles him to a decree against *her*. I have taken the liberty of thoroughly informing you regarding this matter, so that if you desire you may confer with your counsel before any legal steps are taken."

This letter was subsequently characterized by the Appellate Division, in its opinion sustaining Hummel's conviction, as follows:

"If Hummel was in good faith carrying out the instructions he had received from James T. Morse, the reason for his writing to Charles W. Morse, to call his attention to what he claimed to be an irregularity in the decree of divorce, is not apparent. The defendant had obtained fifteen thousand dollars from James T. Morse to upset the decree. Mr. Charles W. Morse, who had married Mrs. Dodge, was a gentleman of wealth and position and naturally would most seriously object to any scandal of this kind concerning his wife being made public, and under these circumstances, what the

defendant had in view can be readily surmised."

According to Morse, the effect of this letter was to lead him to go at once to Hummel's office and tell him that the matter was not one for compromise, and that if his wife's decree from Dodge was not legal, steps would be taken to make it so.

Hummel replied in the same tone that his client, Mr. Dodge, wanted the decree set aside, and that *he* was not willing to compromise.

THE PLOT IS DEVELOPED

Morse now agreed to meet Sweetzer and Hummel at the latter's house and talk the matter over. At this interview Sweetzer was insistent that he had properly served Dodge in person with the summons, at the Everett House, and that the decree was regular in every way. Hummel, on the other hand, alleged that it was collusive and corrupt, and that Dodge felt himself outraged. Nothing was said about "Uncle Jim." The meeting accomplished nothing, and on October 20, 1903, Hummel procured an order from the Supreme Court requiring Clemence Dodge (Mrs. Morse) to show cause why her divorce from Charles F. Dodge should not be set aside.

But a slight inadvertence on Hummel's part in procuring the original affidavit from Dodge now necessitated the preparation of a new one, and for this reason. The original affidavit dictated by Hummel contained the statement that Dodge had received a copy of the decree through the mails at the Long Beach Hotel in the summer of 1898. This was a damaging admission, for a court might well have held that if Dodge had notice of the issuance of the decree and took no steps for five years to do anything to set it aside, while other parties, relying on its validity, had undertaken new marital relations, that constituted such laches upon his part that the decree should be permitted to stand.

Accordingly, Hummel sent Bracken to Atlanta a second time and agreed to give Dodge five thousand dollars for a new affidavit. As a result the hotel man paid another visit to the lawyer's office and cheerfully signed a new deposition drawn by Steinhardt, Hummel's partner, which contained no reference to his ever having any knowledge of the procurement of the decree against him by Mrs. Dodge.

Dodge testified at Hummel's trial that he told Steinhardt that he had written several letters to Ruger, authorizing the latter to represent him in the proceedings, and that he inquired what he should say about them. Steinhardt had replied, "Ruger is dead, you will hear nothing from him."

The new affidavit emphatically stated:

"I never directly or indirectly retained Mr. Ruger as my lawyer in this action, nor did I ever authorize him to appear. I was never served with a summons or complaint in the divorce action and knew nothing about what was going on in reference to it, and the affidavit of proof of service, that I was, on the 31st day of March, served with a summons in this action by William A. Sweetzer, is *absolutely false*. I do not know said William A. Sweetzer. I have never met or seen him. I never knew of the pendency of the action, nor that this suit was to be brought to trial, nor have I at any time ever communicated with said Mortimer A. Ruger, *nor have I ever written him, or he me.*"

Upon the strength of this affidavit the Supreme Court issued an order appointing a referee to take proof and report why the divorce should not be set aside. Of course Dodge was the most important witness, and Hummel sent Bracken, the reliable, down to Atlanta to get him again.

Hummel now proceeded to lay one of the cleverest traps to discredit a witness ever devised by human ingenuity. Upon Sweetzer's ability to contradict Dodge's assertion that he had never been served with a summons in the original action depended the sustaining of the Morse marriage. Hummel knew that Sweetzer had seen Dodge but once, and then for a single moment only, six years before. He there-

fore conceived the idea of substituting a "dummy" for Dodge, before the referee, in the hope that Sweetzer would identify him as the person he had served with the summons; and he accordingly took along with him to the hearing a man by the name of Herpich, who resembled Dodge but slightly. Precisely as Hummel had planned, Sweetzer walked into the trap and identified Herpich as Dodge, and this error went a long way toward leading the referee to believe

Dodge and discredit Sweetzer.

THE DODGE DIVORCE IS ANNULLED

At the hearing, Sweetzer swore positively that he had personally served the summons upon Dodge, and Dodge equally positively denied it, alleging, as he had previously sworn in his affidavit, that he did not know Sweetzer, had never had any correspondence with Ruger, and was a conductor on a dining-car which did not run to New York at the time the summons was said to have been served upon him by Sweetzer. His skilful lying and Sweetzer's blundering identifica-

tion of Herpich convinced the referee that Dodge, in fact, never *had* been served, and he so reported to the court.

The Dodge-Dodge divorce was accordingly annulled by the Supreme Court on December 3, 1903, on the ground that the court had never secured jurisdiction over the defendant, Dodge; and on December 22d an interlocutory judgment (to become final at the expiration of three months) was entered, dissolving the Morse-Dodge marriage, but declaring that the marriage between Charles W. Morse and Clemence Dodge, while null and void by virtue of subsequent action of the court, had been innocent and entered into in good faith.

Hummel had won; "Uncle Jim" had



CAPT. JAMES T. MORSE, WHO PAID HUMMEL SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO HAVE CHAS. W. MORSE'S MARRIAGE ANNULLED, TESTIFYING AT THE TRIAL OF HUMMEL

accomplished the object which he professed was so dear to his heart; Mrs. Morse was no longer Mrs. Morse, but had become Mrs. Dodge again; and Dodge himself was six or seven thousand dollars to the good.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY

Then a curious and unexpected thing happened. Lawyer Sweetzer, feeling that he had made rather a fool of himself, decided to do a little investigating on his own account. Accordingly he visited the offices formerly occupied by Mortimer A. Ruger on the ninth floor of 45 Broadway, where some of Ruger's effects still remained. Here he discovered, among a mass of papers, *two letters from Dodge to Ruger, admitting that he had been served with a summons and authorizing Ruger to appear for him.* The first read as follows:

Atlanta, Ga., May 2, 1897.

Mortimer Ruger, Esq.,
45 Broadway, N. Y.

Dear Sir: My wife, Mrs. Clemence Dodge, of 208 W. 44th Street, New York, commenced an action for absolute divorce against me by service of a summons which I hereby enclose to you. The summons was served upon me at the Everett House in New York city, by Mr. William A. Sweetzer, the plaintiff's attorney. I have no personal acquaintance among lawyers in New York city, and your name has been referred to me. I believe my time to answer has expired. However, I would like to have you appear for me in the action. The summons was served alone and written across the face of it was "Action for absolute divorce," and so far as I can see I do not believe I have any defense. Would you be kind enough to appear for me in the matter as my attorney, if Mr. Sweetzer will accept it without making any move in the court for permission to do so? I believe the petition will contain a statement complaining of acts of mine in Atlanta, and if so I cannot defend.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES F. DODGE.

The other letter was similar in character. Thus, as their genuineness was beyond question, they demonstrated and proved that Dodge had deliberately perjured himself before the referee, at some one's suggestion and in some one's interest. Sweetzer said that these letters had been the result of an arrangement between Ruger and himself, since he had intimated to Dodge the advisability of retaining Ruger as attorney, for Sweetzer and Ruger at that time had occupied adjacent offices and had been in the corporation counsel's office together. The divorce, he explained, was to have been procured without expense to Dodge, and

Ruger was to have received his fee from Mrs. Dodge. It is probable that the form of the letter was in substance suggested to the hotel man by Sweetzer himself.

EXTRAORDINARY POSITION OF MRS. DODGE-MORSE

Four days after the discovery of the letters a conference was held at ex-Judge Fursman's office, at 32 Nassau Street, at which Mr. and Mrs. Morse (or Mrs. Dodge, whichever it may then have been), Sweetzer, and Fursman, as Mrs. Morse's attorney, were present. The two letters were there shown to Mrs. Morse, but she *professed an inability to determine whether they were genuine or not.* Fursman assured her that he believed the letters to be authentic, and advised her to permit him to proceed by means of them to have both the original divorce from Dodge and her marriage to Morse reinstated as legal. But according to Fursman, she would have none of it, and insisted that there was something wrong about the original divorce. She thought they had better begin all over again and institute a new action for divorce against her former husband.

However, Morse himself decided to take action, and on April 5th, by order of the Supreme Court, the original divorce in Dodge vs. Dodge was "restored and reinstated in full force."

Hummel had appeared in opposition before the referee to whom the matter had been sent, but had offered no great resistance, for Dodge's perjury was too flagrant to be debatable. Mrs. Dodge was now Mrs. Morse again, and "Uncle Jim" had spent his money all for nothing. No, not for nothing, for it was a small sum to pay for the privilege of putting Hummel behind prison bars. Perhaps it was unfair to assess the cost entirely upon "Uncle Jim," but then, probably it served him right.

STRAIGHTENING THE TANGLE

Yet, long before the action of the Supreme Court in restoring the marriage, the district attorney had begun his own method of untangling the matrimonial skein of Charles W. Morse. As soon as the facts were laid before him he placed the matter in the hands of the grand jury, which promptly returned an indictment against Dodge for the crime of perjury. Hummel began to be alarmed. If Dodge should be

put through the "third degree" he might squeal; but this seemed impossible. No jury would believe him, anyway, and there was no earthly way, that Hummel could see, to corroborate him. Still the little lawyer was decidedly uneasy.

Dodge meanwhile had been arrested in Atlanta and brought to New York. On February 1, 1904, Hummel called up "Captain Jim" on the long-distance telephone, told him of Dodge's plight, and stated that his bail had been fixed at ten thousand dollars. The captain ought to come over, he said, and attend to it.

"CAPTAIN JIM" IS BLED SOME MORE

Now "Captain Jim" was in no way responsible for what either Hummel or Dodge had done, yet for some unknown reason he took the next train for New York and brought the ten thousand dollars in cash to Hummel's office. Why? Hadn't he put up enough already? What interest had he in this miserable criminal from Atlanta? "Captain Jim" went back to Boston, and three weeks later received another call by long-distance. This time Hummel wanted only three thousand dollars. Down into his trousers pocket went "Uncle Jim." Surely Hummel had a curious influence over this horny-handed old sailor. But the captain did not like to travel so far as New York—he was getting to be an old man; so thereafter, whenever money was needed, a person named Cohen met him in Stamford for that purpose. It was not so far. The extra hour into New York evidently would have had grave discomforts for poor "Uncle Jim." Between February 1st and August, 1904, Captain Morse paid Hummel forty-five thousand dollars, in amounts ranging from fifteen hundred to ten thousand, which, added to Hummel's original retainer of fifteen thousand dollars, made the captain's alleged little game of interference cost him exactly sixty thousand dollars. It is needless to say that he never received any of it back, and, so far as can be learned, he had no expectation or desire that it should be returned. He said that he thought it was all most innocent and proper. Of course he did. Did he not swear so upon the sacred book?

"I never raised any question about their [the payments] propriety or impropriety. In the treatment that I received at the hands of Mr. Hummel I haven't any fault to find.

The fact was never brought home to me in any way that any of the money I paid Mr. Hummel was to be used for the purchase of perjured evidence. I never instructed Mr. Hummel to make use of that kind of testimony. . . . I believed that Dodge had told the truth. Hummel told me so. I was willing and contented to stand by it. I was willing to stand by him and put up the money for that purpose."

Speaking of Hummel's efforts to keep Dodge from being brought to trial, the Appellate Division in sustaining the lawyer's conviction said (per Ingraham, J.):

"I can conceive of no explanation of this that is consistent with the defendant's innocence. If Hummel obtained Dodge's presence here and used him for the purpose of upsetting this divorce by inducing him to commit perjury, it is quite apparent why Hummel should consider it essential to keep Dodge from being brought here for trial, for Hummel would then be in danger of just what has happened—Dodge turning state's evidence—in which case Hummel would be in trouble. But I can conceive of no other reason which would induce Hummel and Morse to pay forty thousand dollars to protect Dodge from prosecution for the crime of which he was clearly guilty."

HUMMEL TAKES ALARM

Dodge at once ran away and disappeared, and all the forces of evil which Hummel controlled united in trying to defeat the district attorney in his attempt to find the perjurer and bring him back. How his rendition was accomplished is a story in itself, a story beside which the present narrative must seem pale indeed. But the long arm of the law snatched Dodge back from the banks of the Rio Grande, whence he had hoped to slip into Mexico, and once safely lodged in the Tombs he lost his nerve and confessed his part of the crime.

An indictment was found by the grand jury on June 27, 1905, accusing Charles F. Dodge, Abraham H. Hummel, and Benjamin Steinhardt of conspiracy to obstruct the course of justice and the due administration of the law, and the chief witness whose name appeared upon the back of the indictment was Charles F. Dodge himself.

People wagered that Hummel would never let himself live to be convicted, and that no district attorney, in view of the subterranean influences controlled by Hummel,

would ever succeed in forcing him to trial. But Hummel was beaten on every technicality, and with a fortitude and philosophy that were worthy of a better cause faced his jury on December 13, 1905. He had chosen De Lancey Nicoll and John B. Stanchfield to represent him, while William H. Rand, Jr., appeared for the people.

THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION

To describe the trial would be but to repeat the narrative contained in the foregoing pages. The people concluded their case in about five court days, the first witnesses called being Messrs. Kaffenberg, Cohen, and May, members of Hummel's firm interested in the escape of Dodge, who declined to answer any questions put to them by the prosecution on the ground that their answers *would tend to degrade and incriminate them*. Dodge testified at length and was followed by Charles W. Morse and faithful "Uncle Jim." The defense rested upon the people's case. The evidence, documentary in character for the most part, could not be controverted, and had Hummel taken the

stand to deny his share in the conspiracy, the curtain which now hangs before the cavern of his past would have been rudely torn aside and the r tting bones of his victims exposed to public view. When both sides went to the jury *Dodge stood uncontradicted*.

"Poor little Hummel," as Nicoll called him in his address, took his conviction imperturbably. Throughout life he had followed the creed which permits any kind of trickery or deceit when practised upon a victim; which views perjury, bribery, and blackmail with complacency, but which holds that a word pledged to a comrade should be better than a bond, and that if caught a man should take his medicine without shrinking; and which regards the "squealer" as the most despicable of all outcasts. Hummel had lived his miserable little life and had played fast and loose with decency and justice, but he had never broken the word he had given a brother lawyer or the faith he had pledged to a client, and now that the game was going against him he met fate with a smiling face and accepted ruin like the gambler that he was.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The concluding instalment of "*The Fall of Hummel*" will appear in the next issue. It is the narrative of Hummel's desperate attempt to keep the perjurer Dodge from the jurisdiction of the New York courts. The interest of the above account pales before it. In the words of the author, the efforts of the guilty lawyer caused "unquestionably one of the most extraordinary battles with justice in the history of criminal law."

Just Betty

By — ?

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



BETTY gave a vicious little thump to her unoffending pillow and sat bolt upright in Section No. 7 of the Overland Limited Fast Mail.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed; "this is the hottest night and the longest journey I ever knew. I'm so warm I can't stand it another minute; this screen has simply got to come out," and she pressed the electric button at her elbow.

"Can't do it, miss," said the porter in

answer to her request; "the cinders would come in something dreadful."

"Please, porter," and when Betty said please in that tone of voice stronger men than the smiling gentleman from Africa had been known to succumb.

"All right, miss; but this berth will sure be a sight in the morning."

"Never mind, porter, I'll make it all right, and please bring me a glass of water and what's the name of this place, and why are we stopping so long?"

"This is Strathroy, miss, and we're stop-

ping because the engine is broke down, but it won't be long now. Anything more, miss? Thank you, miss."

"Well, anyway, that old screen is out, and I can get a breath of fresh air," said Miss Elizabeth Hastings, B.A., late of Vassar College, and now on her way to join her family in the West.

And she pushed up the blind and leaned her pretty head far out of the window to gaze up the moonlit street that the train was drawn directly across.

Not a sound but the faint puffing of the disabled engine and the voices of the men working over it disturbed the quiet of the summer night. Giant elms stretched their branches toward each other across the deserted village street. The whole night was full of moonlight and shadow and perfume.

"How sweet it all looks and smells," murmured Betty drowsily, letting her head drop to the window-sill—"like fairyland."

And then a faint far-off sound broke the stillness, a sound that came nearer, clearer, sweeter every second until the strains of "Celeste Aida," whistled almost directly under Betty's window, recalled that young person's wandering senses and brought her wide awake, alert and curious.

"Here's a go," said a man's voice softly. "Vestibuled train across the street; nothing to do but go round the block, and a hanged long block at that. Guess I'll smoke up the time on the fence here," and, perching himself on the fence, he proceeded to light his cigarette.

And just then a most astonishing thing happened, a thing that nearly caused Mr. Thomas Herrick, lost as he was in peaceful clouds of smoke and meditation, to lose his balance and drop backward into the fragrant grasses and black-eyed Susans that fringed the track.

From the car window within a few feet of him, an open window without a screen, came the notes of "Celeste Aida" whistled very softly and sweetly, but unmistakably whistled by feminine lips.

"Gee!" murmured Mr. Herrick expressively, if not elegantly, as he raised his white flannel-clad figure in an effort to come a little nearer to the window.

Instantly the whistling stopped, and Mr. Herrick dropped back to his former position on the fence.

"If you do that again, I'll close the window," said a girl's voice.

"All right, I'll be good; I won't move an inch, but won't you just put your head out of the window and let me see whom I'm talking to? It would be so much more interesting," he urged.

"No, I won't," very severely. "I don't know anything about you. We haven't been introduced," and Betty gave a little gurgling laugh.

Now when Betty gurgled it was something to beware of, and from the instant the young man on the fence heard that gurgle he was as lost as though yesterday's seven thousand years had closed over him.

"Go on," he pleaded. "Just talk. I won't ask to see you, but I must know who you are and where you come from."

"Indeed you must not," answered Betty; "that's not in the game at all. I shall ask questions, and you shall answer them, and then——"

"And then?" said the man eagerly.

"Oh, well, and then—the train will move on and the curtain ring down."

"I don't think that's a very good game," said Tom doubtfully. "You see, you get all the advantages. You get all the information; I get none. I can't ask questions and I can't see you, whereas you can ask all the questions you like and you can see me."

"Is that an advantage?" said Betty demurely.

"Oh, well," said Tom, rather sulkily it must be confessed, for so short an acquaintance. Then after a moment's pause,

"Well, go on with your questions."

"Let me see," deliberated Betty. "Well, in the first place, who are you? Do you live here? What do you do? Are you a college man? Have you any sisters? Are you m——?"

"Hold on a minute, or I'll lose track. Well, mademoiselle, I am Thomas Herrick, very much at your service. I do not live here, though an ever-blessed Providence places me here at this minute. I live in New York, and I am a civil engineer. I am a Harvard man of naught-four. I have one sister, Miss Jane Herrick, just graduated from Vassar, and—what did you say?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Betty. "I was only thinking how queer it all is."

"How queer all what is? It seems a very ordinary history to me."

"Well, I don't know just why," persisted Betty, "but it is queer all the same." Then

with a brisk change of tone, "What time is it?"

"Early," said Tom, "only eleven."

"Only eleven," echoed Betty. "I don't believe it."

"Look for yourself," said artful Thomas, holding out his watch in the white moonlight.

Out from the darkness of the window stole a tiny snowflake of a hand, and for a moment a little white figure was outlined against the blackness.

"You are a very reckless young man, Mr. Thomas Herrick," said Betty, as she handed back the watch. "The train might have moved on, and I might have kept your watch forever and ever and ever."

"Just as you are going to keep my heart," murmured the infatuated young man on the sidewalk.

"Eh?" said Betty.

"Nothing," he answered sheepishly.

"That's a bad habit you have of starting sentences and not finishing," said Betty with manifest unfairness.

"I've got to know what you are, for this thing simply can't end like this. Do you think I'm going to let you slip out of my life as though this heavenly moonlight night had never been? Please tell me something about yourself. This beastly old train may move any minute," urged the man hurriedly, anxiously.

"Don't be silly," laughed Betty. "Why, I may be a married woman for all you know, or old and hideous."

"You may be the former," said the man, "though I pray God you are not. But nothing will make me believe that you are either of the latter."

"Perhaps not," said Betty softly.

"Are you?" said Tom earnestly.

"Am I what—old and hideous? What a very personal question, Mr. Thomas Herrick, of New York."

"No, no! Are you married?"

"You forget that you were to ask no questions."

"But I must know just that, and you must give me a little hope of seeing you again. Won't you please, please, just tell me your name? If I only know that I'll find you, if I have to cover the continent in the search."

Toot! toot! went the engine's warning note in the distance, and "board!" came faintly from the forward end of the train.

The jolt spread from car to car. The long line of black coaches creaked and groaned and moved ponderously.

The little white figure was once more silhouetted against the darkness. "*Auf wiedersehen*, Mr. Thomas Herrick," she laughed softly.

"You have not answered my questions," he said, running along by the slowly moving train.

"I am not married," she answered, "and here is my name," and she dropped a tiny bit of white muslin into his outstretched hand.

Another instant and the train had sped off along its shining moonlit way, its rear car red lights twinkling like vindictive little eyes in the gloom. And where a few minutes before the enchanted car had been, there stood a bewildered young man gaping after the rapidly disappearing train and tightly grasping a tiny, dainty bit of muslin.

A few minutes later Mr. Thomas Herrick stood under the electric light in his room at the Red Fox Inn, gazing blankly at a small square of embroidered muslin.

"Betty," he murmured despairingly, looking at the name embroidered in tiny letters. "Just Betty."

II

"TOM," said Jane Herrick in her prettiest, most wheedling tones, "do put down that paper, like a dear, and listen to me for a minute. I've something very important to say to you."

"What is it?" said Tom flippantly. "Has Billy Otis taken Dolly Kane out in his machine again, or has Bose chewed up the mater's dear dachs? He's a spiteful little beast, that bull terrier of yours, and he'll get you into trouble sooner or later, sure."

"How can you say such things, Tom? He's a dear, and I love him."

"Who, Billy?" grinned the irrepressible Thomas, skilfully dodging a roll neatly aimed at his curly head.

"Please be serious, Tom. It's about Elizabeth Hastings I want to speak to you. You know I told you she was coming to visit me."

"The dickens you did," said Tom. "This is the first I've heard of it."

"Well, I told you, anyway; but you probably did not listen—you never do hear any-

thing nowadays, you've grown to be such a dreamer."

"Never mind me, sis; I'm all right. Go on about your Elizabeth. When is she coming, and who is she?"

"She's coming to-morrow, and she is a great friend of mine and a dear, and so clever, a B.A., took 'firsts' in everything, and knows more than any six girls put together. I want you to be nice to her and give her a good time."

"Whew!" whistled Tom under his breath. "Sounds alluring. 'A B.A., and knows more than six girls put together!' Not for mine, thank you. Sorry, old girl, but I can't possibly oblige you. I am off with Jack Wilmot for a week's tramp the day after to-morrow—an old engagement, one I couldn't possibly break."

"Oh, Tom, I'm so sorry! I depended on you to make things nice for her. I'm afraid she'll find most of my men friends terribly uninteresting. Can't you possibly put your trip off?"

"Couldn't think of disappointing old Jack; he gets so few holidays."

"All right," said Jane resignedly. "But you'll be here for dinner her first night, anyway, and that will be something. I've always been dying for you two to meet. You'll just suit each other."

"Jane Herrick," said her brother sternly, "to my certain knowledge this is the eleventh young woman whom you've found that would just suit me. This matrimonial bureau of yours must go out of business. I'm not the marrying kind, and so far all I can say about your young lady friends is, they won't do."

"All right, but just you wait, young man! You haven't seen Betty yet."

"Betty?" said Tom eagerly.

"Yes, Betty. Her name is Elizabeth, but at school we always called her Betty. Does it make you more interested in her to know her name is Betty? You look cheerful for the first time since you came back from that Canadian trip of yours six months ago."

"No, I don't care especially about your Miss Bluestocking be-

ing called Betty; it's a pretty name, that's all. It couldn't possibly be my Betty," he added to himself. "I know the darling wouldn't know a cube root from a square inch."

And, burying himself in his newspaper, he proceeded to forget all about Miss Hastings and her accomplishments so successfully that the next evening, when he arrived home just in time to dress for dinner, it was a distinct shock to hear a girl's laughing tones mingling with those of his sister.

"Jove!" he murmured, "I forgot all about Miss Elizabeth Hastings, B.A., and came near staying at the club for dinner. Ah, well! I may as well make the best of it and face Miss Bluestocking in my best and most learned manner," and he started to dress, whistling softly the while.

Down the hall, in a pretty pink-and-white nest of a bedroom, Miss Hastings was meditating. Her manner of meditating consisted in sitting on the floor with one pink, silk-stockinged foot held out to the blazing candle fire and the other clasped in her hands.



"I AM NOT MARRIED," SHE ANSWERED, "AND HERE IS MY NAME"

Just Betty

"What on earth are you doing?" said Jane, appearing in the door leading to the next room.

"Deciding whether bronze or pink slippers look prettiest," answered the young woman who had taken "firsts" in everything and with B.A. after her name.

"H'm. Well, pink, I think," said Jane, after very satisfactory consideration and deliberation. "Betty, you frivolous little thing, stop thinking about your clothes and listen to me."

"All right, Janie dear, go ahead. Is it to be a preachment?" said Betty, curling herself up on the hearth-rug like a sleepy kitten.

"No, it isn't; it's about Tom. I do so want you to like him, for he is splendid; but he is in such a mood lately, not a bit like himself, ever since a trip he took last summer. Sometimes I think there's a girl at the root of all his moods, but he never looks at the girls who come here, and I think I would hear about it if he were devoted to any girl outside of our set."

"Perhaps he met some one on his trip," said Betty, yawning.

"No, I don't think so. He went away on

business, and he said he was going to a beastly little hole."

"Dear me," murmured Betty, "he's a violent young man, isn't he? I'm half afraid to meet him. What sort of things does he like to talk about?"

"Well," said Jane, "that's just what I'm coming to. He's a dear, but he doesn't like girls, and sometimes he appears brusque when he really is only shy."

"Shy!" said Betty under her breath. "Shy!"

"Yes, shy; and I've been rather a goose in asking all my most attractive friends to meet him and flinging them at his head, so to speak. So now, you see, he's more girlish than ever."

"Jane Herrick," said Betty, sitting up very straight and very wide awake indeed, "have you any intention of flinging me at this conceited brother of yours?"

"Of course not, you little goose, but I want you to give Master Thomas a lesson. He's running away to-morrow just to escape you. I want you to make him stay and lead him a dance—in other words, to flirt with him."

"And then throw him down," agreed Betty wickedly. "I see."

"Poor Tommy! Don't be too hard on him, Bet," said Tommy's sister, relenting, now that she had heard his doom sealed.

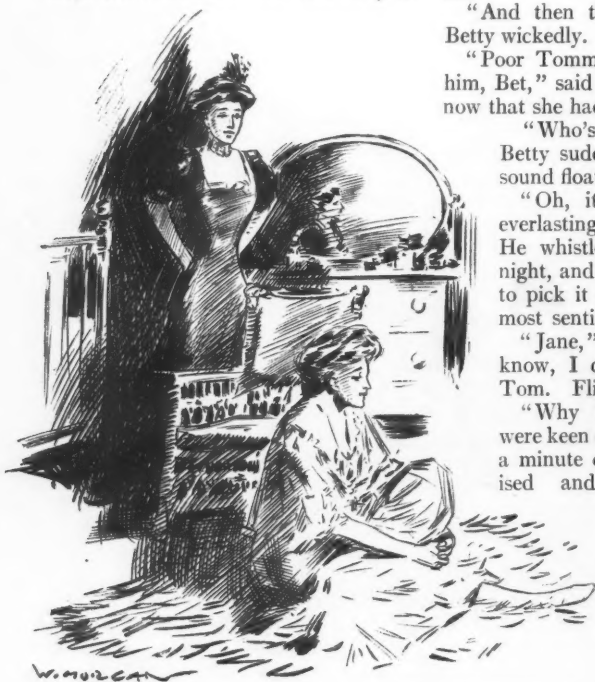
"Who's that whistling?" asked Betty suddenly, as a very melodious sound floated down the hall.

"Oh, it's only Tom, with that everlasting 'Celeste Aida' of his. He whistles it morning, noon, and night, and once I caught him trying to pick it out on the piano with the most sentimental look on his face."

"Jane," said Betty softly, "do you know, I don't believe I'll flirt with Tom. Flirting isn't pretty."

"Why this righteousness? You were keen enough on his punishment a minute or so ago. You've promised and can't back out. It's time to dress. Make yourself look pretty, and then, hurrah! for the downfall of Thomas," and the wicked sister of Thomas vanished into her own room.

Left alone, Betty gazed pensively into the



"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?" SAID JANE

coals for a space, and then, whistling "Celeste Aïda" softly under her breath, proceeded to "make herself pretty."

A few moments later Tom entered the firelit drawing-room, to find his sister and her guest already down.

"Betty dear," said Jane, "this is my brother Tom. You have seen his picture so often that you must almost feel that you know him."

"Yes," said a soft voice, "I almost feel as though we had met before."

And out into the firelight there stepped a little gracious figure, clad all in palest rose—a slender little figure with a small, proudly carried head crowned by a wealth of golden-brown braids. Two gray eyes, fringed by black lashes, met his sweetly, seriously. A small hand stole out and clasped his in a frank, boyish clasp.

"If I could choose the way my Betty will look when I find her it would be just like this," thought Tom, looking deep into the eyes that met his with a gaze clear, innocent, guileless.

Oh, Betty! Betty!

Half an hour later any of Betty's close friends looking at her would have realized that she was having a very good time indeed, for Betty looked naughty, and that always meant that she was enjoying herself.

As for Tom, his face was a curious mixture of bewilderment, disapproval, and fascinated interest. Where was the blue-stocking, the B.A., the captor of many "firsts"? This dainty, disturbing, enchanting, naughty child could surely never settle down to grind and study.

One moment he hoped desperately that she might turn out to be his Betty, his lady of the moonlight; the next he hoped sincerely that she would not, for who could ever hope to capture and domesticate this elusive sprite, this creature of gossamer and fire and snow?

He led the conversation adroitly to



PRETTY SHE WAS, BUT PRIM AND PRUDISH TO AN ALARMING DEGREE

Canada and the West, only to find that she had once spent six months in the latter when she was a baby, but of course knew nothing about it now.

He talked grand opera, and her face grew pensive and sweet and earnest; but when he spoke of "Celeste Aïda" she regretted that she had never heard it, did not know a note of it.

"I am so sorry that you are going away to-morrow," she said, as they lingered in the hall to say good night.

"Oh—er—well, it's just possible we may not get off to-morrow. We've met with rather an unexpected delay, so I'll see you again, sure. This is only good night, not good-by."

"Oh, indeed! That's very nice, isn't it?" And the "unexpected delay" tripped away with a backward glance that sent Master Thomas off to bed in a very mixed and unsatisfactory frame of mind.

"I wish I dared speak out like a man and ask her if she is my Betty," he groaned. "It isn't possible to be in love with two girls at the same time, I suppose, and yet that's just about where I seem to stand. Anyway, I'm not going out of this city until I know for sure whether this young woman is Elizabeth Hastings, B.A., or just plain, adorable Betty."

III

BUT alas for Thomas and his deductions! Next morning found him farther than ever from a solution.

It was Elizabeth Hastings, B.A., who, clad in a severely plain tailored gown, descended to the breakfast-table. Pretty she was, of course—the fairies had seen to that at her birth; but prim and prudish to an alarming degree.

"Good morning, Mr. Herrick," she said primly, in answer to his gay salutation. "Yes, it's a beautiful day, but I expect to be too busy to see much of it."

"Busy?" said Tom. "Let me be busy, too. Come out in the motor, and we'll spin up to Yonkers for luncheon. Do come! it's such a ripping day."

"Thank you very much, but I expect to spend the entire morning in the Astor Library. I have to get up a paper on women in economics."

"Oh!" said Tom blankly. "I see. Well, how about this afternoon—would you care to take a little spin about four o'clock?"

"I think not, thank you. There's a very good lecture on at the Woman's Industrial Union, and I think it my duty to take in everything of that sort that I can during my visit." And, picking up an important-looking note-book, she fluttered its leaves busily.

"Well," said Jane, blowing breezily into the room a few minutes later, "what are you two children going to do with yourselves this heavenly day? I have one or two engagements, Betty, that would bore you to death. Perhaps you and Tommy will play together like nice children."

"Thank you," said Betty primly, "my day is already planned out."

And "Thank you," said Tom decidedly, "I expect to be pretty busy to-day."

"Oh, ho!" said Jane to herself. "Tommy is to be disciplined by Miss Hastings to-day, I see." Then aloud: "Very well, my dears; suit yourselves. Only make no engagements for this evening. Aunt Myra has loaned us her box at the Manhattan, and we must fill it or she'll never let us have it again."

"I think," said Tom, as he swung off grimly down the street, "that to-morrow will see me off on that deferred trip. Gee! but she's a freezer, that Miss Elizabeth

Hastings. How could I have thought for a moment it was my Betty?"

And perhaps it was the chilly atmosphere of economics and the Industrial Union which caused him to accept an invitation to dine at the club and telephone Jane that he would join them at the opera later.

"All right," answered Jane; "only be sure to be on time; it's your favorite opera."

"I'll be on time. And— Oh, I say, Jane! I'm off on my trip first thing in the morning. You might tell Roberts to get my kit ready."

The opera-house was dark when, guided by the usher's electric lantern, he felt his way quietly to their box. The mellow notes of the loveliest opera Verdi ever wrote were pulsing through the gloom, and as Tom dropped into his seat he was conscious of a little white-robed figure sitting next him.

There was just light enough for him to see that the little figure looked drooping and pensive, and with an electric thrill he felt that for the time being Miss Elizabeth Hastings was banished and that in her place was the gracious, lovable Betty of the night before.

Just then the orchestra swung into the opening bars of the great tenor solo, "Celeste Aïda." The vast audience held its breath to listen to the tender, exquisite love-song, and the gates of heaven opened for Mr. Thomas Herrick.

For oh! wonder of wonders, a small hand stole into his; five small, clinging fingers twined themselves around his, and after a faint pressure slipped out again, leaving something small and soft in his grasp.

While the haunting notes of "Celeste Aïda" were still ringing through the house he stole softly to the back of the box and, guided by the faint light from the corridor, with trembling, hasty fingers unrolled the soft, crushed ball of muslin in his hand. Nothing very much for anyone else to look at, but for him the solution of his life's problem—a tiny muslin handkerchief with the one word "Betty" embroidered in one corner.

In an instant he had snatched out his pocketbook and extracted a similar bit of muslin. Yes, there they were, the two handkerchiefs, exactly alike even to the smallest detail of embroidery.

Tom never could tell how the rest of that interminable evening passed. He was only conscious of two sweet, shamed eyes that



FIVE SMALL, CLINGING FINGERS TWINED THEMSELVES AROUND HIS

persistently refused to meet his, and a downcast face that flushed and paled alternately under the consciousness of his gaze. But it was over at last, and it was a very masterful Thomas who declared that the motor was too crowded and that he would take Miss Hastings home in a cab.

"Too soon!" he said scornfully, half an hour later. "Too short an acquaintance! I've been madly in love with you for six months; it's been an eternity!" And he proceeded to silence her objections in a

manner which was evidently most convincing, for she said no more about them.

"What I would like to know," he said just before they reached home, "is, just who is this girl that I am going to marry? Is she Miss Elizabeth Hastings, B.A., blue-stocking, etc., or is it just my girl Betty?"

And Betty, with a long sigh of ineffable content, dropped her head on the broad shoulder so conveniently near, and murmured happily, "It's your girl Betty—just Betty."

Mid-Wood Spirit

By Genevieve Farnell

A PERFUME stole upon me, faint and sweet—
A breath of mid-wood in the early spring;
And then I heard a night-bird lightly fling
Its soft caress from out its far retreat.

The young spring spilled her hallowed ecstasy
In rivers of white moonlight on the night;
Then came a thrill of delicate delight—
A wild, warm promise of the day to be.

Come, send your magic on the heart of man,
Elusive mid-wood spirit; melt the crust
Of wintry ice that leads him to the dust:
Too long in silence lie the pipes of Pan.

The Tyranny of Clothes

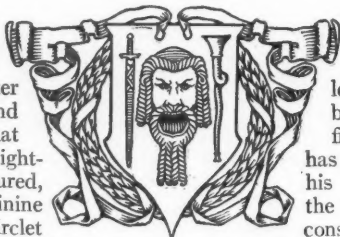
HOW THE CLOTHES-MANIA AFFECTS THE ACTOR AND INFLUENCES THE MODERN DRAMA. THE AMERICAN STAGE SUFFERS MORE THAN ANY OTHER FROM THE SARTORIAL OBSESSION

By Alan Dale

THOSE who saw Mme. Alla Nazimova in "The Comet" at the Bijou Theater noticed that she wore around her neck, as a collar, what looked like a pair of "straight-front" corsets. I am assured, on unimpeachable feminine authority, that this circlet resembled corsets much more than it suggested a collar—and I trust you will excuse this masculine audacity of trespass. With her neck—the delicate column through which inspiration and expiration are effected—thus rigidly held, Madame Nazimova went through the emotional episodes of the play. One incident, I recall, showed her as ineffably tired, utterly weary, craving sleep, and actually taking forty winks on the stage before our very eyes, with that girdle of horror round her neck!

Now if a great artist like Madame Nazimova suffers—as she must have suffered—from the slavery of clothes and the ugly dominion of raiment, what havoc must this tyranny play with the average first-rate, second-rate, and third-rate actresses! I assert that it is responsible for more than half of the stupid, unnatural behavior—we call it "staginess"—that mars so many plays, and makes of human beings a series of hopeless automata, swaddled to death in the exaggerated "rags" of a gaudy, semi-barbaric civilization.

Nor is this sartorial obsession restricted to the feminine gender. It is alarmingly masculine. Men are by no means superior to its dominant importance. The handsome "star," a victim to the creases in his trousers, a martyr to the foot-destroying agony of "patent leathers," apprehensive of the crackle of his shirt-front, conscious of the



intrusion of his cuffs, and dramatically unable to dispose of the listless lengths that are believed to be arms, is a very usual figure in our drama. He has rehearsed everything but his clothes. These, left for the "dress" rehearsal, are not considered of moral importance.

You note the grotesqueness of his manner. He is playing the part of a "dook," and "dooks," as you know, are popularly presumed to "dress for dinner" every night. The actor, of course, in private life eats his quantum of Irish stew in any old garb. Therefore, when he goes to the theater, and is asked to feel at his ease in the latest evening-dress monstrosity, he is totally lost. He reminds you of a tailor's advertisement. He is little more than a walking illustration of the most recent effects in clothes.

Watch his embarrassed demeanor as he clasps the fair young ingénue to his hundred-dollar coat. He cannot see what the audience sees—because he is afraid of rumpling his unemotional shirt-front. Therefore he cannot see that the fair young ingénue leaves dabs of powder on the beautiful coat, and that wherever she leans her mark remains. She releases herself from his embrace, and he turns to her with impassioned words. But the pallor of her face and neck is daubed all over his coat, and the result is fatal.

The tyranny of clothes has become one of the gravest of dramatic questions. The handsome woman who has spent all day in a wrapper, enjoying the perfect freedom of her arms and—may I be allowed to add?—legs (I am not one of those who believe that legs are immoral), finds herself at night tightly encased in a shimmering creation

that cramps her every movement. Whenever she turns she is confronted with the barbarism of her clothes. She is conscious—how could she be otherwise?—of the obstacle. Perhaps the very dressmaker who made those things is sitting down in front, carefully noting the way in which her "creation" is adapting itself to the emotional efforts of the playwright.

The poor puppet on the stage may have to portray the very poignancy of acute emotion, with her breathing-apparatus asphyxiated by the stringency of her costume, and the simple forces of her nature rendered comatose by the suffocating tightness of her corset. The scene rehearsed so well! At rehearsal, she felt at home in her unconsidered every-day, and she was able to inject real life into her work.

She suffers, as most actresses suffer, from the fact that there is no dressmaker clever enough to invent picturesque clothes, fitted to the enactment of emotional rôles. Each heroine must be a fashion-plate. She is asked to love, and hate, and kiss and be kissed in the very style of clothes that Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue affects, when all that lady has to do in 'em is to sit at a bridge-table and play cards. Mrs. Snooks is the model. Or quite frequently the stage-dressmaker—avid harpy—invents novelties that she tries on her poor actress for the sake of Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue, whose patronage she hopes to secure.

Sarah Bernhardt is perhaps the only actress on record who invented a style for herself that permitted the full sway of her emotionalism. You may have observed that she, even in her heyday, never owned a "figure." Her curves were those of a billiard-table. Bernhardt did not repine. Great people are not seriously annoyed by their own peculiarities. Rather are they disposed to regard them as the marks of genius. Bernhardt asked no dressmaker to build her a figure. She was never guilty of one of those perfect figures into which you can stick pins without drawing blood. She reveled in her figurelessness. She devised a series of gowns that were worn loosely, and girdled below the waist line.

It was perhaps the most daring thing that an actress has ever done. In the costumes of "La Tosca" and "Fédora" and "Gismonda" and "Théodora" and "Cléopâtre" these gowns might have escaped comment; but in "Camille" and "Frou Frou" and

plays of modern fabricants she never budged. There was no tyranny of clothes to hamper Sarah Bernhardt. She made such a barbaric question as mere physical adornment subservient to her. Sarah dominated clothes. Clothes never dominated Sarah.

Yet how exquisitely gowned Sarah Bernhardt has always been, in her clinging draperies and her misty, mysterious, sartorial effects. I've seen her play "Camille" in clothes that must have cost a fortune, clothes the like of which have never been seen in this clothes-ridden country; but they were made to coincide with her physical peculiarities. To have imitated Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue, or to have worn gowns that Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue could run away and copy, would have been very far from the Bernhardt idea.

In New York, where a play contains more clothes than art, and where the actress's object is to make herself an object of envy to the poor, illiterate, little shop-girl, simplicity is eschewed. The dramatic farmer's daughter may be compelled, much against her will, to avoid silks and satins. She gets even in the "make" of her cashmere gown. It fits like a glove. It is delightfully fashioned. It is worn over a thirty-dollar pair of corsets. If she lifts the hem of her gown, you note that the simple farmer's daughter wears silk petticoats and *lingerie* of the most costly fabric. You get a fleeting glimpse of silk stockings that would have to be explained to the real farmer's daughter. And when she tells you that she is going to milk the cows, she trots off the stage in a pair of French high-heeled shoes that would supply the average cow with a very strong incentive to toss her. She is making the best of a bad joke. If she had her own way she would be milking the cows in an Empire dress of white satin, cut low, with a jeweled tiara in her hair, and white satin dancing-slippers. This is not an exaggeration. Ask any stage-manager. He will tell you racy stories of the clothes-mania that mars the logical perception of the average actress.

Instead of clothes being of secondary importance to art, art is usually of secondary importance to clothes. The illiteracy of the audience is taken for granted. The general excuse is that women like to see fine gowns. It is asserted that many of them go to the theater with no other object in view. That

The Tyranny of Clothes

this is untrue is evidenced by the vogue of the Ibsen plays, in which the heroines are mostly gowned like paupers. That a certain class of women may clamor to see fashion-plates posing as actresses is probably true. It is not this class that should be permitted to dictate to the drama.

There is little ingenuity and there are no artistic effects in the garbing of the New York drama to-day. In fact, if you put all the clothes on the stage without the actors and actresses supposed to wear them, I could build you up your play. Long experience in theatergoing has shown me the exact thing that is worn in every dramatic situation.

See that low-necked, black-velvet gown with the train. That is the dress of the dowager in the third act, when she has to sit on a gold chair at a gold table, and snub the dear little thing who has been asked to be the wife of her son. There is nothing so snubby on the stage as black velvet. It is always used to suggest the supercilious and the imperious.

Do you note that simple gown of white *mousseline-de-soie* (at four dollars a yard) trimmed with silver (at fifteen dollars a yard) with a baby-blue silk sash (imported from Paris and exceedingly precious)? That is the wrapping of the heroine, who comes amazed and reluctant into the baronial drawing-room of Foppington Towers. She hasn't a penny to bless herself with—little love!—and in fact has been a governess in a purse-proud family. But she is the "fion-sy" of the heir of Foppington Towers, and she has splendid scenes with all the *parvenus* in that drawing-room. She comes there in her poor poverty-stricken finery that cost five hundred dollars, net.

Observe that gown of blood-red tulle. That is for a naughty girl. You will see the wearer of that gown sit on the edge of a table and smoke a cigarette! She will say most cynical things, and relegate all the virtues to the back shelf. She is the mistress of the villain, and she has no qualms. Now, if you were to put that gown on the heroine, I honestly believe that the actress playing that part would forget her lines. She couldn't be a simple, nice little thing, if she wore red!

Look at that evening-dress outfit. Isn't it the hero? Couldn't it get up, without any man inside it, and play the part quite satisfactorily? I am sure it could. It is

so completely the hero. Notice the shoes, with the blackened soles. Who but a stage-hero ever owns shoes that are blackened in the sole? And the white piqué waistcoat with the uncomfortable flyaway effect; and the unbreakable shirt-front, and the unspeakable cuffs, and the "set of pearls" for the aforesaid front! Yes, that suit of clothes loves the dear little girl. That suit of clothes will marry her in spite of all. That suit of clothes will live happily ever afterward.

Sometimes one could almost write the dialogue from a mere inspection of the clothes. I don't say you could do this in the case of a clever playwright, but how many clever playwrights are there? The average play impresses you with the idea that it has been written for and around the clothes.

You cannot get away from that notion. In the play that is above the average, you merely see the unfortunate actress tussling with all the emotions in gowns that throttle her before they are born, and luckless actors trying to pose as good fellows in suits that squelch their very souls.

A sensible woman would go to an artist—and by an artist I mean a person who has a proper conception of the morality of form and color—and consult with that artist as to the particular effect that would coincide with her physical make-up. She would avoid the usual fashion-plate dressmaker, who has no ideas in her noddle except those that she has gleaned from the books imported from Paris. A sensible man would do the same thing with his tailor. The clothes-monger would then cease to use the actor and actress as advertisements. The cruel obsession of clothes would be relieved.

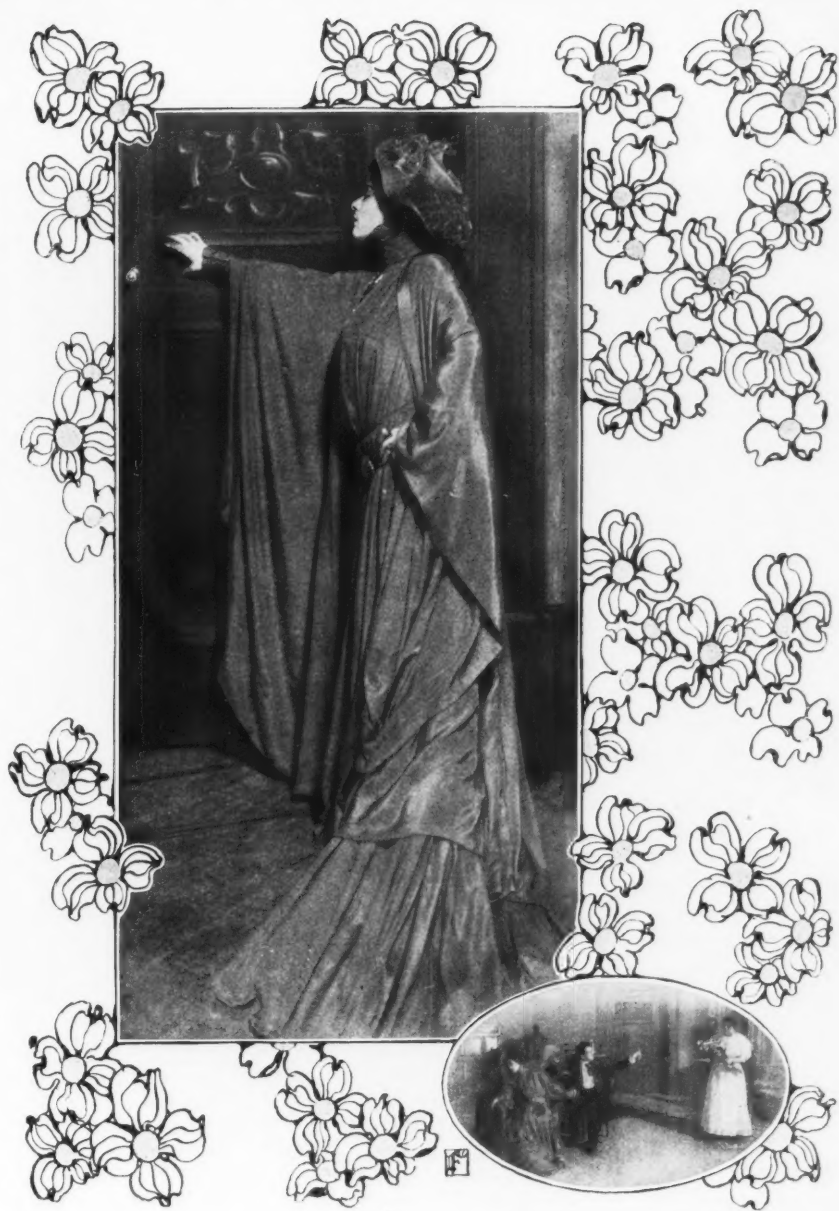
Our stage suffers, more than any other, from this obsession. This is a young country. The object of most people here seems to be to hang as many clothes as possible on the poor human figure, to convey the idea of inordinate wealth and—let me add—excessive bad taste, by a circus of expensive gowns and jewels. It is the cost that counts. There is no limit to sartorial extravagance. Art is asphyxiated. Stunned by clothes is the impression received by most audiences, and until we decide that to be "knocked silly" by display is not the aim of real art, the drama will not emerge from its stifling mass of fine feathers.



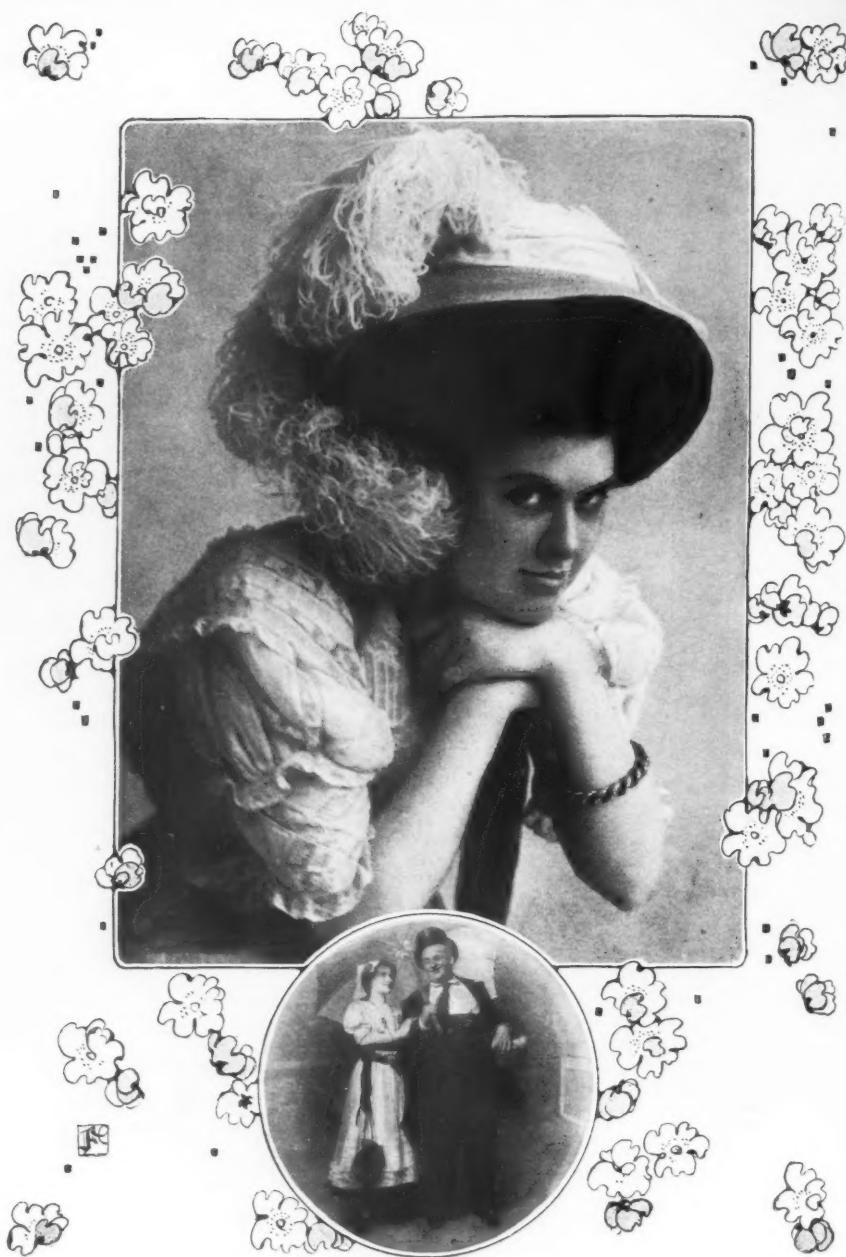
LULU GLASER AS FONIA, AND SCENE FROM THE WEBER BURLESQUE
OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"



MARIE DORO AS CARLOTTA. AND SCENE FROM W. J. LOCKE'S PLAY,
"THE MORALS OF MARCUS"



ALLA NAZIMOVA AS LONA, AND SCENE FROM OWEN JOHNSON'S
NEW PLAY, "THE COMET"



FLORENCE NASH, WHO PLAYS THE RÔLE OF GRETCHEN, AND SCENE FROM THE
SUCCESSFUL NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND"



CHARLOTTE WALKER, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING RÔLE, AND SCENE FROM THE
LATEST BELASCO PRODUCTION, "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"



MABEL TALIAFERRO IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF HER SUCCESSFUL NEW
PLAY, "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"



ADELINE GENÉE. THE FAMOUS ENGLISH DANCER NOW APPEARING IN
THIS COUNTRY IN "THE SOUL KISS"



"I AM GLAD," SHE SAID SOFTLY, "THAT THERE IS GOING TO BE ONE MORE
EVENING, EVEN THOUGH IT IS ALL MAKE-BELIEVE"

("The Kingdom of Earth")

The Kingdom of Earth

By Anthony Partridge

Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

SYNOPSIS: John Valentine, Duke of Sayon, is nephew and heir of the old and dissolute King of Bergeland. Chafing under the restraints of his position as crown prince, he takes the name of John Peters and spends much of his time incognito in the various countries of Europe, living the free life of a private citizen and studying the people, in whom he is intensely interested. This man is apparently the victim of a strange misapprehension. Peters is known to all with whom he comes in contact as a man of upright character and unimpeachable morals, and a thoughtful student with a deep and considerate love for humanity, yet for some mysterious reason every capital in Europe is filled with tales of the dissolute folly and excesses of the Crown Prince of Bergeland. At St. Moritz, Peters meets Grace Pellisier, a beautiful and talented American girl, with whom he is much impressed.

The acquaintance is renewed some time later in London, where Miss Pellisier, who has gone on the stage, is filling an engagement. Grace discovers the identity of her friend and is quite unable to reconcile her knowledge of him with the reports of his character. The girl belongs to a society composed of people of good social position who, nevertheless, hold radical political views. These people plot to assassinate the crown prince in the interests of progress, and Grace quite unwittingly delivers her friend into the hands of the conspirators. The plot miscarries, and the crown prince faces his would-be assassins in a remarkably frank interview. They come to terms, and the prince secures six months' immunity from any attempt upon his life. He returns to Varia, the capital of Bergeland, and tells his story to the king and to Bernhardt, the chief of police, who are both fearful of the growing strength of the Republican party in the kingdom.

The leaders of the party are Levitt, Grammont, and a person whose identity is unknown even to his closest political associates. He is called the "First Watcher," and his anonymity lends weight to his careful counsels. Bernhardt strains every resource to arrest him, but fails. The search for the mysterious man leads the police official several times to the apartment of a music-hall dancer named Marie Le Mesurier, who is also a friend of the crown prince. A revolution is imminent when Grace comes to Varia, bringing messages from her associates in London to the "Watcher." She meets instead Peters, who asks her to marry him, saying that after the fall of the kingdom he will remain John Peters for life. The girl accepts him on this condition. One day while motoring through the streets of Varia, Peters meets Sir Charles Romford, the British ambassador, and invites him into the car, saying that it will be to their mutual advantage if they have a little talk.

XXVI



SIR CHARLES was puzzled.

He looked at his companion doubtfully, and hesitated a moment before he replied. "My call upon your uncle," he said, "had to do with state affairs, in which I have heard it said that you are not greatly interested."

John Peters smiled. He understood, of course, that his companion shared the universal opinion concerning him and his manner of life. "Sir Charles," he said, "I should like you to put out of your mind for a few moments all that you have heard concerning me, the manner of my life, and my habits. Think of me, if you can, as one who is interested in the welfare of this

country and is anxious to discuss with you several matters concerning it. You may find that I am able to give you quite as much information as his majesty, my uncle."

Sir Charles turned in his seat and looked for a moment thoughtfully at his companion. Certainly there was nothing in the appearance of this young man to justify his evil reputation. His face was clean and strong and hard, his eyes were bright, and his manner earnest. There was very little to lose, after all, in taking him seriously.

"Your request, Prince," Sir Charles said, "is, I must confess, rather a surprise to me, but it is possible that I and a good many more people have been mistaken. You wish me to tell you exactly what was in my mind when I went to see his majesty this afternoon. First, then, I went to ask him if he could not give me some information as to

the curious political condition of the country, and the probable course of events when the members of the House of Assembly have met and a government is formed."

John Peters nodded. "That," he said, "is a very reasonable position. The state of affairs is certainly a little perplexing."

"Secondly," the ambassador continued, "I wished to ask him if he could give me any information respecting the massing of German troops on the eastern frontier of this country. It is an open secret that there are one hundred thousand men, in fact a complete army corps, with all equipments, rolling-stock and guns, within a few hours' journey of this city. My government does not understand it, and I am instructed to ask for an explanation. As a matter of fact, however, at present you seem to have no ministers from whom one could derive information of any sort. That is why I have just made my third unsuccessful effort to obtain an interview with the king," Sir Charles ended dryly.

John Peters nodded. "Sir Charles," he said, "I am glad that you have been frank with me. I can tell you more, perhaps, about these happenings than you would have believed possible."

"You interest me very much," Sir Charles remarked.

"To begin with," John Peters said, "you are probably aware that the government which is coming into power is composed almost entirely of Republicans. The moment Parliament is opened they will have their list of ministers ready made out. They will proclaim a republic and appoint a president. My uncle will be asked to abdicate, and he and I, of course, will both be banished."

Sir Charles was becoming very serious. "I have heard rumors of this," he said, "but I scarcely thought it had gone quite so far. Are you quite sure of what you say?"

"I am perfectly certain," John Peters answered, "that this is the inevitable course of events. I see no help for it whatever. The republican spirit is absolutely paramount through every class of society in this country, and nothing is more certain than that Bergeland is destined to become the most modern, and I hope the most successful, republic in Europe."

Sir Charles looked again at his companion, and something of the wonder which he felt was reflected in his tone. "You take

this very philosophically, Prince," he remarked.

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. "It is the inevitable. One accepts that, of course. To pass on now to the second part of your purpose in seeking my uncle this afternoon. You wanted an explanation of the mobilizing of those German troops on our frontier?"

"That is quite true," Sir Charles answered. "My government is most urgent in its inquiries, and insists that I demand an explanation."

"Very well," John Peters said, "here it is. My uncle is an old man, and he does not love the thought of change. In other words, having lived a king for thirty years, he prefers to die one. Therefore he is contemplating refusing to abdicate when that request is made of him."

Sir Charles inclined his head. "It is not an unreasonable position," he answered gravely.

"Our army," John Peters continued, "is of course a very small affair, and although at first my uncle professed to have great faith in it, in his heart he knows very well that against the will of the nation it is powerless. Therefore he began to look about for outside help, and turned naturally to his most powerful neighbor. You can imagine that the Prince de Suess, and behind him the Kaiser, did not hesitate to grab at such a chance. The Kaiser is only too willing to lend his aid to support my uncle upon the throne, but you and I know very well that if once that German army corps crosses the frontier, Bergeland may call herself a republic, but her existence as an independent power will be doomed forever."

"Does not his majesty himself realize this?" Sir Charles asked.

"I have no doubt that in his heart he does," John Peters answered, "but he chooses it as the lesser of two evils."

"The lesser?" Sir Charles said softly, under his breath.

John Peters nodded. "He is, of course, mistaken," he declared. "Apart from the humiliation of the whole thing, I am perfectly certain that such a course would avail him nothing."

"You mean—?" Sir Charles asked.

"I mean that he would be assassinated within a week," John Peters said. "The man who brought war into his own country, who brought mercenaries to fight his own

people, would deserve death, and he would most surely be killed. However, it is the fate of the whole country of which I am thinking, and not my uncle's life or death. I want you to tell me this, Sir Charles. What position would your country take if my uncle called upon German arms to resist the will of his people?"

"That is a question," Sir Charles answered, "which of course I could not presume to answer. If, however, you ask for my opinion, I should say that neither England nor France would permit such an interference."

John Peters nodded in a satisfied way. "I rather fancied," he remarked softly, "that you would say that. In fact it was to hear you say something of the sort that I asked you to ride with me here. You should put these facts which I have given you before your government, and through it before France. If you take firm and concerted action, Germany will not dare to move a finger."

Sir Charles nodded. He had now heard all that he had been wanting to hear for the last week, and his future course of action was absolutely simple.

"You must allow me to take you home," John Peters said. "We are not far from the embassy."

"You are very good," Sir Charles replied. "I shall accept your offer with pleasure."

John Peters touched the electric bell and gave an order to the chauffeur. They swung off into the road. All the time Sir Charles was studying his companion curiously.

"If it does not sound impertinent, Prince," he said, "I should like to know exactly what is your position in this matter?"

"I am a well-wisher of the country," John Peters said. "I am quite prepared to accept my banishment and retire to private life. I fancy," he added with a smile, "that a position where one's foibles and weaknesses were not so much under the public eye would suit me better."

"Under the circumstances," Sir Charles said, "I have no doubt that you are right. I am going now to cable to my government."

"Unofficially," John Peters said, "I should very much like to know the result of your cable."

"Unofficially," the ambassador answered, "I will come around and tell you."

XXVII

JOHN PETERS rose from his chair, frowning slightly. He at first failed to recognize his visitor, who was small and petite, covered from head to foot in a long cloak, and heavily veiled. She came somewhat timidly toward him.

"Pardon me," he began, "I——"

She raised her veil, and he broke off in his sentence.

"Marie!" he exclaimed. "Why, I thought you were dancing this evening. Why have you come here?"

She was unusually pale, and there were dark lines under her eyes. "I told them," she said, "that I was too ill to dance. I wanted to see you. I have something to tell you."

"Well?" he asked, more kindly. "Is it anything so terribly serious?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, go on, then," he said reassuringly. "Tell me all about it."

Her fingers played with the buttons of her cloak. He could see that they were shaking; he could see also the rapid rise and fall of her bosom.

"You know that my father——" she began.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "I know that he is one of the—shall I call them anti-royalists?—and your brother, too. Well, what of it? I do not think the worse of them for that."

"But they are mad!" she exclaimed. "They know that you come to see me sometimes, and although it is very foolish they are very angry."

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. "My dear girl," he said, not unkindly, "surely I am not the only man who has ventured to admire you?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed; "it is not that. They know well enough all that there is to know about me, and yet, because it is you, and because you are the crown prince, they are angry. To-day I overheard them talking."

"Well?" he asked.

"They spoke of the king, and they spoke of you. They said that it had been decided that it would be unwise to let you live. They said that if you went away you would always be plotting to get back. I heard them say that it had been decided only last night that before the new Parliament met you should be assassinated."

"I have no doubt," John Peters said carelessly, "that some one will be idiotic enough to make the attempt, but as you see, my dear child, one sometimes lives longest when one is most threatened."

His words sounded strong enough, and confident, but the girl was very little relieved. She leaned toward him.

"Why don't you go away at once," she whispered, "while there is time? You can do no good here. Nothing can save the country now. If you stay till the end you will not leave it at all. Why not go to Paris to-night, and—"

John Peters laughed softly, and took her little hands in his for a moment. Then he let them go. "And take you, eh, little girl?" he said. "No; I cannot do that. My work here is not finished, will not be finished till the last moment. I must run my risks. After all, it will not be for very much longer."

She was paler than ever with anxiety. Her words, by their very impotence, seemed to mock her. "You think," she said, "that they would make a mistake, because you are strong they will not easily be able to kill you! Of what use are strength and courage against men who stab in the dark? You must go, indeed you must go!"

"That," he answered gravely, "is out of the question. Like the more sentimental half of the world, you attach too much importance to life and death, little girl. If you were a man you would know what I mean. These things, after all, are relative states. It is better to be dead, and to have done the work that lay before one, than to be wearing the mantle of an unworthy life. I must finish my work here, and whatever might happen to me, after all, doesn't matter so very much. It must be done."

She burst into tears. "Oh! but it does matter," she sobbed. "If you do not care for yourself, how about those who are fond of you?"

"If they," he answered, "are the sort of people I would have them be, they would rather see me dead than have me save my skin by an unworthy flight."

"I am afraid," she said timidly, "that your friends are not all like that. I—oh, please!" she broke off suddenly, rising and seizing his hands. "Do go! Can't you guess why I beg it? I am afraid it is Albert who will—"

He patted her on the cheek. "I under-

stand," he said, "and you need not mind. Albert will only do, or try to do, his duty. Thank you for coming, little girl, and I promise that I will take all the care of myself that I possibly can, but I cannot leave the city yet."

She looked at him despairingly. "Then there is Bernhardt," she said. "He comes to see me every day. His spies are always outside my rooms. He asks me the same questions all the time. I am afraid he suspects."

"Suspects what?" John Peters asked.

"That you have been helping the man whom they call the First Watcher," she answered slowly. "He has suspected something ever since the night he broke in and found us together."

"You have been careful," John Peters said, "in all that you have told him?"

"I have told him nothing, because I know nothing," she answered. "Only—"

"Only what?" he said encouragingly.

"He asked me whether you were indeed my lover, and I told him— What ought I to have told him?"

"That I am," he answered calmly.

"I told him so," she said. "I thought that you would not have taken all this trouble to make people believe that you are, if you had not wished them to believe it."

"Quite right," John Peters said approvingly. "And now, Marie, I am going to send you away. You are sure that you are not dancing this evening?"

"Quite sure," she answered. "Indeed I am not well enough. I have been frightened, and I am nervous."

"Then go to Bergman's," he said, "and let them know that we shall be there for supper at eleven o'clock. We will give the dear baron one more run for his money. I fancy it will be the last."

She raised her eyes to his for a moment, soft, and full of unshed tears; then, as she dropped them, she caught his hand and kissed it. "I am glad," she said softly, "that there is going to be one more evening, even though it is all make-believe."

"At eleven o'clock," he reminded her, smiling.

He touched a bell, and sent her away in the care of his own servant. Then he stood with folded arms on the hearth-rug, in front of a wood fire, thinking. This room of his was perhaps the plainest and least expensively furnished of any room at the palace.

One side of it resembled a small armory. There were swords of different length and shape, revolvers, and a collection of sporting-guns. The rest of the room seemed taken up with books. The furniture was old, and a distinct smell of tobacco hung about the place. Yet there was a certain flavor of austerity which seemed not altogether out of keeping with the man himself, as he stood there with wrinkled forehead and close-drawn mouth, looking steadily through the walls, out of the room, into the heart of the city beyond. When at last he stirred, he rang a bell and summoned his servant.

"Tell them," he directed, "to have the plain motor ready for me in about half an hour."

The man bowed and withdrew without change of countenance. Once outside the room, however, he kicked vigorously a small spaniel that came fawning about him. The plain motor meant that his master was going out incognito, and when that happened it usually meant a return by daylight.

XXVIII

JOHN PETERS threw his fur overcoat into a chair, and strolled over toward the supper-table, where Marie was already awaiting him. She was dressed in plain black velvet, with a simple collar of pearls, and the severity of her toilet seemed to heighten the pallor of her cheeks and her general air of nervous ill health.

"The table," she remarked, "is laid for three. There is no one else coming, is there?"

"I am not so sure," John Peters answered. "I sent a note to Bernhardt, asking him to join us."

She looked at him as though doubtful whether she had heard aright. "You mean Bernhardt, the commissioner of police?" she exclaimed, "the man who comes worrying me all the time about you?"

"The same," he answered.

"But what for?" she asked. "Why do you want him here? He will simply ask questions and watch, and watch, and watch. He thinks of nothing, he dreams of nothing, but that one purpose of his. I think that if he does not soon succeed he will go mad."

"What purpose do you mean?" John Peters asked.

"To discover the First Watcher," she answered. "That is what Bernhardt lives for, that is what I think he would be willing to die for. Even now I think he feels that if he should succeed before the next few days are over, he might still take a hand in the things that are going to happen."

John Peters twisted a cigarette and smiled. "Yes," he said, "I fancied that Bernhardt felt something like that. That is one reason why I asked him to come here with us to-night."

"I do not understand," she murmured. "I only know that I would rather that we were alone, and that that man's eyes were not always following you and me."

He smiled as he sat down beside her. "We have played the game for months now," he said, "and we have not lost a trick. You are not afraid, little girl?"

"I have never been afraid," she answered. "I never should be, so long as you were with me."

"You do yourself less than justice," he said, "for you have held your own more than once against Bernhardt himself. I suppose," he asked, "he has tried to bribe you?"

"He offered me a necklace," she answered.

John Peters nodded. "Well," he said, "I spent the other afternoon, or a part of it, looking through the old crown jewels, and out of them I put on one side a necklace which the queens of Bergeland have worn for generations. It will come to you, in a day or two, and I think you will find that it will repay you for refusing anything which our friend Bernhardt has offered."

She did not seem unreasonably gratified. "It is very kind of you," she said, "but you know very well that, necklace or no necklace, the result would have been the same."

"You are a faithful little woman," he said, patting her hand lightly. "Some day I hope——" He stopped short. She leaned forward and looked into his face.

"You hope what?" she whispered.

"That you may find somewhere the only thing there is in life worth having for a woman," he said, "a home and a husband and all the rest of it."

She drew away from him and laughed, a clear, hard little laugh. "I look like it, don't I?" she said. "I am afraid it is a little too late for wishes like that."

There was a knock at the door, and Bern-

hardt entered. Marie looked at him with eyes of fire, but John Peters at least was relieved at his coming.

"Come," he said, "it may not be many times that I am able to offer you hospitality. Sit down and sup with us. Marie and I have both had something to say to you for a long time."

Bernhardt came slowly over to them, and took the chair which his host was holding.

"I have rung for supper," John Peters said, "and the wine is already in the room. How goes it in the city?"

Bernhardt shrugged his shoulders. "Things might be worse," he said. "There are a few small bands of rioters going about, but there are whole armies of people who watch them with a smile, as though to say, 'To-morrow it will be our turn!'"

"The time is short now," John Peters said, "a few days only, a few breathless days. The sooner they are past the better. Fill your glass, Bernhardt. The wine is good; do not be afraid of it."

"There are things going on outside the city," Bernhardt said slowly, "which puzzle one."

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. These were not the matters which he wished to discuss with his guest. "Look here, Bernhardt," he said, "it is you who are partly responsible for the state we are in. Do you realize that, my friend?"

"I should be a fool to admit it," Bernhardt answered, a little glumly.

"Yet in your heart you know very well," John Peters said, "that if you had arrested one man six months ago the whole country would now be in a different position. Doesn't everyone say that it is the Watcher who has drawn the people together?"

Bernhardt nodded. "But I am not sure," he said, "that this wonderful person is not a myth. I have heard of such things before. I am coming to the conclusion that that man does not exist, but that one of the others cleverly plays his part, with a view to working on the imaginations of an impressionable people."

"That's a fine theory," John Peters said, "but a theory it will remain. Drink your wine, Bernhardt, for I am going to tell you news. The Watcher does exist. I myself have met and spoken with him."

Bernhardt set down his glass slowly. His eyes were fixed upon the face of the other man. "You have seen him," he

said, "and you let him go, the man at whose door will lie the ruin of your kingdom?"

"I let him go," John Peters answered. "I know of no law that he has broken, and I imagine that what he has done he has done for the love of the people. I could not punish him, even if the worst happened."

"But we," Bernhardt said, "we might punish him. He has broken laws against us. He has covered us often with ridicule. He has caused the one failure of our police system. Come, help me, Prince. It is more to your interest than to mine to show me where I can lay my hands upon this man."

John Peters shook his head. "It would not be sporting," he answered; "but see here. A few days more or less will make little difference to you, so long as the thing itself is in time. I promise you that in four days' time I will bring to you the man of whom we are talking. The only condition that I make is that you leave the search wholly in my hands, that for, say, three days you stand on one side and let me take your place. At the end of the three days I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that I will produce the man whom they have dubbed 'The Watcher.'"

If Bernhardt felt any surprise he did not show it. "How can you guarantee this, Prince?" he asked.

"My word," John Peters said, "is all I have to give. I do not think that you will require more of me."

"But if in three days," Bernhardt said, "why not now? Why not to-night? Why not bring him into this room?"

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he said, "he is not so easy to find as all that, and yet what I have told you is true. Are you content?"

"Naturally," Bernhardt answered; "but I need not promise that during these two or three days I will keep my eyes closed altogether. I might have an inspiration at any moment."

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. "That," he said, "is a different matter. I simply want you to abandon any practical efforts just while I am making my plans. I will bring him to you before the time I say. Now let us have done with these things for a time. Tell me whether you think republican Bergeland will still pay the price to see Miss Marie here dance?"

"Why not?" Bernhardt asked gallantly.

"Kingdoms may come and go, but a woman who charms, charms always!"

She laughed in his face. "Ah, Baron," she said, "if one believed you always!"

They had finished supper and were smoking. Bernhardt glanced at his watch and rose. "I came," he said, "because this was an invitation which I could not refuse, but they need me out in the streets to-night. These small riots might break out at any moment into something momentous. Mademoiselle Marie, I kiss your hand. Prince, in four days I shall remind you of your promise."

He left them, and they stood in silence until the echo of his footsteps died away. Then John Peters took up Marie's cloak and wrapped it round her slim little figure.

"I am coming home with you," he said. "There will be a meeting to-night, and afterward I may need your rooms."

She looked at him and sighed.

XXIX

THERE were seven men who sat around a long table in apartment No. 12, and in the face of every one of them were signs of some unusual disturbance.

"I see," Levitt was saying, "but one thing to be done. These machinations with Germany are the work of the king and the crown prince. I say that this merits death. I am willing myself to accompany anyone to the palace to-night, to force our way in, if necessary, and to close once and for all this miserable business."

"The palace is well guarded," another remarked.

"We can take a hundred or a thousand men if we choose," Levitt said, "and we can take our pick of them, but I believe that we should do better with a small party. Half the guards of the palace are on our side."

"I fear not, gentlemen," a voice said from the upper end of the room. "I fear that you are a little too sanguine. The king has changed his guard within the last twenty-four hours, dismissed fifty, and had one hundred fresh men brought in from his own regiment."

They had all risen to their feet. They had not expected their mysterious leader to come to-night.

"Are you sure of your information, sir?" Levitt asked curiously.

It seemed odd that this man, who had planned so cleverly the foundation of the new republic, had himself the entrée to the court, of which he was showing himself so bitter an enemy.

"I am quite sure," was the confident answer. "I should like to know, gentlemen, how you propose to reconcile such an attempt as you have been speaking of with our own bond."

"The circumstances," Levitt said, "have changed. The king is seeking outside aid."

"That is ancient history," their leader said, seating himself at the end of the table. "There is that danger to be faced, of course, but I can assure you that it is not so serious as you think. Germany is not so popular that all Europe will sit by and see her assume the protectorate of a country so rich as ours."

The professor leaned forward across the table. "Is this, sir," he asked, "a general remark, or do you speak from special knowledge?"

"I speak from absolute knowledge," was the quiet answer. "If you had bought an evening paper on the streets an hour ago, you would have seen that the King of England returned this afternoon from Sandringham to attend a cabinet council, and that he afterward received the French ambassador. That cabinet council was called in response to a long telegram sent from here to-day by Sir Charles Romford."

"You mean, then," the professor said, "that Germany will not be allowed to interfere?"

"I do mean that," was the answer. "If Germany persists there will be a European war, and for that I do not think Germany is at present quite prepared."

"If England and France," the professor said, "really intend to hold together in this, I think that our friend the Prince de Sues will have played his cards in vain."

"I," said the man at the other end of the table, "am already convinced of that. Now listen to me. After all that I have said as to the form which this revolution shall take, I come here to-night unexpectedly, and I find you calmly discussing a plan for assassination. I know, of course, that it is hard to keep in check the younger members of our party, but it has to be done, and I want you all to understand this, that if any move is made in the direction you speak of before Parliament has met and the com-

mittee whose names we have agreed upon have had their audience with the king, I not only resign my position among you, but you may find me on the other side. Is that understood?"

They all murmured assent.

"There are only three days more," their leader continued. "Surely for that time you can curb your impatience! And, Grammont, remember this. If the king himself should go down to open Parliament, let nothing interfere with the usual etiquette and ceremony. Remember that a single false step at that time might make all the difference in the face of Europe as to how the new state of affairs here is looked upon. Everything must be done deliberately and with dignity. The members of the extreme party must be kept quiet. Arms are to be issued only to those men in whom you have confidence. Remember that, after all, arms are not necessary. There should be no fighting, because there will be no one to fight."

"You are sure of the army then?" Levitt asked.

"Quite, quite sure that they will never fire upon the people of Bergeland," was the answer. "The king and their own general believe that they will. They happen to be wrong. Are there any other matters on which you wish to consult me?"

There were none. The whole plan of action for the next few days had been so elaborately drawn up and revised that there was indeed little to do but to sit and wait. For a few moments there was silence in the room. Then, at the sound of shouting in the street, several of them went to the window. In the street below a crowd of men were marching along, singing a patriotic hymn in many keys, and boldly waving banners and flags emblazoned with the motto, "Freedom for Bergeland!" No one attempted to interfere with them. Many of the passers-by even turned and joined their ranks. They swept on toward the heart of the city, and the men who had been watching them turned back into the room.

"So long as they are allowed to shout," Grammont remarked dryly, "they will do very little mischief, and there is no one bold enough to prevent their shouting themselves hoarse if they please."

It was past one o'clock when the crown prince entered the crowded reception-rooms

of Madame de Sayers. He found Grace with some difficulty. She was talking to Bernhardt and the Russian ambassador, and there was a distinct hesitation in her manner before she accepted his arm.

"Tell me what is the matter?" he asked, as they walked away.

"You are late, for one thing," she answered, glancing at her watch. "I had almost given you up."

"For that," he said, "I will make my excuses presently. What else is there?"

"You had supper with Baron Bernhardt, he tells me, at the Café Bergman."

"It is true," he admitted. "What else?"

"Who was your other companion?"

"No one," he answered, "of whom I can talk to you."

"Then why were you there?" she asked.

"Ask Bernhardt," he answered, "why he was there."

She shook her head. "Baron Bernhardt's movements," she said, "do not interest me, nor have I any right to inquire into them. With you it is different. That third person was?"—she hesitated perceptibly—"a lady?"

"Quite true," he admitted.

"Then I should like to know," she asked, "why you were having supper with a lady at the Café Bergman when you ought to have been here?"

He tried to take her hand, but she kept it withheld. "Grace," he said, "you ask me these things three days too soon. It is not my wish that there should be any secrets between us. Very soon there shall be none. Very soon I can explain to you a great deal about myself and my doings which must seem incomprehensible now, but until those three days have passed there is a seal upon my lips. Will you trust me?"

She looked searchingly into his face. "I am willing to take so much on trust," she said; "but a supper-party at a café of bad reputation, the very hour that you ought to have been with me! Am I really to wait three days to understand this, too?"

"If you please, Grace," he answered.

She sighed, and tightened a little her clasp upon his arm. "Well," she said, "I suppose I am as great an idiot as all the rest of my sex, and do what I am told. For three days, then, but after that I want you to understand that there will be no more supper-parties without me."

"It is a promise," he answered, smiling, "but by that time the necessity for it will have

passed. By the bye, Grace," he added, looking around, "can you tell me if Monsieur de Courcelle is here to-night—the French ambassador?"

She motioned with her fan a little to the right. "He is sitting there with Sir Charles Romford. They have been talking for nearly an hour."

John Peters looked thoughtfully across at the two men. "Let me take you to your aunt, Grace," he said. "I should like to go and join in that conversation. It looks as though it might be interesting."

XXX

THE following morning most of the newspapers published in Varia contained an item of news which a good many people found somewhat surprising. Madame de Sayers threw her paper impatiently from her with a little exclamation of anger.

"I never heard anything so wicked," she declared. "One could scarcely believe that he would be such a coward."

"Of whom are you talking, aunt?" Grace asked.

"Of the crown prince, my dear," replied Madame de Sayers.

Grace flinched for a moment, and looked up with startled eyes. "What has he done?" she demanded.

"Stolen off to Paris to escape from this trouble," Madame de Sayers answered contemptuously. "Why, the old king has twice his pluck, after all! He doesn't mean to turn out until he is forced out."

"I think," Grace said quietly, "that there must be some mistake. I talked with the prince last night, and he did not say a word about leaving Varia."

"Nevertheless he has gone," Madame de Sayers said dryly. "You will find it in all the papers. To-night I suppose he will be holding one of his usual revels up in the Montmartre. Upon my word, royalist though I am, I scarcely wonder at the people being democrats."

Bernhardt, too, heard the news, and he drove at once to the palace. The king received him, but he was obviously in an irritable temper.

"I know nothing about John," he declared, "except that if he has really gone and left me here to see this thing through alone I shall never want to see him back again, however things go."

"You don't know why he went?" Bernhardt asked.

"I have no idea," the king answered, "unless it was that he found the climate of Varia becoming a little too sultry. I am disappointed. I never thought he was a coward."

"Nor do I now," Bernhardt answered, "but I should very much like to know what he has gone to Paris for."

The Prince de Suess arrived soon, speeding in his fastest motor-car, and praying for an instant interview with the king. Bernhardt took his departure.

"Your Majesty," the German ambassador said, "we do not understand this sudden journey of the crown prince. We are told that he has gone to Paris. Will you forgive me if I ask whether this is the truth, and if it is the truth, whether his visit there has any political significance?"

"You all know more about my nephew than I do myself," the king answered pettishly. "I saw him last night, and he never told me that he was going. As he left without even saying farewell, I think you may take it for granted that his visit anywhere could have no political significance. At the same time it puts me in a very awkward position."

"Your Majesty's assurance," the ambassador said, "is gratifying. At the same time I am sorry that the crown prince should have left us just now. If he was uneasy because of the troubles that are threatening, I think that you and I together could have reassured him."

"I wish I felt as confident," the king said anxiously. "After all, you know, it's going to take your men four or five hours to reach the city, and a good deal can be done in that time by a mob well led."

"They shall arrive in time," the Prince de Suess said. "I myself will take care of that, but I can't help wishing that the crown prince had not gone to Paris. By the bye, did you notice that the King and Queen of England are also there incognito? They left London quite unexpectedly yesterday."

"I have not read the papers," the king answered, "but you are not presuming, I suppose, that there is any connection between the crown prince's journey to Paris, and the arrival there of the King and Queen of England?"

"Personally, I am sure of it," the prince answered. "At the same time I do not

think my master will care to read about this visit just now."

"If your master knew my nephew as well as I do," the king answered, "he would be spared any uneasiness he might feel."

The Prince de Suess, however, was still thoughtful. "May I inquire of your Majesty, without seeming impertinent," he asked, "whether he has seen anything of Sir Charles Romford during the last few days?"

"Sir Charles has called here twice, and has written requesting an audience," the king answered. "I guessed what it meant, however, and declined to see him."

"Your Majesty has acted with the greatest discretion," the ambassador said. "One cannot be too careful in these matters. There is really no occasion why any one of the powers should object to us, your nearest neighbor, showing our good will by lending you a little temporary aid. But you know what insular jealousy is, and, so far as regards France, we have but to stretch ourselves and she flies to arms. I noticed in the papers this morning that the Channel squadron has joined the North Sea fleet, and is cruising there, and there are rumors of French troops being moved up to the frontier. Of course these things may mean nothing. One can do no more than be prepared. By the bye, does your Majesty know whether there has been any friendship between your nephew and Sir Charles?"

"Most unlikely, I should think," the king answered. "Sir Charles is something of a puritan and a good deal of a prig, and his worst enemies could not call my nephew either. I never saw them together in my life."

"And yet," the German remarked, with a fresh note of anxiety in his tone, "I heard that they were driving together the day before yesterday in the crown prince's automobile."

The king shrugged his shoulders. "If you worry over every trifle, my dear prince," he said, "you will never have a happy moment. So far as regards my nephew, let me assure you once and for all that he is at heart an idle, dissolute rascal, and his journey to Paris has no more to do with the political situation here than my lighting this cigarette."

The Prince de Suess bowed low. "Your Majesty is reassuring," he declared, and took his leave.

Baron Bernhardt went that afternoon to pay his respects to Madame de Sayers, and at the first opportunity sat down beside Grace. By daylight she was certainly as beautiful as he had expected to see her, but her cheeks were pale, and there were very faint velvet lines underneath her eyes.

"So," he remarked carelessly, "the breaking up here has commenced. After the other night I was inclined to give the crown prince credit for more pluck."

"You think then," she asked, "that his journey to Paris means flight?"

Bernhardt shrugged his shoulders.

"What else can one think, my dear young lady?" he said. "If a journey to Paris within two days of our great crisis here is not flight, what is it?"

She looked steadily away from him for several moments. "Of course," she said, "I am almost a stranger here, and I know nothing about the matter at all, but I wondered for the moment whether he had not gone there with some political scheme in his mind."

Bernhardt shook his head. "Has he ever said anything to you," he asked simply, "which would lead you to suppose that he had any idea of making such a journey?"

Grace looked at him coldly. "You could scarcely expect me," she said, "considering the length of our acquaintance, to be in the crown prince's confidence."

Bernhardt took his leave a few minutes afterward. He had found out quite as much as he expected. The girl was hurt by this sudden flight of the crown prince, and she had not the least intention of discussing it with him or anybody else. If she knew anything it was her own secret, but it was very certain that his disappearance was as much a surprise to her as to any of the others. He went back to his office and called a subordinate.

"Put me on the long-distance telephone to Paris," he ordered. "I want to speak to Ricorde."

There was half an hour's delay, during which Bernhardt studied carefully a pile of papers which lay on the desk before him. Then there came a tinkle of the telephone bell close to his elbow.

"You are through to Paris, sir," his subordinate told him.

Bernhardt held the receiver to his ear and waited. Presently he heard a familiar voice.

"This is Ricorde. Who wants me?"

"Bernhardt. Did you get my first message?"

"Yes."

"Your man met the train at the Gare du Nord?"

"Yes."

"Where did our friend go?"

"To the Hotel Ritz," the voice answered.

"He stayed there for half an hour only, and then went to the Café de Paris for lunch."

Bernhardt smiled. This was not very much like serious business, he thought. "Did he send any notes from the hotel?" he asked.

"One," the voice answered.

"To whom was it addressed?"

"George Harrington, at the British embassy."

Bernhardt nearly dropped the receiver. "The King of England is there, is he not?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Your man is still following our friend, I suppose?"

"Certainly, but he left for lunch only an hour ago. There has been no further report since."

"Pass them through to me as you get them," Bernhardt ordered. "This is important."

He rang off, and remained for a few moments deep in thought. Then he rose from his seat, and from a drawer on the other side of the table he took out half a dozen photographs, all of the crown prince, in different attitudes. Then he laid a small coin upon the face of each, and studied them carefully, taking note of the different attitudes, the droop of the hands, the carriage of the head whose features were hidden. He rose to his feet and walked to the window.

"If this should be true!" he muttered.

"In a way it is not impossible, and yet, let me think. Yes, the supper-party in Paris which the papers pilloried took place on exactly the same date as we knew for certain that the Watcher presided over one of the meetings here. The same man could not be in Paris and in Varia the same evening, and yet I believe—"

He stopped short, and swept the photographs back into the drawer. He composed himself to work again for half an hour. Then there came again the tinkle of the telephone bell at his elbow.

"Is that Bernhardt?" the voice asked.

"Yes," Bernhardt answered expectantly.

"Can you recognize who I am?"

Bernhardt knew at once that this was not Ricorde. He became deeply interested. "I neither know who you are," he said, "nor where you are speaking from."

"Well, I will tell you," the voice answered. "I am John Valentine, Prince of Varia, and I want to know what the devil you mean by having me followed around Paris by your infernal spies?"

"And I want to know," Bernhardt answered, "what the devil you mean by running away just before the fight, and leaving us to see it through without you?"

There was an instant's silence. One could fancy that the man at the distant end of the telephone stood there smiling at these words.

"My coming or my staying," the voice remarked, "is my own affair. Varia is neither the richer nor the poorer; but I do object to this surveillance, especially now that I am in another country. I want to warn you that if I can get my hands on your man, I shall thrash him within an inch of his life."

"If he is fool enough," Bernhardt answered, "to let you catch him, you can do what you like with him. By the bye, will you answer me a question?"

"One," the voice answered. "Be quick!"

"What was in that note you sent to the British embassy this morning?"

"It contained," the voice answered, "an invitation to luncheon."

"The invitation was accepted?" Bernhardt asked.

"Naturally," the voice answered.

"Let it go at that."

"Is there any fresh news in Varia?"

"None," Bernhardt answered. "When are you coming back?"

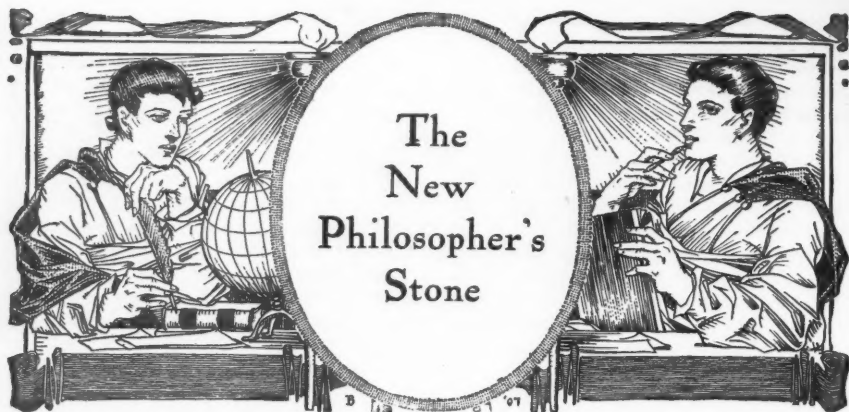
"That depends," the voice answered, "on a good many things."

"Your luncheon party was a success?"

"That too depends," the voice replied, "on a good many things. Remember what I have told you. I have had enough of being spied upon and watched wherever I go, and then being told that it is for my own good. If I catch hold of your man I shall break his head."

"There is one thing more I want to ask you," Bernhardt began. "Hang it, don't disconnect us!" he shouted, but he was too late. The person at the other end of the line had rung off.

The next instalment of "*The Kingdom of Earth*" will appear in the June issue.



A PLAIN STATEMENT OF THE EXACT EXTENT TO WHICH SOME
RECENT CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES HAVE JUSTIFIED THE OLD AL-
CHEMISTS IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

By Garrett P. Serviss



O recent advances in science render it probable that the secret of turning one elementary substance into another is about to be laid open? A paper not in the least sensational in its style, but very surprising in its facts, and producing a remarkable sensation in the public mind, which was read at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by the great English chemist, Sir William Ramsay, has had the effect of re-awaking the liveliest interest in this question. And that the possibilities, enormous in their reach, which the question suggests, are by no means regarded as idle dreams, is sufficiently indicated by many recent utterances of scientific leaders. The old alchemist, looked upon with awe for many centuries, and then laughed at and scorned by supposedly wiser men in later centuries, has suddenly become a very respectable person, even in the eyes of science. Chemists are ready to admit now, that nature actually possesses the equivalent of the philosopher's stone. To appreciate the astonishing change of attitude that has taken place, read these words by Prof. W. A. Noyes, of the University of Illinois:

"From the fifth to the fifteenth century they who were known as chemists, or rather as alchemists, spent their time in searching for the philosopher's stone, which should change all things to gold, or for the elixir of life, which should give eternal youth. We have been accustomed to say that our fuller knowledge has shown the folly of the alchemist's dream. Five years ago a distinguished chemist, in a public address, spoke of the doctrine of the transmutation of the elements as dead, and every chemist who heard him agreed with his statement. But such revolutionary and startling discoveries have been made since then that a transmutation of the elements must now be considered as an *accomplished fact*."

I have italicized the two closing words, for they are indeed startling—as astounding from the point of view of ordinary people who left school even half a decade ago, closing their books on chemistry with the belief that they at least knew what its fundamental principles are, as would be the declaration that under certain circumstances the planets can free themselves from the law of gravitation and run wild. Transmutation of the elements an accomplished fact! Where, then, will it stop? Who dares set a limit to the discoveries that may grow out of this marvelous fact? The recent history of

some other newly discovered facts of science indicates that these discoveries may come flocking upon us so rapidly and bewilderingly as to daze the onlookers. Such is very naturally the popular view, for nobody who is not a chemist, but who once studied chemistry as it used to be taught in the schools and colleges, can be blamed if, seeing what he supposed to be the very foundation-stone of that science overturned, he is prepared to accept anything and everything as now possible. For generations we have been taught that chemistry, the science, grew up out of alchemy, the folly, as astronomy sprang out of astrology; and now suddenly the chemists themselves turn about and admit that alchemy, at least in its fundamental assumption, was no folly at all but a great, though undirected, search after a living truth.

NEW ASPECTS OF THE ALCHEMISTS' SEARCH

But science has its stoicism, and doesn't like to show astonishment. The chemists have unquestionably been greatly surprised by their own discoveries, but they are not disconcerted, and to their credit it must be said that they are not allowing dreams to mislead them. They are simply shifting their ground to build new foundations. What they have accomplished has not been lost; it has merely assumed, in some respects, a new meaning, and is now seen to lead the way to results unimaginable before. This whole subject is so important and interesting, and it is likely to have consequences of such vast significance for civilization, that it is worth everybody's while to try to understand what has been done, and what may fairly be expected. What is the new philosopher's stone, and what will it do for mankind?

To begin, we must first go back a little. Ten years ago, Prof. J. J. Thomson set the ball rolling by demonstrating that the strange streams of light called cathode-rays, seen in a Crookes vacuum-tube when a current of electricity passes through it, consist of particles smaller than the atom, which had theretofore been regarded as the indivisible unit of all matter. He called these infinitesimal particles, a thousand times less massive than the atom of hydrogen (which is the lightest of all elements), corpuscles, or electrons. These corpuscles, or "fragments of atoms," were proved to be bodies charged

with negative electricity, and it was shown that they were produced not only in Crookes tubes, but from burning gases, glowing metals, and other sources. About the same time Becquerel, the French chemist, discovered that compounds containing the element uranium spontaneously give off rays, or streams, of corpuscles. No interference of man, no laboratory operation, is required to cause uranium to act in this strange manner. Nature has endowed it with the property of emitting the corpuscles. This led, a little later, to the discovery by Professor and Madame Curie, in Paris, that pitchblende, the mineral from which uranium is obtained, contains an entirely new element which is more than a million times as active as uranium in giving off radiations. This substance is the now famous radium. It was soon found that radium gives off three different kinds of streams, or rays. One of these, the "Alpha rays," consists of particles twice as heavy as the hydrogen atom, and carrying charges of positive electricity. Another, the "Beta rays," consists of negatively charged corpuscles or electrons like those studied by Thomson. The third kind of stream, the "Gamma rays," is more mysterious, but it was finally concluded that these rays probably resemble the X-rays of Röntgen, in their origin and nature. For our purpose it is not necessary to discuss them.

The next step toward the discovery of the transmutation of elements was the finding by Professor Rutherford of a fourth kind of emission from radium, different from the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma rays, and to which the term "emanation" was applied. This behaves very much like a gas, and has the property of bestowing the power of temporary radio-activity upon bodies that it touches. This strange emanation proved to be the unexpected key to a discovery that has electrified the scientific world. Four years ago Sir William Ramsay and Mr. Frederick Soddy, while experimenting with air which had been caused to bubble through a solution containing radium, in the hope of being able to observe the spectrum of the emanation absorbed by the air in its passage, discovered some unknown bright lines, which could be ascribed only to the emanation. They set aside the glass jar containing the mixture, and upon reexamining it some time later were astonished to see, instead of the lines that they had noticed

before, other lines which they at once recognized as being characteristic of the gas helium.

DISCOVERY OF THE TRANSMUTABILITY OF ELEMENTS

Day after day, while the jar was left standing, the spectrum of helium became brighter and more distinct. They knew that there had been no helium there to begin with and that none had since been introduced from outside. How, then, had it got into the jar, and how had its spectrum replaced the unknown lines that were first observed? There could be but one answer—there had been a transmutation of elements! The emanation drawn off in the air that passed through the radium solution had decayed, or disintegrated, and turned into something else, and that something else was helium, an element which, until a few years before, had been known to exist only in the sun and certain stars. This was natural alchemy with a vengeance! Some chemists refused to believe it, at first, but in a short time the experiment was repeated by others than the original discoverers, until all doubt vanished. If the discovery that radium, or something given off from radium, is capable of transforming itself into helium needed to be bolstered up, the necessary support would be derived from the now well-known fact that helium, when found on the earth at all, is always associated with radium, or some similarly radio-active mineral. It bubbles up, for instance, through springs whose waters are radio-active. Such springs are like an alchemist's laboratory, only differing from it in actually possessing the philosopher's stone, in full activity.

This discovery, as has been said, electrified the scientific world, although in its essence it had not been entirely unexpected. But it did not similarly affect the popular mind. If lead had been turned into gold, the excitement would have known no bounds. But the elements concerned in the actual transmutation were simply rare gases which nobody except a few chemists knew anything about, and consequently the bearing of the discovery was not very evident to "the man in the street."

RAMSAY'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Thus the matter stood, so far as was generally known outside of certain exclusive laboratories, until the meeting of the British

Association for the Advancement of Science last summer. At that meeting came Sir William Ramsay's new announcement containing, for the uninitiated, a double surprise. In the first place, he showed that not only does the emanation from radium change into helium, but that under certain circumstances it also changes into both argon and neon; and, in the second place, that *copper, when acted upon by the radium emanation, is changed into lithium*, and possibly also into sodium and potassium!

The latter part of this statement, concerning the copper and lithium, was of course the more sensational in its effect, because here at last was something startlingly like the dream of the alchemists. Here was a well-known metal, one of the oldest and most familiar in human use, turned at the magic touch of a mysterious emanation into another metal entirely different in appearance, color, weight, and utility. Lithium is the light, white, soft metal whose volatile compounds produce the magnificent crimson flame so well known in pyrotechny.

If copper can be turned into lithium by the influence of the emanation from radium, why may not something else be turned into gold?

That question undoubtedly occurred to many thousands of minds the instant that Sir William Ramsay's discovery became known. Before trying to suggest any answer to it, it may be well to quote the discoverer's own words, in a brief summary of his work:

"These remarkable results appear to indicate the following line of thought: From its inactivity it is probable that radium emanation belongs to the helium series of elements. During its spontaneous change it parts with a relatively enormous amount of energy. The direction in which this energy is expended may be modified by circumstances. If the emanation is alone, or in contact with hydrogen and oxygen gases, a portion is decomposed, or disintegrated, by the energy given off by the rest. The gaseous substance produced is, in this case, helium. If, however, the distribution of the energy is modified by the presence of water, that portion of the emanation which is decomposed yields neon; if in the presence of copper sulphate, argon. Similarly the copper acted upon by the emanation is degraded to the first member of its group; namely, lithium. It is impossible to prove

Group 0	Group I	Group II	Group III	Group IV	Group V	Group VI	Group VII	Group VIII	Group IX	Group X
		Radium 225		Thorium 232		Uranium 239.6				
	Gold 197.13	Mercury 200	Thallium 204.1	Lead 206.9	Bismuth 208					
			Ytterbium 173		Tantalum 183	Tungsten 184		Osmium 191	Iridium 193	Platinum 195
Emanation (?)										
	Cæsium 132.9	Barium 137.4	Lanthanum 139	Cerium 140						
Xenon 128	Silver 107.9	Cadmium 112.4	Indium 114	Tin 119	Antimony 120	Tellurium 127	Iodine 127			
Krypton 81.8	Rubidium 85.4	Strontium 87.6	Yttrium 89	Zirconium 90.6	Niobium 94	Molybde- num 96		Ruthenium 101.7	Rhodium 103	Palladium 106.5
	Copper 63.6	Zinc 65.4	Gallium 70	Germanium 72.3	Arsenic 75	Selenium 79	Bromine 79.95			
Argon 38	Potassium 39.1	Calcium 40.1	Scandium 44	Titanium 48.1	Vanadium 51.4	Chromium 52.1	Manganese 55	Iron 55.9	Cobalt 59	Nickel 59
Neon 19.9	Sodium 23.05	Magnesium 24.1	Aluminum 27	Silicon 28.4	Phosphorus 31	Sulphur 32.06	Chlorine 35.45			
Helium 4	Lithium 7.03	Gluicium 9.1	Boron 11	Carbon 12	Nitrogen 14.04	Oxygen 16	Fluorine 19			
	Hydrogen 1.008									

Table of the elements, with their atomic weights, arranged according to the periodic system. Contrary to the usual arrangement, the heaviest elements are placed at the top, in order to render evident to the eye the "descent" from the emanation of radium to helium, and from copper to lithium. The last three groups, VIII, IX, and X, here shown, are usually collected under one head, as Group VIII.

that sodium and potassium are formed, seeing that they are constituents of the glass vessel in which the solution is contained, but from analogy with the decomposition products of the emanation they may also be products of the degradation of copper."

HOW TRANSMUTATION IS EFFECTED

In this statement there are two significant things to be noted: first, that the character of the products resulting from the change in the emanation may be, to a certain extent, controlled by outside agencies; and, second, that both in their spontaneous changes and in their action upon copper, the resulting products follow the lines of known chemical relationship. Argon, neon, and helium all belong to a certain chemical family called a group, and the radium emanation, as Professor Ramsay concludes from its behavior, must be a member of this same group. The members of a group are arranged according to the increasing order of their atomic weight. Argon stands above neon, and neon above helium. The radium emanation must stand higher yet, for when it degrades or runs down, it turns into argon, neon, or helium.

Now anybody who will look at a table of the chemical elements, arranged according to what is known as the periodic law, will see that the group, or family, containing helium and the radium emanation stands directly adjacent to the group or family containing copper and lithium. He will also observe that as the radium emanation stands above

helium, so copper stands above lithium. In both cases the change from one form to another is a running down, although in neither case does it involve a crossing of the group lines. It is entirely a family affair. Nevertheless the radium emanation seems to be a disturber of things outside of its own family, for in the act of self-degradation it jogs its neighbor copper, and sets it also to running down, or degrading into lithium.

Potassium and sodium, mentioned by Ramsay as other possible products of the degradation of copper under the influence of the radium emanation, lie in the same group, intermediate between copper and lithium. And high up in that group, away above copper, stands gold, head of the family. If when the restless radium emanation jogs its neighbors on the other side of the partition it set them to running up the family steps instead of down it would prove itself a philosopher's stone after the old alchemist's own heart. Lithium, sodium, potassium, copper, rubidium, silver, caesium, gold—such is the order of ascent. If copper, or any of the others, could only be persuaded to ascend instead of descending, to gain instead of losing atomic weight! But the transmutation of the elements, so far as we can now see, does not take place in that direction. It is a degradation. If only gold stood low in the list instead of at the top, all would be different, and Sir William Ramsay would be the modern Paracelsus—but not a charlatan like the ancient one. But then, if gold occupied a different place in its own

family, with different properties, it would not be gold, and so, after all, the discovery would lack the sensation.

WILL THE ALCHEMISTS' DREAM BE
REALIZED?

There are two questions that remain. First, is it probable that transmutation of the elements can take place in the ascending sense instead of only by degradation? Since they can be persuaded to run down, or since some of them run down of their own accord, can they also be induced, or forced, in any way to run up? Nature has, or had, a process by which she put gold in the place that it occupies, at the top of its family stairs, and thorium at the top of another group above lead, and radium at the top of another just above mercury. Has she forgotten this process, or has she no longer any use for it? Whether we shall catch nature in the act of making heavier elements by the way of lighter ones, as she has been detected changing them in the other direction, remains to be seen. The new entrance into her secrets has been through the atom. The discovery of the divisibility of the atom, of

the existence of corpuscles and electrons, which when united in a particular way make one kind of atom, and united in another way make another kind of atom, was the opening of a hidden door, and through this entrance all the recent advances have been made.

The second question is, What practical advantages may be derived from the discovery that certain elements transmute into others? For the present this question no more admits of a definite answer than the other, but it may be said that the greatest promise held forth by the discovery of the transmutation of elements is not that of the ancient alchemy—that we may obtain a precious metal from a worthless one—but that we may vastly enlarge our control over the energies of nature. As radium shoots off its rays, as the emanation drops down the scale of atomic weight, enormous energies are released, exceeding anything hitherto dreamed of. The gift that we should demand from the modern philosopher's stone is the key to the energy locked up in the atom. If we could command but a small part of that energy we should truly be able to transform the world.

The Man on the Stairs

By Mary Hastings

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



ALL my life I've looked under my bed, but I always did it just to relieve my mind by the assurance that there wasn't anyone there; the possibility of there being anyone there never entered my head. So I hadn't an iota of a vestige of an idea what to do in that terrible instant when I saw that some one *was* there. But a blessed instinct in me somewhere had the sense to pretend to be picking up a pin; then I straightened and moved mechanically over to the dressing-table.

There was just a chance he hadn't seen me see *him*. I had looked under from the foot, and the impression of that lightning second

of time was that he was facing the side, but I wasn't sure—I was sure only of a dark, huddled figure and two huge rubber sneakers. There was probably a pistol in his pocket and a sponge with chloroform.

I looked up and met my face staring back from the mirror, and it was the whitest, scariest face I shall ever see in this world, Johnny. And it had a right to be. For there I was alone in that flat at midnight—Grace gone to a reception—with not a soul in speaking distance and not a telephone at hand! I tell you it was the first time I ever wished I was married, but I wished it hard then. To whom? Oh, it was no time to be particular, Johnny—just a man, anyone to deal with that thing under the bed.



BEGAN RUSTLING THROUGH A PILE OF MAGAZINES AS IF I WERE GOING TO SETTLE DOWN AND READ A BIT

A little clinking noise caught my ears, and I noticed that I was foolishly opening and shutting the lid of my powder-box for a semblance of occupation. I snatched up a brush and attacked my hair furiously. I mustn't let him know I suspected. I opened drawers with a jerk and shut them with a bang, while I tried to concentrate my chaos of a mind on a plan of escape.

I'd taken off my dress, and to put it on again would excite suspicion. The door was 'way over on the other side of the room, right by the bed, and I had already shut and locked it for the night. While I was unlocking it that man might leap out at me!

And, anyway, I couldn't rush out into the street that way. My hair—no, it *wasn't* in curl papers, you wretch!—but it was flying like the Witch of Endor's. I finished braiding it with trembling fingers, and then crossed over to the closet door—feeling all the time those eyes on my slippers, watching every step!—and took down the gorgeous Japanese kimono that a cousin had sent from California and which I had contem-

plated using as an opera-cloak. A kimono was a disarmingly stay-at-home garment, I thought. Then I drew the big chair under the light and began rustling through a pile of magazines as if I were going to settle down and read a bit. I even tried to hum a careless tune, but not a sound could I produce. I was absolutely dumb—for once. I don't believe I could have screamed if a legion of husbands had been in the next room.

But I slapped down a magazine in disgust and marched to the door. I even tried to make my face look impatient and annoyed at not finding what I wanted, thinking perhaps that crouched thing could see my face. Oh, I'll never forget the suspense while I was unlocking the door. I was just a *hollow*, a dreadful, reverberating hollow in which something was thumping, thumping!

And then I was outside, with every inch of me yearning to scamper down the long hall as if the fiends were in pursuit. The click of the front door-latch under my shaking hands seemed as loud as a pistol shot,

and it was eternities before I was safely out in the big dark hall of the building.

The flat below was empty, I knew, and above were three young men, as yet unknown save for their names, which were posted over the bell. I frantically debated whether I should rush to them for help, on the chance of their being in, or out into the deserted street, and had just decided on the street when I heard one of the young men coming up and flashed on the lights.

"Oh, quick!" I gasped out to him. "Please be *quick*!"

Naturally he was amazed. He hadn't been prepared to see, at the turn, under the springing lights, a young woman with black braids streaming over a garish, cherry-colored wrap, stretching out an imploring hand and incoherently urging him to haste.

He stood staring—a nice, broad-shouldered fellow in a big overcoat, with very quick, smiling gray eyes. At least they began to smile in a minute. For I gave a dramatic gesture toward the door I'd left ajar, and, in a mysterious whisper, "I've got a man!" I breathed.

"Really?" I could swear his lips twitched.

"A burglar!" I got out at last.

"Oh!" He was sober enough now.

"Under the bed," I went on rapidly. "At least he was. I don't think he suspected I saw. And I'm all alone, and I haven't a 'phone, and I didn't know whether to go up to your flat or into the street."

"H'm. That's pretty bad."

I didn't want his sympathy—at any rate, not then. "Do something!" I besought desperately.

He contemplated the front door. "Is he a big fellow?"

"How should I know? He's under the bed. He has big feet, anyway. Haven't you a pistol?"

"You can't fire at a man under a bed without exposing yourself. It's a strategic position," argued the young man, with provoking placidity. "However, I have a gun." He drew it out with a deliberation that seemed characteristic, and stood looking at it as if he expected it to act for him. "Perhaps you'd better run for a policeman," he suggested.

"How can I?" My glance called his attention to my flame-colored magnificence. He regarded it, not unapprovingly, and then my scarlet face, and then—I didn't

mean to be such a fool, but, Johnny, I was so furious at his hesitation and so upset by the shock and all, that I could no more have kept from crying than a baby; the tears just jumped into my eyes and ran down my cheeks.

"I'm so frightened," I whispered idiotically—as if he couldn't see it clearly enough!

But it roused him. "Don't worry; I'll get him out for you," he told me, clapped his hat back on his head, gripped his revolver, and started in the door. "Leave it open," he said curtly, "and go off somewhere."

I was much too excited to go off anywhere; besides, I scorned to desert in any such cowardly fashion. So, trying to look unafraid, I tiptoed on behind, pointing out the door of my room. On the threshold my protector stopped, aimed his revolver sternly at my pink lace bedspread, and in grim tones commanded:

"Come out of this, you! The game's up. Hustle up, get out, and keep still."

The injunction to silence was obeyed. A breathless stillness prevailed.

"I mean what I say. You can't help yourself—I've got a gun here. You come out and come quick!"

Another pause, and then a grunting and a rumbling under the bed. I clutched my defender's arm as a brown bulk rolled out in sight and scrambled upright. Oh, John, you can't imagine what a surly, sullen, brutish face that burglar turned toward us! It was a foolish face, too, with its sheepish surprise and defeat, as he stood there with awkward dangling arms before the mouth of that revolver. His lips moved, but, "You keep still and march," said his captor. "Down the hall ahead of me, please, and go slowly. Don't move your hands! That's it—steady now."

In rhythmic procession they moved down the hall and out the door. What on earth the young man was going to do with him I don't know—he said afterward that he didn't either, unless he marched him through the streets until he found a policeman—but on the stairs there was a spring, a scramble, and a slam—the slam of the outside door—and then the vain commands of the young man.

He came back ruefully. "He got away," he said. "I didn't have the nerve to shoot the fellow from the back. He ducked into

an alley, and I didn't want to chase him and leave you. Are there any others about the premises?"

"Horrors! I hope not!" I exclaimed. That was a new and startling thought, and I took that young man and his revolver into every nook and cranny of that six-room flat. We peered under beds, we poked into wardrobes, we pried into corners—we even delved into the clothes-basket and hung over the dumb-waiter! The absurdity of it all never struck me till I caught myself solemnly opening the ice-box, and then a sudden gust of laughter made me cling weakly to it for support.

It wasn't hysterics; it was just humor, returning humor, and it seized my rescuer, too, for he laughed and laughed till I thought he would never leave off.

"It must seem funnier to you than to me," I gasped at last, dabbing at my eyes with my capacious sleeves.

"Well," he confessed, "I shouldn't wonder if it did."

"But it was simply dear of you," I as-

sured him, and I said a lot more that didn't half tell him how grateful I was, while he stoutly protested that it was nothing, nothing at all, as if extracting burglars from beneath beds was just a casual courtesy he was always glad to extend to strangers.

"And I don't even know which one of you I'm thanking," I remarked. "Whether you are Mr. Grey or Richards or Peters." In my heart I was hoping that he wasn't Peters. And he wasn't. He was Richards.

What difference does it make? If you don't see any there's no use in my wasting this choice narrative upon you. I don't know why I'm telling you, anyway.

Perhaps I'm not telling all? Well, just you wait!

We talked a while—I told him who I was and how Grace was away at a reception, and he said that he and Grey and Peters had noticed us as soon as we'd moved in and wondered how they could meet us; and then the clock struck half-past twelve, and



"OH, QUICK!" I GASPED OUT TO HIM. "PLEASE BE QUICK!"



YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT A SURLY, SULLEN, BRUTISH FACE THAT BURGLAR TURNED TOWARD US!

he jumped up and said he mustn't intrude longer.

As if it were an intrusion to save your life!

And I couldn't bear the thought of being alone in that flat. The burglar was probably lurking outside ready to clamber in some window again, so I said that Grace would be home soon and would he mind waiting till then?

He didn't look as if he minded very much, and—we were still standing by the ice-box—it occurred to me that we both needed sustenance after our thrilling adventure. So we carried some chicken and fruit and cake into the dining-room, and I started the coffee-machine, and in ten minutes we were sitting down like old chums to a midnight repast—a more than midnight repast, if you insist.

Of course I believe in adventures—haven't I been having them ever since I first discovered the world outside my nursery door?—but never had I known such an

adventure as this. We were both so excited that we laughed and talked like we'd known each other all our lives. But it was much nicer not to have known each other all our lives.

That's just the trouble with you, John; I remember just how you howled with the measles, and how you like your steak and loathe purple, and I know you know all about me and all my anecdotes and heart histories—there is no undiscovered territory with you.

But here there was. That man had been everywhere, and he could talk about it, too, in a quaint, droll way. It hadn't all been happy times, though, I surmised, for his face was rather grim when he wasn't smiling, but his smile was simply jolly. And then, just in the midst of it, came the sound of an opening door.

"It's Grace," I said, and it was. But it was also Aunt Isabel.

Why Grace had been moved to bring

Aunt Isabel home with her, I could not, at that moment, stop to inquire. Afterward Grace disclaimed any responsibility. It had been Aunt Isabel's suggestion.

As she stood there in the doorway, tall and imposing in her velvet and furs, I felt my cheeks flame to the hue of my unlucky kimono, every separate hair of my braid seemed to tingle before her horrified stare, and I was wretchedly conscious that here, in the early morning hours, in shameless, flaunting garb, I sat participating with a young and handsome man in what, from her eye, I gathered appeared to her an orgy. Behind her, eclipsed by her magnificence, hung Grace's face, a pallid reflection of dismay.

The young man rose. So did I.

"Aunt Isabel!" I said in a sickly voice. "How very nice. I was waiting to—let me introduce Mr. Richards."

It was a cheerless ceremony, John. *You* know Aunt Isabel. Her breath was beginning to return, and I rushed on with a scattering explanation.

"We've had a burglar—at least I had, under the bed; and I got Mr. Richards to get him out!"

"Humph." My announcement appeared to fall flat. Plainly a burglar was as nothing compared to the shock of this revelry of mine. I babbled on unhappily.

"Really it was dreadful! I don't know what I'd have done if Mr. Richards hadn't come then, and I just made him wait till Grace came, I was so nervous——"

Aunt Isabel's eye wandered from the steaming coffee-urn to the remains of the repast wherein my nervousness had found succor. And then I caught Mr. Richards's glance, and suddenly, and unfortunately, we both laughed.

"Don't look so shocked, Miss Dane," he said, in his pleasant, humorous voice. "Miss Brown doesn't have a burglar every evening."

Aunt Isabel's face conveyed the impression that she doubted it.

However, Grace had at last awakened to the realization of the burglar, and she insisted excitedly on the facts with details and repetition and joined me in parting protestations of gratitude to my protector. But she made one speech too many.

"It's such a droll way to have met you, Mr. Richards. Wasn't it, Molly?"

"Have you never, Mary"—Aunt Isabel does not say Molly—"have you never met this—this Mr. Richards properly hithertofore?"

There's something dreadfully impressive about that word hithertofore, John. Why couldn't she have said before? Mr. Rich-



SITTING DOWN LIKE OLD CHUMS TO A MIDNIGHT REPAST

The Choice

ards's eyes met mine, brimming with such comic despair that I laughed recklessly.

"I'm afraid I haven't met him properly now, Aunt Isabel!"

I went to the door with him.

"I've let you in for an awful lot," he apologized.

"As if it wasn't I who let you in for it!"

We both laughed and then grew sober, and then—he told me it had been the happiest evening of his life!

Sudden? Of course it was! That's why I'm mentioning it. It shows his caliber. Anybody could have said the usual thank-you-and-good-night-and-hope-I-see-you-again kind, but he just gripped my hand in a quick, boyish way and blurted it out. "I won't forget it," he said.

What did I say? Well, I said I wouldn't forget it, either. And I'm not likely to.

Then I went in to Aunt Isabel. And I won't forget that, either! I fear me that never, in her heart of hearts, will she believe in the burglar.

Grace was excited, too, because now we'd met the men up-stairs, one of them at least, and she hoped he'd have wisdom enough to bring one of the others when he came to call. I hoped so, too.

But he didn't. He didn't even come himself, though I waited. And, oh, Johnny, I've met the men up-stairs—Peters and Grey and Richards—and he isn't any of them!

Who is he? You know just as much as I do, every bit! The confederate of the burglar under the bed, I suppose, waiting outside.

Isn't it dreadful to think of? He was such a nice boy, Johnny! But isn't it funny, too? No wonder he laughed. The very funniest of all must have been the bed burglar's feelings when he heard his pal ordering him out!

You can call it a sell if you wish, my dear, yet it's just

a bit of a compliment, too, isn't it?
Only *don't* tell Aunt Isabel!



"IT'S GRACE," I SAID, AND IT WAS.
BUT IT WAS ALSO AUNT ISABEL

The Choice

By Beth Slater Whitson

LORD, I would choose the crowded way
Where souls are tried, the strain and strife
With grim Temptation day by day—
Would know the heights and depths of life.
I would not ask a sheltered place,
A fireside and a cradle song,
Lest, having "all in all," I might
Forget the great, heart-broken throng.

The Lumberjack

By Will Kirk

I

SLUSHY spring had arrived in northern Wisconsin, and like schoolboys tumbling out for recess the lumberjacks were leaving the pinneries to mobilize for a six-day carouse in the thriving city of Chippewa Falls.

Behind a bar that was fairly groaning with bad things to drink stood Mr. Ole Skamfar, the proprietor of the Normanna House. It had been a long, cold winter, with frequent blizzards and even more frequent visits from the merciless brewery collector; but now the fetters of the Storm King had been broken, spring was tripping over the lea with a garland of flowers in either hand, and Mr. Skamfar, bar-towel in hand, was on the assignment.

Set well apart in the beery face of this notable Scandinavian, two little gray eyes danced and twinkled piggishly. He had become a landlord quite by chance, after many years of swamping in the pine forests farther north. Indeed, so long a term had he served as a swamper that his hands had become like the iron hooks he had so often caught into a logging-chain—hooks that seldom, if ever, released their hold on anything.

"Yu bet Ay a'n't always ban having dis soft snap," he was frequently heard to say. "Sax years ago Ay com' down from Soo Yunction vith Omaha road, and Ay a'n't got over hundred and sixteen dollars. Ay ban stopping in dis Normanna House, and Ay see fine chance for making gude, nice roll of panga. So Ay go to Maester Hanson, logging contractor, and Ay say, 'Eric, ef Ay have sax hundred dollars from yu Ay skol run dis Normanna House and mak' planty dough.' Hanson say, 'Sure, Ole,' and stake me for dis sax hundred dollars. Yu bet he knew!"

In a far corner of the Normanna House

barroom, Master Tommy Cook was playing solitaire. An able citizen, this Tommy, with the keen gray eyes and the long white fingers of an artist. Always he watched the front door of Mr. Skamfar's tavern, longing, apparently, for the advance-guard of the lumberjack army soon to strike the town. Hannibal outside the walls of Rome, waiting for the letter from Carthage that never came; Horatius waiting for the bridge to fall into the Tiber; Napoleon waiting at Waterloo for his reinforcements—none of these worthy gentlemen had anything on Master Tommy Cook, the noblest waiter of them all.

"Val, Tommy," chirped Mr. Skamfar, polishing for perhaps the fiftieth time his near-mahogany bar, "Ay s'pose after little v'ile dese camels ban coming. Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" echoed Tommy, as in duty bound.

"Tommy," said Mr. Skamfar, taking a temperate chew of copenhagen snuff and beckoning the pale-faced gambler to the bar, "ve ought to having fine game har today. Ay got four yolly geezers coming on next train fro' Abbotsford, v'ich ought to ban easy meat for yu. Ef yu play dese har cards lak last year, yu skol nail anyhow t'ousand dollars, and Ay skol split vith yu, five hundred for yu, five hundred for me. Yu bet Ay ban gude, square sport."

Master Tommy Cook nodded assent to Ole's last statement, though his eyes seemed to be interposing a general denial.

"Where's Swenson?" he queried.

"He yust com' har dis morning," returned Mr. Skamfar. "Ay a'n't know yust v'at to mak' of dis Swenson faller. Last year, v'en he com' har after camp break op, he ban yolliest faller in whole bunch, and best drenker, tu. Now he a'n't hardly taking a drenk at all," concluded Mr. Skamfar, with a profound, snuff-scented sigh.

"Keep him out of the game," said Master Tommy Cook.

"Sure," said Mr. Ole Skamfar.

"He knows too much," said Master Tommy Cook.

"Yu bet he du!" assented Mr. Ole Skamfar. "V'at yu tenk, Tommy? Dis faller ban poetry-maker. Ay s'pose yu tenk Ay ban yoshing yu, but Ay ban tal yu gospel truth. Dis Swenson ban poetry-maker."

"Swenson?"

"Sure, Tommy. Ay s'pose yu know some poetry-makers?"

Tommy pondered. "I got a cousin that can recite 'The Face on the Barroom Floor' and 'Ostler Joe.' That 'Ostler Joe' is a great poem. It tells all about a fellow that had his wife stolen away and goes back to get her when she gets the throw-down from the thief. It starts out great, like this,

"I stood at eve, when the sun went down,
Near a grave where a woman lies
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes."

"By yiminy!" exclaimed Mr. Skamfar, "dat ban yust lak yu and yure vife."

"Don't!" said Master Tommy Cook. His eyes, ordinarily big and round and watchful, became queer gray slits.

Mine Host Skamfar understood, and changed the subject. "Ay find dis har poetry in Maester Swenson's overcoat," he asserted with the bland innocence of a man that never dived into a pocket for anything except rhymes. "Yu see, Tommy, Ay know someteng 'bout Swenson. He ban married in Stockholm to purty gude svell lady, and ban coming over har to mak' planty dough so he can breng her and little boy Olaf to Union States. Sax weeks ago he get letter from Sveden v'ich tal him little Olaf ban dead and his vife ban skipping out from her home vith faller from Christiania, Norwegian faller. Swenson tal me all dis v'en he ban drunk—he ban drunk sax days after he find out 'bout vife and little Olaf. Har ban dis poetry:

"Peek-a-boo!" say little Olaf,
'Yu can't find me, Ay ban hid';
Den Ay used to look all over
For my little blue-eyed kid.
Op in attic, down in cellar,
Back of chairs on parlor floor;
Den he used to laugh and tal me,
'Ay ban back of kitchen door.'

"Peek-a-boo!" he used to tal me,
'Shut yure eyes and don't yu peek!'
Den Ay feel his arms around me
And his kisses on my cheek.

'Now Ay'm hiding, Dad!' he tal me,
'Maybe ef yu look some more
Yu skol find yure little Olaf—
Ay ban back of kitchen door.'

"Peek-a-boo!" Ay hear him calling
Lak he called long years ago.
Var ban little Olaf hiding?
Maybe anyel fallers know.
T'ousand times Ay look to catch him
Hiding back of kitchen door,
But Ay only see some shadows—
Ay can't find him any more."

II

In the dingy little back room of the Nornanna House four lumberjacks were being fleeced at stud-poker. Master Tommy Cook, with a green visor shading his pale face, was winning steadily and drinking nothing except water, after the manner of his kind. His four dupes were losing steadily and drinking everything except water, after the manner of true vikings.

Swenson, with his six feet three against the grimy wall, was watching the game. Now and then an importunate comrade would beseech him to "tak' jyst a few stacks," but he remained a spectator, much to the discomfiture of Master Tommy Cook, whose long and varied experience had taught him the difference between a casual onlooker and a lookout.

It chanced that a certain play came off while Master Tommy had the deal, and it chanced, further, that the huge hand of Swen Swenson twisted the wrist of Master Tommy so that a king belonging on the bottom of the deck fell from his numb fingers.

"Yu cheat!" came from the lumberjack. "Com' in front and talk vith Skamfar!"

Master Tommy Cook followed his leader, because the lumberjack was a blond giant and Master Tommy was small and slim and pale, and the blond giant's fingers felt like bones. Out to the bar they marched, leaving four Scandinavian sots around the beer-stained table.

"Ole," said the lumberjack, "dese fallers in back room a'n't ban paying for poker chips."

"Yu bet not!" agreed Mr. Skamfar. "Ay got all deir panga in my safe."

"Yerk it out!" said Swenson. "Now!" Mr. Skamfar took four buckskin bags from the till.

Mr. Swenson favored Master Tommy

Cook with a long, thoughtful survey, and then released the gamester's arm. "Tommy," he said, "Ay don't believe yu always ban bad faller. Give dese fallers deir panga. Ay skol vait har for yu."

Master Tommy Cook, somewhat puzzled and very much abashed, fulfilled his mission without a word of dissent. He didn't know why he did it, except that a viking had spoken. He returned to hear Ole Skamfar berating Swenson in the bitterest Scandinavian terms.

"Yu ban fine skunk!" hissed Mr. Skamfar. "V'y, yu ban so mean yure vife ban leaving yu! Yu ban writing poetry 'bout yure little Olaf. Yure little Olaf! How ban yu sure it ban yure little Olaf?"

Swenson, the lumberjack, became very pale, but retained that admirable poise for which there is no particular name. A dramatic critic might style it reserve, a gambler might call it "having an ace in the hole."

"Skamfar," said the lumberjack, "please jump over bar, or com' round!"

"No, t'ank yu, Swenson; Ay skol stand just var Ay ban standing now!"

A half-empty beer-glass was standing at Swenson's right. Its stale contents reached the fat features of Mine Host Skamfar in the nearest fraction of a jiffy, and the glass, a close second, wrought havoc with the Scandinavian's snuff-stained lips.

With the bellow of a berserker, Ole Skamfar scaled the bar and joined issue with his taller countryman, the lumberjack. A notable encounter was this, with none of the restraining rules that create gentlemen pugilists and thirty-thousand-dollar purses. The burly proprietor of the lodging-house, though a trifle over weight, had lost but little of the strength and endurance of his pinery days, and his subsequent tavern trials and tribulations had taught him the bar-room tricks of a bouncer. But with all his brute strength and brute tactics he was no fit sparring partner for the blond viking against whom he sought to just. With left jabs that cut like brass knuckles and right hooks that jarred and numbed, the lumberjack drove his hapless landlord around the room, while Master Tommy Cook, startled by the suddenness of it all, followed the two gladiators with the shift

eyes of a professional referee; and almost before he knew it, he beheld Mr. Skamfar retreating in good order and bad condition to his stand behind the bar, leaving the victorious Mr. Swenson monarch of all he surveyed, including a set of badly skinned knuckles.

"Ay a'n't got no hard feelings 'gainst any better man," came from the puffed lips of Skamfar. "Shake hands, Swenson, and have little drenk. Ay ban gude and sorry for v'at Ay say 'bout yure vife, and 'bout Tommy's vife, tu."

He extended his left hand to the lumberjack, his right groping behind the bar, and then—

"You dirty Swede rat!" came from Master Tommy Cook.

Gamblers think quickly, and lumberjacks don't, and perhaps that is why a slim little chap started over the bar just in time to meet a murderous cudgel, and perhaps that is why Master Tommy Cook, the card-player, crumpled up on the floor. Perhaps, too, the fist of Mr. Swenson was again wielded with unnecessary force and brutality on the never handsome features of Mr. Skamfar, but that is neither here nor there, because the next afternoon somebody was dying at St. Joseph's Hospital, and his face was paler than ever before.

"I had a wife, too," he was telling Swenson. "She left me like yours—you know—Swenson—it's hell to lose—you know. That's why I became a cheat—everybody cheated me—you know, Swenson. Recite that poem—of yours—Swenson—just the last part—I ain't got time for it all. It's your deal, Swenson."

Swenson looked on the gray face of the old young man before him. "Listen, Tommy," he said.

"Peek-a-boo!" Ay hear him calling
Lak he called long years ago.

Var ban little Olaf hiding?

Maybe anyel fallers know.

T'ousand times Ay look to catch him

Hiding back of kitchen door,

But Ay only see some shadows—

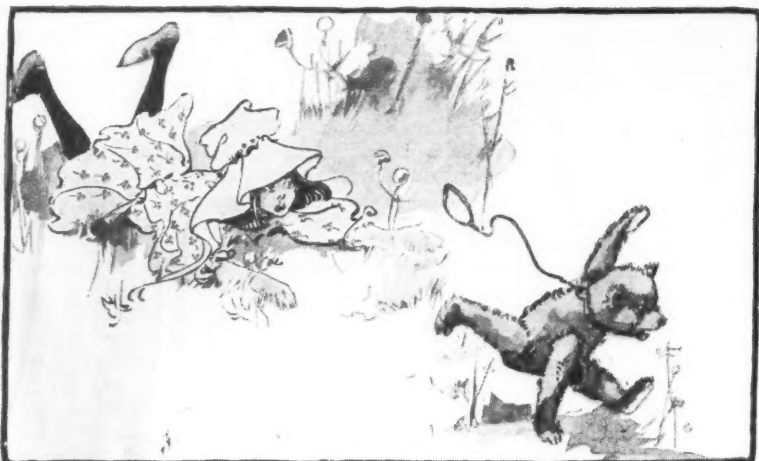
Ay can't find him any more."

"That's what I call poetry—poetry," whispered Master Tommy Cook. "That part—about the shadows—the shadows—your hand, Swenson!"



Stirring Adventures of a Toy Bear

By Frank VerBeck



I

This little girl fell down one day,
Her wicked toy bear ran away.



II

I think it's always very sad
To see what happens to the bad.



III

I'm awful glad I wasn't there
When Teddy met that big black bear.



IV

He wished he'd stayed at home, I bet,
When he saw that stick and heard that threat.



V

Oh, Gee! I'm glad I'm not that child.
She surely does look scared and wild!



VI

So after all 'twas just a joke,
And bears are really kindly folk.

(The artist says the big bear was just fooling. He only wanted the little girl brought before him so he could have the opportunity of expressing his appreciation of the kind treatment children are now giving these nature-faked, sawdust-stuffed, ball-bearing, shoe-button-eyed little bears.)

The Long Arm of Mannister

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

VII. The Regeneration of Jacobs

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Long Arm of Mannister" stories are connected through a main idea which may be briefly explained to the reader. Mannister is the victim of a band of conspirators, who have sought to bring about his ruin. Undaunted by the great odds against him, Mannister sets out to overcome his enemies. Circumstances are such that he is obliged to map out an entirely different plan of procedure against each of the conspirators. In doing this he shows himself a man of wonderful ingenuity and resource. The quest takes him to many parts of the world, and causes him to meet with some remarkable and exciting adventures.

VEN Luigi paused before their table on his way down the room, and looked from one to the other in some surprise. "You are not very well this evening, Mr. Hambledon," he said. "I am very sorry. And Mr. Jacobs, too. He is very thin. You must come here to dine more often. It is the grippe, yes! All my customers have the grippe. Soon there will be no one at all who comes to eat."

The maitre d'hôtel passed on to greet some newly arriving guests, and Hambledon and Jacobs exchanged quick glances.

"Do I really look bad, Hambledon?" Jacobs asked.

"Rotten!" Hambledon declared. "You look scared to death."

"And I'll wager you've lost fifteen pounds the last few months," Jacobs declared, a little viciously. "I never saw a man gone off so."

Hambledon's white fingers trembled a little as he clutched his wine-glass. "Isn't it enough to shatter a man's nerves?" he asked hoarsely, "this cursed waiting for something, and all the time we don't know what? Here's Sophy coming. Darned if she hasn't got more pluck than any of us!"

Sophy de la Mere swept into the room, followed by a couple of her youthful adorers. She was carrying a tiny little dog, and wearing a new and wonderful hat.

She stopped to shake hands with the two men, and looked from one to the other a little scornfully.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Nerves gone wrong?"

Hambledon shrugged his shoulders. "We haven't all your pluck," he confessed. "You've heard about Stevens?"

She nodded, and her face for a moment was grave. "Yes," she answered. "It's a hideous thing to think of, and I am not going to spoil my dinner by talking about it. I always said that Colin would come to grief, you know, with some of those foreign women. He is altogether too fond of intrigue."

The two men exchanged glances. Perhaps she had not heard.

"Do you know whose hand was back of it?" Hambledon whispered. "Do you know who was this Madame de Modina's companion the night she did it—who reserved the table next to Stevens's, and took her there?"

Sophy de la Mere shook her head. "You do not mean——?" she gasped, with sudden apprehension.

"It was Mannister," Hambledon declared. "It was he who stood in the background and pulled the strings."

For a moment she was paler. Then she laughed a little unnaturally. "That leaves only us three, then," she declared. "Upon my word, it is getting a little uncanny." She spoke bravely enough, but even she shivered when Mannister bowed before her.

"Is this a conspiracy of three?" he asked, smiling genially at them. "You seem to be discussing some awful deed."

Hambledon sat down heavily in his seat, and little Jacobs clutched at the table-cloth, but Sophy de la Mere, after her first start, faced him bravely enough.

"I have just been told about poor Colin," she said. "It was rather a shock to me."

Mannister shrugged his shoulders. "It was a most unfortunate occurrence," he said, "but better men than he have suffered for making love to two women at the same time. One must pay for one's luxuries, you know. You agree with me, don't you, Hambledon?"

"One always has to pay, of course," Hambledon muttered, "but it was a great price. They say he is blinded for life, and that he has sworn never to be seen on the streets."

"The streets will be the purer then," Mannister answered calmly. "I am afraid that I am not a sentimentalist. I have yet to find the man or the woman who knew Colin Stevens and was not the worse for it."

Sophy de la Mere patted her dog's head for a moment, and looked absently up the room to where her two admirers were sitting. "Justice," she said, "is sometimes cruel, and justice seems to have been rather busy among us lately, Mr. Mannister. Let me see. There is Colin Stevens, blind and disfigured for life. Polsover, disgraced and exiled. Traske, robbed of an heiress and a chance of reformation, cleaning boots at a Toronto railway station. Then there is John Dykes, degenerated into a burglar and dead—temporary insanity, the jury said, but it was very nearly deliberate suicide. Sinclair is gone, God knows where. Rundermere is starving at a gambling-hell in Cairo. Justice indeed seems to have been rather busy among our friends just lately—or should you call it retribution?"

Mannister smiled thoughtfully. "We have been very unfortunate," he remarked. "Still, you and our friends, Hambledon and Jacobs here, remain."

Sophy de la Mere looked him squarely in the face. "For how long?" she asked. "Whose turn is it next?"

Mannister sighed. "My difficulties," he murmured, "are enough, without adding to them by putting you on your guard."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well,"

she said, "I am ready to take my chance. Luck has gone your way so far, but it may change. I am not going to spoil my dinner by wondering what is going to happen to me before to-morrow evening."

She nodded, and swept up the room. Mannister looked after her admiringly.

"A wonderful woman, that," he murmured. "By the bye, what became of that little affair of hers with some young man?"

"His guardian warned him off," Hambledon answered. "Are you going to dine with us, Mannister? We've only just begun."

"I shall be delighted," Mannister answered. "To tell you the truth, I am glad to have the opportunity of a chat. You see," he added, studying the menu, "the well of my imagination is running dry. As I remarked a short time ago, there are you two left and Sophy. Take your case, Hambledon. Upon my word, I cannot imagine what unexpected avalanche of trouble would crush you most gracefully. Or you, Jacobs," he continued. "You have not much money, you have no character, and little position. I know of no one of whom you are fond except yourself, and nothing which you care for except the acquisition of money, in which, by the bye, you have not been overfortunate. You two present difficult cases."

"Then for heaven's sake let us alone!" Jacobs exclaimed. "You've scared us nearly out of our wits. Be satisfied with that. As for my share of your beastly trust money, I lost it long ago. The whole thing did me no good."

"The money," Mannister declared, having composed the menu to his liking, and scribbling his order with a heavy gold pencil, "was of no great importance; but there were other things, my friends, to be taken into account. By the bye, this is excellent caviar. Did you try it, you fellows?"

"No," Hambledon answered gruffly. "We're not taking caviar at five shillings a time. Things are none too good in the city."

"They will be worse to-morrow," Mannister remarked equably. "There is a great slump on the American Stock Exchange. I met a man outside who had just received a cable."

Jacobs sighed a little wearily. "Well," he said, "we can't stand many more of them, that's a fact."

"The Stock Exchange," Mannister remarked, sipping his wine with the air of a satisfied connoisseur, "is an extraordinary institution. You two are always grumbling, yet I understand that you both make a fair living at it. You," he added, turning to Jacobs, "have had, I understand, only four years at it. For such a short time I should say that you have been moderately successful."

"It depends upon what you call success," Jacobs answered. "What satisfies some men would not satisfy me. To get on quickly, one must save money every week, every month."

"Naturally," Mannister assented; "yet think how much better your position is than, say, a clerk's in a warehouse or drapery establishment. He has neither the chance to make money nor to save it. You, on the other hand, have both, and if you chance to lose it, it is other people's and not your own."

"There is something in that," Jacobs admitted, with a grin, "but you don't get many chances with other people's money. Once bit, twice shy, you know."

Mannister nodded.

"Were you thinking," he asked, as their dinner drew toward a close, "of going anywhere this evening?"

"I am off home," Hambledon answered. "My train leaves in half an hour."

"I thought of turning in at a music-hall," Jacobs declared. "That's the only thing to do at this hour of the evening."

"I am glad," Mannister said, "that you have no serious engagements. I should like to take you for a short drive."

Jacobs shrank a little back in his chair, and looked at Mannister in alarm. Somehow or other his words seemed prophetic. Hambledon leaned forward.

"My train," he remarked, "goes at nine forty."

"You will have to leave very soon, then," Mannister replied, "or you will miss it."

Hambledon drew a little sigh of relief. At any rate this was a respite for him. Then he looked curiously at Jacobs, who seemed somehow to have grown smaller in his chair.

"A drive?" faltered Jacobs. "But it is a wet night, quite wet out, I believe."

"My carriage is a closed one," Mannister remarked pleasantly. "If you must go, Hambledon, good night. Don't bother about the bill. It's my turn to-night."

Hambledon, with a moment's regret for the caviar, rose to go. Jacobs watched him with eyes that were full of dumb appeal.

"Stay till the next train, Hambledon," he said. "Let's have another bottle here before we go out."

Mannister shook his head. "No," he said. "Hambledon is a family man, and must keep his engagements. You and I will just take a liqueur, Jacobs, and then we will go for our little drive."

Jacobs made an effort to assert himself, but he spoke feebly and without conviction. "I am not your slave, Mr. Mannister," he said. "I do not want to go for a drive. I have an engagement for this evening."

Mannister, who was sipping his liqueur, ignored his words absolutely. He called for the bill and paid it. "If you are quite ready," he said to Jacobs politely.

"I am ready to leave," Jacobs answered, rising, "but I am going to the Alhambra. I promised to meet a client of mine in the promenade."

"As you like," Mannister answered carelessly, "but I will drive you there. Won't you light another cigar before we go?"

They made their way outside, and the commissionaire called up Mannister's electric brougham. Even then Jacobs hesitated upon the pavement. He was more than half inclined to make a bolt for it.

"I think if you don't mind I'll walk," he said. "I have had no exercise to-day, and it is a fine evening."

Mannister's hand grew a little heavier upon his shoulder, and Jacobs found himself without alternative, and entered the carriage. Mannister spoke a few words to the driver before entering. The carriage glided off cityward.

"This is not the way to the Alhambra," Jacobs protested.

"It is not," Mannister admitted. "The fact is, we are going to pay a little call first."

Jacobs made a sudden spring toward the door, but Mannister was too quick for him.

"Sit still," he commanded, in an altered tone. "If you try to escape it will only be the worse for you."

"I want to know at any rate where we are going," Jacobs protested doggedly.

"You will find out very soon," Mannister answered. "You are going to call on an old friend. You need not be alarmed. I will undertake that you receive a hearty welcome."

The Regeneration of Jacobs

"An old friend?" Jacobs repeated incredulously.

"Certainly," Mannister answered. "I can assure you that he is looking forward very much to renewing his acquaintance with you."

Jacobs for the time asked no more questions. He looked longingly out of the windows of the carriage, but he made no movement to escape. In his heart he knew very well that it was useless. They passed through the broader thoroughfares of the city, now almost deserted, and continued until they reached Bethnal Green Road. Suddenly the carriage slowed up and came to a smooth stop. Mannister opened the door, and putting his arm through his companion's, invited him to descend.

"Where on earth are we going to here?" Jacobs asked, as they stepped onto the pavement.

In front of them was a shop with plate-glass windows, filled with dummies in boys' clothing, and all the other paraphernalia of a ready-made tailoring establishment. The place was closed, and shutters had been drawn over the entrance, but Mannister led the way to a side entrance, and knocked softly at the door. Jacobs looked about him in bewilderment. Suddenly his eyes caught the name stretched across the front of the shop in great gilt letters, and his knees seemed to give way beneath him. But for Mannister's arm he would have fallen.

"No!" he cried, trying to draw back, "I will not go in here. Let me alone."

The door was suddenly opened, and before he realized it Jacobs found himself inside, with the door fast closed behind them. They were in almost complete darkness until the man who had admitted them struck a light. His features were indiscernible. They could see only his broad back as he led the way.

"Come into the office," he said, and once more the knees of the young man whom Mannister was half dragging along seemed to give way beneath him. They went along a small passage, where the atmosphere was heavy with the odor of piled-up cloth, and into a smaller room, where there was a sudden glare of light. Then the man who had been their guide wheeled round. Jacobs, whom Mannister's arm no longer supported, staggered back against the wall, and stood there with ashen face and disordered eyes.

"So it is you!" the man began. "You scamp! You hound!"

No one answered. Mannister, lounging easily against the mahogany counter on one side of the room, glanced from one to the other of the two remaining figures in the little tableau. The man who had admitted them, tall and powerful, with curly black hair and hooked nose, was glaring at Jacobs as though only waiting to recover his breath before he rushed upon him. Jacobs, speechless and terrified, was gazing toward him with fascinated eyes, a hopeless, nerveless being. It was Mannister who spoke first.

"I think, my dear Jacobs," he said, "I mentioned that we were going to call on an old friend of yours. I can see that you recognize Mr. Goldberg, and I am sure that Mr. Goldberg has not forgotten you. I fear that there are several little matters between you two which should have been adjusted before. Perhaps you may find this opportunity a convenient one for discussing them."

"There is nothing to discuss," Jacobs faltered, with white lips. "I do not know this man. It is a mistake."

Goldberg stepped forward with an oath. Mannister held out his hand.

"Permit me," he said, "to remind our young friend here of the circumstances, which certainly do require a little explanation from him. Nine years ago, I think it was, our young friend here entered Mr. Goldberg's employ as errand-boy, or in some similar capacity. Our young friend was industrious, and his position improved. Five years ago you were, I believe," he remarked, turning to Jacobs, "appointed cashier of the firm, and also your proposal of marriage to Mr. Goldberg's daughter was accepted. A very excellent position, I am sure. It is a pity that those city friends of yours should have turned your head and made you dissatisfied with such suitable and I am sure pleasant surroundings."

"We have had enough talking," Goldberg interrupted. "It is my turn, and I have some things to say."

Mannister stretched out his hand. "The evening is young, my dear Mr. Goldberg," he said, "and our young friend's memory is bad. Let me remind him of the rest. Let me remind him of that morning when he disappeared, taking with him two hundred and eighty-seven pounds, fifteen shillings, and leaving behind a small but rising ready-made



JACOBS CLUNG TO MANNISTER'S ARM. "I WILL NOT BE LEFT HERE
ALONE WITH HIM," HE CRIED OUT

The Greater Resurrection

clothing business without a cashier, and also, I fear, a very disconsolate young lady. It was an ungallant thing to do, Mr. Jacobs, very ungallant. Did you think that a simple change of name and a clean-shaven face were sufficient to keep this past buried forever?"

"Oh, but he has been cunning!" Goldberg declared, moving a little forward, and keeping his black eyes still fixed upon his victim. "He has kept very far away from all the places where he could meet me or any of my friends. Once he was a devout Jew, and he went always to synagogue. When he was engaged to my daughter he was pious all the time. And now he makes moneys at the Stock Exchange, and my daughter is not good enough for him. What about that two hundred and eighty-seven pounds, fifteen shillings, eh?"

"You shall have your money," Jacobs said falteringly. "I meant to pay you back. It was only a loan."

"You meant to pay me back!" Goldberg repeated, with a gleam of his white teeth. "When, I wonder? Not till you were caught! I think that if this gentleman had not come and asked me a few questions about a cashier named Aaron Levinstein I should never have seen you again, Aaron, you or that money."

Mannister lit another cigarette and took up his hat. "I think," he said, "that I will leave you two to settle your differences. I have no doubt but that you will be able to arrive at a reasonable solution."

Goldberg, with an ugly smile, stretched out his hand, and took from the mantelpiece by his side a short whip. Jacobs clung to Mannister's arm.

"I will not be left here alone with him," he cried out. "He will murder me. Mannister, do you hear? I will pay him the money, but I will not be left alone with him."

Mannister thrust him back, and paused with his hand upon the door. "My young friend," he said, "you will pay him back the money, but you will also receive from the hands of Mr. Goldberg the thrashing you deserve, and you will marry his daughter, or else you will go to prison. Good night!"

Mannister closed the door behind him and walked down the passage. As he struck a match to let himself out, he heard a shrill cry of pain from the room which he had left. Outside on the pavement he drew a paper and pencil from his pocket, and deliberately drew a thick black line through one of the last three names on the list.



The Greater Resurrection

By James Leroy Stockton

FROM day to day impassive fates unroll
The things we see and dimly comprehend;
But death's own secret all the years defend—
Shall ever potter mend the broken bowl?

Perchance from it the earth must claim her dole.
Yet, oh, might we, when thus our thoughts attend,
Forget the body, praying God to send
The greater resurrection of the soul!

Soul cannot die? Its essence is divine?
Soul cannot die, but it afar can fare,
And drink the drink and eat the food of swine.

Then must it learn to see itself and quail.
Then must it break its heart in utter prayer
For that rebirth which only can avail.



THE past few months have brought in more letters than ever in appreciation of the COSMOPOLITAN. We were glad to get them, as they helped greatly to confirm our opinion that the magazine is getting better and more humanly interesting every month. We wish more of our readers would tell us what they like most in our issues and also what they *don't* like. A good call-down is as beneficial as praise, and really we are the more anxious to know what our friends have to find fault with. What to keep out of the magazine is a more troublesome question than what to put into it.

Some one told us that our serial, "The Kingdom of Earth," would not make a hit because it was not a story of American life. We saw the point, but the manuscript had already been read with breathless interest by many people. So we decided to take the risk.

Here is a letter from Kansas City, where they are as "American" as can be:

The writer presumes this is only one of many requests that you are constantly receiving for advance sheets of the serial, "The Kingdom of Earth," running at this time in your magazine. Would you favor a reader, intensely interested in this narrative, with these? If you can grant this request, I would greatly appreciate the courtesy. I take this occasion to congratulate you on the splendid showing of your magazine during the past six months. It easily leads them all.

Sincerely yours,

H. W. K.

And here is another from the heart of Yankeeland:

I have been a subscriber to the COSMOPOLITAN for a good while, and I want to ask a great favor. Would you be willing to tell me when the story,

"The Kingdom of Earth," ends? In what number of the current year, I mean. It is a very thrilling story, and if you will tell me I can decide whether our Reading Circle of ladies, which meets every week, can begin to read it. Hoping I am not encroaching too much on your time, I am,

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) J. C. G.

Wickford, R. I.

James J. Montague's poems have been a distinctive feature of the COSMOPOLITAN for some time. They never fail of appreciation, for their appeal is universal. A native of India has just written Mr. Montague from Calcutta:

These lines are from an admirer of your poems, who simply wishes to convey to you his appreciation of your productions. Your little poems on child life have a gentle pathos of their own and appear to me to have a warmth and charm that bears a great contrast to the affected poems of the present generation. I have read some of them in the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE and would like to know if you have published any in book form, and if so, where the latter is available. I am,

Yours truly,

A. C.

It is too early at this writing to print any opinions of the beautiful April issue, but the following is typical of what our readers are telling us of the March number:

I was much struck with your last splendid number of the COSMOPOLITAN and heartily congratulate you on such an excellent production. The article on the Fleet, with its story of Monssen's heroism, to my mind ranks coequal with the inspiring tales of William Tell and Llewellyn, and ought to be printed in every child's reader.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. B.

New York City.

We are planning some new features of a most original nature. The increased price of the magazine—although the yearly subscription remains for the present at \$1—makes it necessary for the COSMOPOLITAN of 1908 to beat all former good records. We take pleasure in calling your attention to the important matter described below.

The Owners of America

WHO ARE THEY? Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has prepared for the COSMOPOLITAN a series of extraordinary interest. He has picked out a few men who, from their influence in the world of finance, may rightly be called the "Owners of America." We are not telling who they are. The names of some of them will come as a genuine surprise. But Mr. Lewis knows his ground. He has long been a close student of business affairs, and a most thorough one. This will be acknowledged before many of the "Owners of America" articles have been printed. One thing has struck the editors particularly in reading Mr. Lewis's manuscripts. He has taken a group of men and shown how every one of them has risen to great power—to practical ownership of this country. One man may get rich in one way, another through the exercise of qualities that are exactly the opposite of those possessed by the first. Herein lies the distinctive value of Mr. Lewis's work. A great deal has been written about the acquisition of wealth, but here is a new and most instructive way of looking at the matter—the purely personal side. Mr. Lewis's keen insight into character has made him one of the most popular and powerful writers of the day. His articles will, we think, prove the most interesting ever published in the COSMOPOLITAN. The first one, copiously illustrated, opens the new volume in the June issue. It describes the chief "Owner of America." When you have read this you will wait impatiently for the others, or perhaps, like our correspondent, ask for advance sheets.

The June Cosmopolitan

THE SECOND and concluding instalment of "The Fall of Hummel," by Arthur Train, is a most thrilling narrative. When the guilty lawyer saw that imprisonment for subornation of perjury was imminent, he used every resource to enable Charles F.

Dodge to escape from Texas into Mexico. The New York district attorney was equally determined to get the fugitive into his jurisdiction. Hence arose one of the most extraordinary battles in the history of criminal procedure, all of which Mr. Train describes in the most graphic manner. The story is accompanied with portraits of the chief actors in the struggle.

THE PROHIBITION SERIES is continued with an able illustrated article on the prohibition movement in the South, by John Temple Graves.

CAPTAIN HOBSON'S ARTICLE on our relations with Japan describes the latter country's probable method of attack, and our defense, if war should come.

"THE WONDERS OF MODERN DENTISTRY," by Frank Marshall White, tells of the incredible things the modern dentist can do.

WE ARE GLAD TO ANNOUNCE a new "Aunt Jane" story by Eliza Calvert Hall. "Aunt Jane" tells in her inimitable way the story of "The House that Was a Wedding Fee," to which reference was made in "A Ride to Town" in the April COSMOPOLITAN. G. Patrick Nelson has made the illustrations.

A LETTER, just received, contains the following lines: "A Ride to Town," by Eliza Calvert Hall, in the April number, is the best thing I have seen in any magazine for some time. In my estimation it will rank with 'Old Chester Tales' by Margaret Deland."

The author writes us that she has another "Aunt Jane" story well under way, and in an early number she is going to tell why she wrote "Sally Ann's Experience."

The genesis of the first and most widely read of the "Aunt Jane" stories is a narrative of the greatest interest. The theme of "Sally Ann's Experience"—the financial relations between husband and wife—did not "just occur" to the author. It was developed as the result of careful study of "an ancient wrong that has touched directly and indirectly the life of nearly every woman."

THERE ARE OTHER splendid stories and pictures, including the continuation of the captivating serial, "The Kingdom of Earth."



Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

DISTINCTLY THE MOST AMUSING BOOK of the winter that I know about is Myra Kelly's "Wards of Liberty." The man who can read it and still say that women lack the sense of humor will not be found under shelter when it is raining fools.

THE PRESENT LORD TENNYSON shows his filial solicitude for the fame of his great father by publication of the poems which that severely self-critical author suppressed. If there is ever a third Lord Tennyson—but Heaven forbid!

THE FIRST VOLUME of the "Catalogo dos Livros sobre o Brasil" covers only the colonial period, yet contains 2646 titles. Truly, "there are people beyond the mountains," and literature outside Indiana.

THE AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS' ASSOCIATION has published a book by its members in aid of the Bill Nye monument fund. It is a funny book—almost as funny as the notion that Bill Nye needs a monument.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER has been an unconscionable time in finding out that George Eliot is dull. Still, that is progress, and it may be that he will see some day that Mrs. Humphry Ward is dull, too.

THE MCCLURE COMPANY publishes "an autograph edition of 'Hoyle's Games.'" Ah, the happiness of having the autograph of a man who knew better than to trump his partner's ace!

IN HIS "LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON," Mr. Charles Edward Russell expounds his conviction that the Rowley forgeries were

executed by another hand than Chatterton's. This so materially reduces our debt to Chatterton that we may some day be able to pay it.

A NOVEL written by twelve distinguished authors has twelve distinguished parts, and doubtless will have twelve distinguished readers. Among them, they should be able to get through the book. It reminds one of an old-time picture in "Punch." Two languid swells walking in the street find the exertion too great. "Let's call a cab," says one. "All wight," assents the other. "You say 'Hi, hi!' and I'll wave the umbwella." It is entitled "The Division of Labor."

MR. R. W. GILDER's new book of benign commonplaces, called "The Fire Divine," contains none, yet the critics and "all those in authority" are afield with shouts of commendation, as is usual when this author shows himself at the window of the haunted palace. Mr. Gilder never wrote any poetry, but no one in the country has worn the laurel with a more general assent than he, nor, let it be confessed, with a sincerer belief in his fitness for it. Why "the tumult and the shouting"? Oh dear, I don't know! Why is a table of contents?

PICKETING THE UPPER SLOPES of Parnassus, Mr. Edwin Markham discerns a poet who has "more passion than any other poet in America." The man's passion does not waste itself on particulars; it is a comprehensive emotion directed to a general result. Withal, this Mr. Oppenheim, though devoid of art, is not without power. If the "holy war" in which Mr.

Markham, in his character of walking delegate, urges him to "go forward" is a war on "the money power," as it seems to be, this militant sheep should not attack Wall Street or he may be well sheared. By staying where we find him he may be Wilshired.

IT WAS COARSE AND PROFANE, and Heaven forbid that I utter a word in justification; it is here set down only to show that the worm—even the bookworm—will sometimes turn under the heel of persecution. A well-known author received the other day from one of those plagues of his profession who are always trying to get something for nothing a letter asking him to answer for publication the following questions, "Who, in your judgment, is the foremost master of style in English literature, and what, in detail, are your reasons for thinking so?" He sent back the letter, simply but sufficiently inscribed, "None of your damn business."

"MALARIA" is the title of a book in which three authors combine their testimony to prove that "the conqueror of Greece was not so much the Macedonian or the Roman as the great tyrant which now holds half the world"—to wit, the disease of that name. One of the three, Major Foss, sees "no reason to believe" that "the Roman and the Macedonian" were not its victims, too. This view can hardly be accepted without investigation, for malaria is the work of the mosquito, and man's dominion over all living things is not lightly to be disputed.

IT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN that the terrible sleeping sickness is caused by the bite of a fly, the *Glossina palpalis*. Now comes the illustrious Dr. Robert Koch, who for cause of utterance asserts that the fly feeds on the crocodile, which is commonly asleep when it is not a log. As a source of transmissible sleep-germs the crocodile appears to be little inferior to the modern novelist, whose *Glossina palpalis* is his publisher.

A LONDON WRITER, who justly reproaches the practice of calling Thomas Hood "Tom," is himself in error in saying, "His son was Tom Hood, the editor of 'Fun.'" The younger Hood, who was christened in a punch-bowl, always believed "Tom" to be his true name, but after his death his sister, Mrs. Broderip, said that it was not.

I knew the younger Hood very well. He signed his name "Tom," not only because he thought it the true one, but to distinguish his work from that of his great father, by whose fame he did not wish to profit. Thereby he defeated his purpose, for then, as now, it was customary to speak of the elder Hood as "Tom," which made the son exceeding wroth. It was a comedy of errors all round.

COME, COME, MR. HOWELLS, this will hardly do: in the January "North American Review" you make two misquotations from so familiar a poem as "Thanatopsis." Never mind the rest of us, but consider the shock to the sensibilities of the learned and illustrious Deacon Harvey—your editor, sir, your editor!—who is nothing if not particular, and is not particular.

THIS IS THE STUPIDEST thing that I ever saw in a magazine:

"I have a dislike for occult and ghost stories," a young woman in Putney writes, "and any articles bearing on that line. I am glad that I have never seen such subjects treated in 'Success.'" No, young woman, and you never will, unless it is to condemn such things as roundly as our energy will permit. There are no such things as ghosts," and so forth.

FROM A STORY by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman:

"Rebecca quietly huddled in the corner of the sofa with her handkerchief to her face and only one small reddened ear as attentive as a dog's uncovered and revealing her alertness for his presence."

"She met his eyes quite firmly with a look of inscrutable fear and defiance of the fear and of him."

"His face changed. The inmost secrecy of his nature seemed evident until one almost lost sight of his lineaments."

"His blue eyes seemed dark blanks of awful reflections."

FAITH! I WOULD TAKE IT as a kindness if publishers and authors would not send me books, nor ambitious writers whom I do not know, manuscripts. I am not conducting a department of book-reviews, nor have I any editorial or advisory connection with this magazine. As to letters of inquiry—behold, I know not anything!

If my Razor wasn't good enough for me to use I wouldn't ask you to try it!

You certainly cannot doubt the sound logic and wisdom of the many arguments I have advanced in favor of my razor.

You will admit that unless the "GILLETTE" possessed many points of superiority it never would have been accepted by two million men in the past three years as the best, most simple and satisfactory shaving device in this world.

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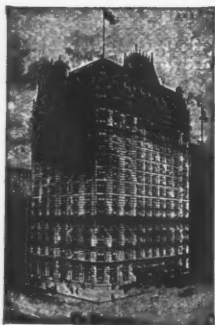
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Descriptive Specialty.....Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer

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Madama Butterfly (Puccini) Un bel di vedremo (Some
Day He'll Come) No. 88113 12-inch, with orchestra, \$3 In Italian
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Madama Butterfly (Puccini) Ora a noi! (Now at Last)
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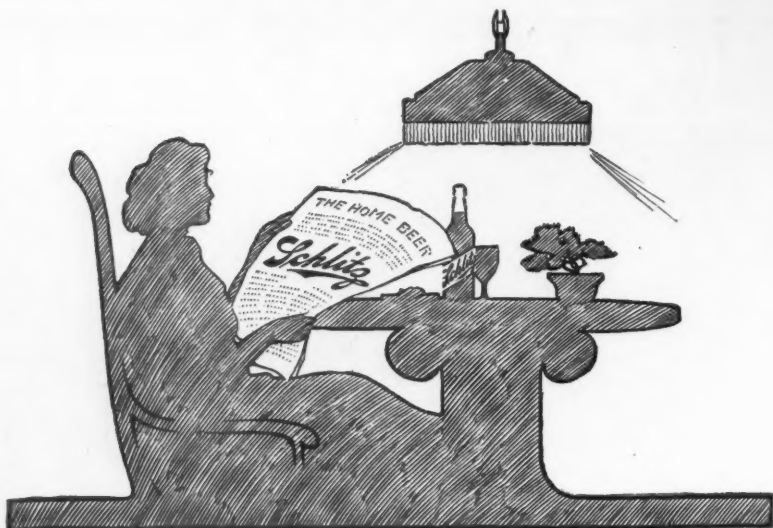
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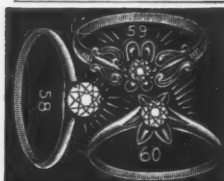
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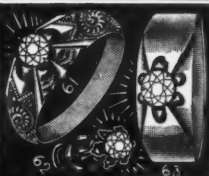
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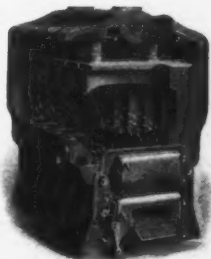
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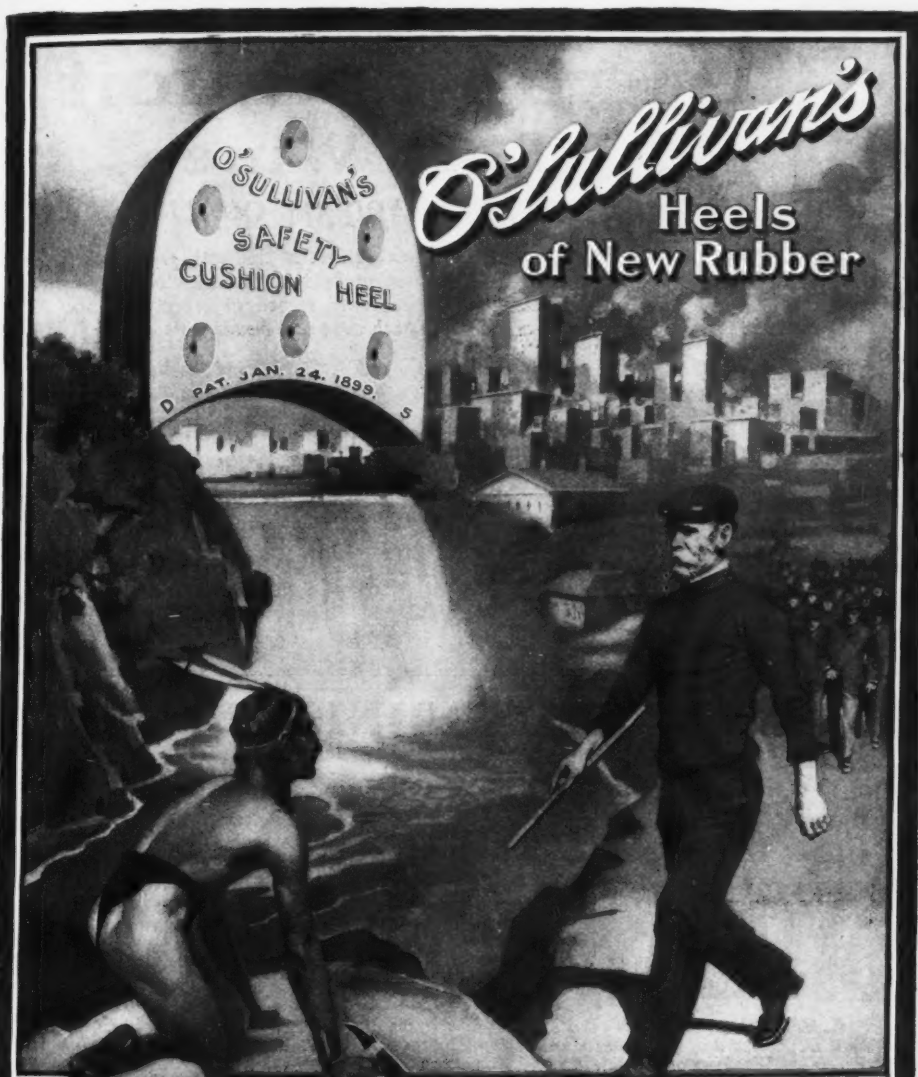
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granted highest
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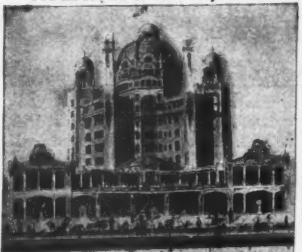
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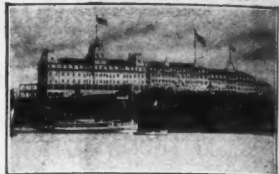
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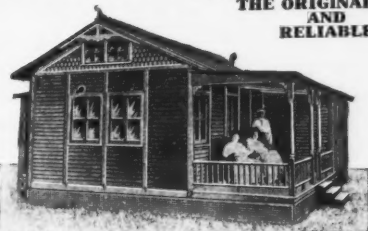
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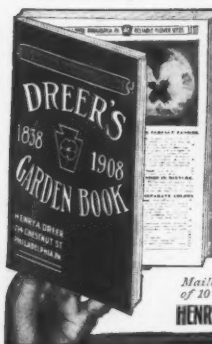
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A complete guide to growing flowers and vegetables. Four superb color plates and four duotone plates. 248 profusely illustrated pages describing the worthy novelties and the time tested varieties of both flowers and vegetables, including our unmatched Hardy Perennials, Roses, Dahlias, Cannas, Gladioli, etc.

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and every one of them shooting straight and hitting hard, but never firing before a finger pulls the trigger clear back—until you do this there is no connection between the hammer and the firing pin, so that you can

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Give Double Service



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PERHAPS not as dry as he looks, for there is no rubber in a KENREIGN raincoat. Moreover you can't break into society with a rubber coat, whereas a KENREIGN can be worn anywhere, anytime, with any girl and be correct. A general utility garment.

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Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use.

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Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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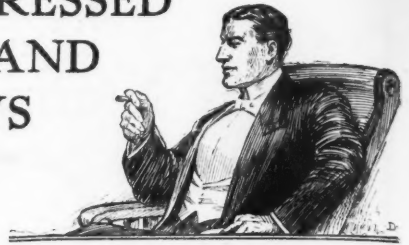
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WELL-DRESSED MEN AND BOYS



FASHION has not changed very appreciably since a season ago. There are many new patterns and colorings, but the cut of garments, with unimportant variations, is the same. At no time have men worn such pronounced or "high" colors in suitings and overcoatings. Olive, tan, brown, old gold, elephant, moose, blue-green, smoke, slate and silver-gray are some of the novel shades that will be the vogue for spring and summer.

Sack-coats are cut moderately long with broad, rolling lapels, natural shoulders, and three front buttons placed closely together. A center vent in the back is usual, but not essential. The coat is wide-stitched along the edges, lapels, collar and pocket-flaps. By "natural shoulders" is meant shoulders which slope according to the body and are not excessively and artificially padded. Trousers are wide enough to be comfortable, and are cut so as to fall straight from the knee downward without wrinkling over the shoe. They may be worn turned up or down. If turned up, the bottoms are pressed for the sake of looking tidier. Waistcoats are cut with front openings about level with the coat. The use of fancy waistcoats, that is, waistcoats of a different and lighter color from the coat, is increasing, and their cut and pattern is largely a question of personal preference, not propriety.

In shoes the leaning is toward fairly pointed toes, but they should never be "toothpicks," as this shape is unnatural. The correct shoe follows the shape of the foot. Low-cut shoes will again be much worn during spring and summer, and they may be plain or in the "Blucher" design. Calfskin and russet leathers are both used, the russet being darker in shade than heretofore. Shoes of such excellence of material and correctness of shape are sold ready-to-wear that it is not worth while to patronize the custom boot-maker with his high prices and annoying delays. Every shape and leather introduced by the boot-makers of New York, London, and Paris is promptly reproduced in the great shoe factories of the United States, so that even the man of moderate means can obtain shoes every bit as fashionable as his well-to-do neighbor,

who seeks an "exclusiveness" often imaginary and always costly.

How very few men have their hats made to order (there are some)! Why, then, is it necessary to have one's shoes, suits, overcoats or, in fact, any article so made? The really wonderful improvement of late years in ready-to-wear clothes has weaned thousands of men from their tailors. As a matter of fact, the cheap tailor cannot possibly give as much value at a given price as the retail clothier, who offers his customers the advantages of latest style, scientifically accurate fit, almost limitless variety to choose from, and, finally, the opportunity of trying on a garment before buying and seeing just how it will look.

Of course, if one can afford to pay from \$50 upward for a suit or overcoat, a good tailor is well worth patronizing. But those men who pay a mediocre tailor \$30 get mediocre garments, whereas the same sum spent for a ready-to-wear suit would buy clothes of the most advanced style, admirable fit, and perfect finish. We are not attempting to belittle the good tailor, but only wish to point out how a man of modest means can dress quite as correctly as he of ample means, if he will spend his money judiciously and not bow to the "made-to-measure" fetish.

Raincoats have attained such a degree of perfection that they look precisely like an ordinary overcoat, and possess shower-proofness without in the least showing it. The raincoats bearing well-advertised trade-marks are much to be preferred to unknown garments, whose makers have no reputation to sustain for correct style and expert tailoring. No wardrobe is complete without a raincoat, and its low cost puts it within the reach of the slenderest purse.

The vigorous outdoor life of which both Americans and Englishmen are extremely fond has led to the introduction of processes for rendering cloth shower-proof. These processes are not experiments, but make any fabric, irrespective of weight and texture, really and wholly impervious to water. No more important advance in dress could well be imagined, and certainly none has been more welcomed in this country. The motorist, the golfer, the



"Excuse me—I know what I
want, and I want what I asked
for — **TOASTED CORN FLAKES**
— Good day"

The package of the genuine bears this signature

W. H. Kellogg



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rider, the driver, the hunter, the fisherman, the yachtman, every follower of every manly sport and game, besides the every-day man, may now dress with complete disregard of the weather, present and prospective. This immunity from a drenching has undoubtedly been the means of tempting many men into the open who would not otherwise think of venturing out, has encouraged sport on field and links in fair weather and foul, and has a deep and far-reaching influence on dress and fashion. The latter-day raincoat, instead of being the shapeless rubber garment known years ago as "mackintosh," is now cut with all the grace and distinction of a frock or evening coat. It should be understood that the process of water-proofing does not alter the surface or appearance of a cloth in any way, does not detract from the luster or softness and, indeed, does not cause any change apparent to the eye or touch. Hence any fabric which has been scientifically water-proofed by a well-known process may be tailored and shaped with as much ease and symmetry as the softest, finest fabric just from the loom.

Inasmuch as the water-proofing process does not affect the looks of a cloth one jot, the raincoat is just as serviceable in shine as in shower, and thus affords literally two-coats-in-one. Besides overgarments, the water-proofing process is also applied to hats and caps, gaiters, leggings, umbrellas, motoring wraps, gloves, and a multiplicity of other articles of wear which preserve their smart appearance in the most pelting downpour and need only to be shaken briskly to be dry. It may be added that while the old-fashioned rubber garments are air-excluding, and consequently heating, water-proofed garments are not—a very great advantage.

Half-hose for spring and summer are offered in all the familiar plain colors, as well as in many embroidered, lace, striped, plaid and figured effects, whose name is legion. Among the new

daring colorings are purple, corn, lavender, yellow, gray, red, brown, gold, Nile green, and the like. A comparatively recent development is the warranty against holes that a few well-known manufacturers give with every pair of socks. This is certainly worth taking advantage of, as hose wear out faster than any other article of dress, and seldom render that service which the wearer expects and gets from shoes, cravats, hats, gloves, and so on. Each manufacturer has his own special method of reinforcing socks at the toe where the strain of wear falls.

Sleeveless undershirts and knee-length drawers are no longer a fad, but a rational fashion that has fixed itself firmly in the favor of well-dressed men. A departure of note this spring are athletic union suits. An insertion of springy webbing encircles the body just above the waistline and webbing insertions at the shoulders make the garment conform to every position of the body. Still another innovation of great merit are athletic pajamas cut with half-sleeves and knee-length drawers. Their coolness and comfort will be prized in wilting weather.

As many men absolutely cannot dispense with suspenders (even when belts are worn), several enterprising manufacturers offer special summer suspenders, which are designed to be worn between shirt and undershirt, and thus support the trousers without being visible. These suspenders are not at all clumsy, as might be supposed, nor do they bind the body. Indeed, they are so comfortable that the wearer quite forgets that he is "suspended" and enjoys all the trimness of appearance that a belt gives, with the added security that suspenders lend.

Besides the standard black derby hat, brown and even a few gray derbies will be worn, and of soft hats there is a multiplicity of shapes and shades. It can scarcely be said that there is a fashion in hats, since the shape most becoming to a man is the correct one to choose. Broadly



Crown Suspenders

THE NEW IMPROVED ONE-PIECE PERFORATED LEATHER GARTER.

(Patented 4-23-07-2-4-08.)

We've succeeded in improving our "PERFORATED LEATHER GARTER" by making it of one solid piece of leather—thereby eliminating the necessity of joining two pieces of leather together—the only weak point of a leather garter.

We have also conceived a way of making a LEATHER GARTER that shapes itself to either leg. **NO RIGHTS—NO LEFTS**—either garter fits either leg perfectly and gracefully. These new improvements not only add to the desirable and attractive features of the Garter, but make it easier to adjust.

OUR "PERFORATED LEATHER" GARTERS

are made with our "CAN'T SLIP" Button Fastener, are porous and lined with a fabric that is positively perspiration and odor-proof—just a few all-important features no other Leather Garter can claim. Made in three adjustable sizes, small, medium and large, to retail at

50 Cents and \$1.00 a Pair

At your dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

834 BROADWAY

CROWN SUSPENDER CO.

NEW YORK

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This is a Warning Against Damage to Your Woodwork, Furniture and Floors



PEACH-JUICE will stain your table linen—probably, you can take out part of the stain—possibly, you can take it all out—but the table linen may be ruined.

That's always the trouble with all "stains"—you never know whether they're in to stay, or in to come out, or partly stay in and partly come out.

When you want to color any fabric properly—you dye it.

And this is every bit as good judgment in regard to the woodwork, furniture and floors of your home as it is to your dresses and things.

Most wood and varnish "stains" are made of such cheap, poor aniline or coloring matter that they smudge over the grain of wood and hide all its beauty because the color particles are too coarse to penetrate the pores—thus they show "laps," light and dark spots and streaks, and they "rub off" on your hands and clothes.

Now when you once get wood stained—maybe you can "do something with it" to rectify the error and maybe you can't—it's better not to take chances—particularly when it isn't necessary.

Johnson's Wood Dyes are really dyes—not mere stains—Johnson's Wood Dyes develop the beautiful grain of wood, accentuating the high lights and low lights, because we use the finest and most expensive colors—colors which we must import because their equal cannot be obtained in this country.

And Johnson's Wood Dyes actually color the wood deeply—because they possess a peculiar penetrative power due to the use of a liquid vehicle which we have found to be to the chemistry of wood finishing what "lanolin" is to medicine—the greatest "pore penetrator."

That is why Johnson's Wood Dyes give an unequalled richness of tone and permanency—and a perfectly even texture which will not rub off.

Many manufacturers combine stain and varnish in "varnish stains."

Years ago, an advertising man suggested that we put up such a preparation, calling it Johnson's-lac. We wouldn't do it because we know that all stains and varnishes, shellacs, hard oils and similar preparations are nothing more than surface coat-ers, which mask the beauty of the wood and make woodwork, furniture and floors a constant source of care and trouble.

It is simply impossible for such preparations to give the

soft, smooth, artistic effects of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes, because varnish and shellac and hard oil are too "thick" to penetrate the wood, and so they must remain upon the surface to show white marks with every scratch and scrape and show the white wood where worn through.

There are other good reasons against stains and varnishes and shellacs—the principal objection being that "shiny" wood finish is a good way to make everything in the home look cheap and ugly—even fine pianos are being given a "dull" finish now.

The only modern finish that will not scratch and mar and show every heel print like varnish, hard oil and shellac, and will not catch and hold dust and dirt like ordinary furniture and floor wax, is Johnson's Prepared Wax.

This is because Johnson's Prepared Wax contains 20 per cent more of the hard and very costly polishing wax than any other wax on the market—thus it covers a fifth more space and can be brought to the most beautiful and lasting polish with the least labor.

And the liberal percentage of hard wax enables you to secure a rich, subdued satiny surface impossible with any other finish.

When any part of a shellaced or varnished surface becomes worn or marred it is necessary to refinish the entire surface but Johnson's Prepared Wax is so hard that any part of its surface may be rewaxed without showing any "lapping"—thus you can easily keep everything in perfect condition.

We want to send you, with our compliments, a very handsome and interesting 48-page, illustrated book which tells you about "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," in detail.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,

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"The Wood Finishing Authorities."

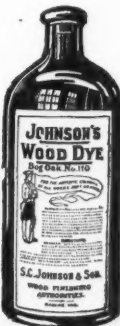
JOHNSON'S WOOD DYES

"For the Artistic Coloring of All Woods"

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| No. 126—Light Oak | No. 128—Light Mahogany |
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| No. 130—Weathered Oak | No. 121—Moss Green |
| No. 131—Brown Weathered Oak | No. 122—Forest Green |
| No. 128—Green Weathered Oak | No. 172—Flemish Oak |
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Half Pint, 30c; Pints, 50c; Quarts 85c—at your paint dealer's.



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We guarantee to please and fit you perfectly or refund your money without any argument.

WE'VE Tailored for Well Dressed New Yorkers and Men Thousands of Miles from Broadway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for many seasons and their continued patronage is a positive proof of our Smart Styling, expert workmanship and the INDIVIDUALITY we give our Garments.

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The Largest Mail-order Merchant Tailors to Men in the World


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speaking, young men favor derbys with crowns less high and brims a bit flattish. In soft hats they favor nearly everything, from the Alpine, with a broad, sombrero-like brim and dented crown, to the "slouch" with a narrow brim and a flat crown tucked down at the sides. The softer and more pliable a hat is, the better a young man is pleased, for he likes to crease and dip it to suit his fancy, and make it express something of his own individuality.



Hygrade Galatea Suit



**STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT**
THE IMPROVED

**BOSTON
GARTER**

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**

Styles in boys' clothes are quite as well defined as those in men's. Norfolk suits are old favorites, but each maker adds a distinctive touch of his own. The jackets have mannish lapels, notched collars and may be plain or pleated. The trousers are of the favored bloomer type. Tan, brown, olive, and, in fact, most of the colorings used for men's suits are applied to boys. Sailor-suits, also long-time favorites, are shown

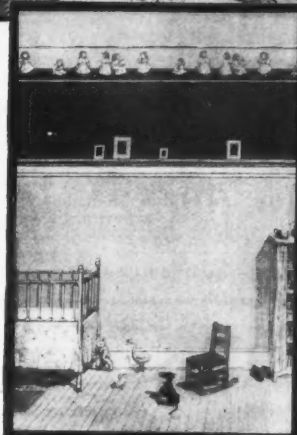
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The Finishing Touch to the Attractiveness of Your Home is the Decoration of the Walls

You can make an old house as bright, cheerful and attractive as it was when new, by decorating your walls artistically with Alabastine.

When the house is new, and the woodwork fresh and clean, you can keep it absolutely sanitary by decorating with Alabastine.

The dainty Alabastine tints make the most pleasing background for pictures, furnishings and furniture, and enable you to have the entire house finished in one complete color scheme so that one room blends into the next. All of the rooms will be brighter, more cheerful, more artistic. The cost will be less, and your satisfaction greater. Any one can easily apply Alabastine by simply following directions on the package.



Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

becomes a part of the wall itself. One tint can be applied over another as often as desired without the bother or expense necessary where old wall-paper or kalsomine has to be first washed or scraped from the walls. This cuts the cost of decorating in half. Alabastine decorations will last longer, for Alabastine neither fades, rubs off nor scales.

Many of the beautiful color effects that can be produced with Alabastine are shown in detail in the book "Dainty Wall Decorations," which contains complete color plans for any home. This book will be sent you postpaid for 10c in coin or U. S. stamps. It is worth far more to anyone intending to decorate. Tint cards mailed free on request.

Ask your dealer for Alabastine and insist upon having Alabastine

Alabastine is sold in carefully sealed and properly labeled packages at 50c for white and 55c for tints, by all Paint, Drug, Hardware and General Stores. See that the name "Alabastine" is on each package before it is opened, either by yourself or the painter. If your dealer does not sell Alabastine, write us.

The Alabastine Company
909 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.
Eastern Office, Dept J 195 Water Street, New York City.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

in a broad variety of "chic" models with deep collars, embroidered fronts and sleeves, and the regulation sailor-knot over the chest. Then there is the Russian blouse, with a patent leather or white kid belt, a dashing and very picturesque suit for boys. Many suits are made of washable materials like "Hydegrade Galatea," that seem to renew their freshness with each successive trip to the tub.

Narrow belts—about an inch wide—of pigskin, Russian seal, bridle leather, whaleskin, morocco, and similar leathers are correct for spring and summer. The buckles may be

brass, nickel, bronze, gunmetal, or covered with the same leather as the belt itself. A new idea is a belt and buckle joined together without stitches.

Leather garters to accompany knee-length drawers have been found so sensible and comfortable that their vogue is firmly established. In addition to plain and perforated garters (the last named an excellent idea), there is a new garter made of a porous, non-elastic, woven fabric which is extremely light and cool, and will be welcomed by those men who find leather unacceptable.



A Hat that Feels Good on the Head

The comfort and fit of a stiff hat depend upon the sweatband. It must be adjusted to form what the hatter terms a drummed or cushioned leather, so that the head is relieved of pressure from the stiffness of the felt. This is one of the points of excellence of the



Hawes, von Gal HAT

Rigid inspection of materials and workmanship at every stage maintains the standard of quality that enables us to assume responsibility for the satisfactory wear of every hat we make. With quality guaranteed, and style, fit and comfort assured—ask your dealer for a **Hawes, von Gal Hat**.

Shapes in stiff and soft hats to suit every face, figure and fancy. \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

If not at your dealer's send for Style Book "D" showing Spring and Summer styles. We will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give your hat size, height and waist measure. Add 25c to cover express charges.

We are Makers of the *Hawes* celebrated \$3.00 Hat

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INCORPORATED
DANBURY, CONN.

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TRADE
MARK

“Porosknit”

REG.
U.S.
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OFF.

**SUMMER
UNDERWEAR**

**50 cents the
Garment**



The only really logical Summer underwear for men. Note the “Porosknit” texture, see the open knit that lets the “body breathe” and gives the wearer cool comfort in torrid days.

“Porosknit” quality in “Porosknit” garments will outwear any similar priced underwear you used to know.

Go to the dealer and don’t merely ask for “Porosknit” but look for our trade mark label on each garment. It’s the guarantee of your getting the real “Porosknit” and prevents substitution.

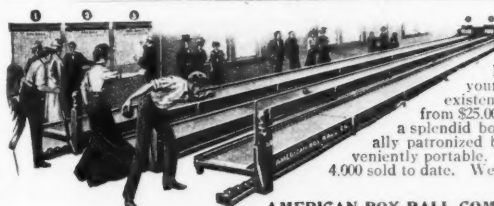
If you can’t find “Porosknit” write for our booklet “Inside Information.”

Chalmers Knitting Company
8 Washington St., Amsterdam, New York

NOTE the KNIT

**Its Price
Never Catches
Up With Its
Quality**

COSMOPOLITAN has always been and always will be worth more than you pay for it. ¶ At ten cents it was easily worth at least fifteen. ¶ At fifteen cents—which is to be its price from now on—it will be worth a good twenty-five. ¶ Nevertheless—for a limited time—you may enclose a dollar bill at our risk and receive the magazine for one year. ¶ Or better still—send us a \$5 bill now for a five-year subscription and thereby save from \$2.50 to \$4.00. Address, 2 Duane St., New York City.



**\$513 Clear Profit In 51 Days
from an Investment of \$150**

is the result from the operation of one American Fox Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from \$25.00 to \$65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 4,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for Catalog

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, Patentees, 1700 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



**WHEN THE WEATHER IS WARM
LOOSE FITTING**

B.V.D.

Trade Mark Registered U.S. Patent Office
**COAT CUT UNDERSHIRTS
and
KNEE LENGTH DRAWERS,
WILL KEEP YOU COOL.**

No pulling of a perspiration-soaked undergarment over your head; no disagreeable double thickness at the ankle to bind or irritate, and cut off the air from the limbs; no glove fitting covering for the knee joint to interfere with muscular activity.

50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

Made of light, durable, thoroughly tested materials. Every “B.V.D.” garment is identified by the “B.V.D.” Red Woven Label. Accept no substitute.

ERLANGER BROTHERS

NEW YORK

**LOOK
FOR THIS
RED WOVEN
LABEL**

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

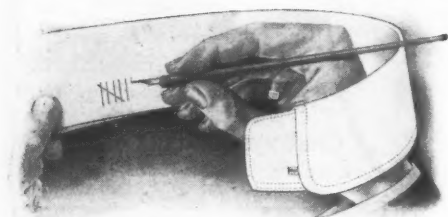
BEST RETAIL TRADE

**IT INSURES A
CORRECTLY CUT, WELL
MADE, PERFECTLY
FITTING UNDER-
GARMENT.**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

The Test *For Wear* *For Style*

THERE is proof positive for the man who cares to know. There is enough of satisfaction and of saving to make the test worth while.



"How Many Trips to the Laundry?"

A few collars each of several brands subjected to this test will tell the tale of sound material and proper strengthening of "wear spots" in the making.

Equally conclusive is the test for style. Five minutes with your mirror and a thought for your comfort as you try on the several brands in succession will just as decisively prove the superior style, fit and set of Corliss-Coon Collars.

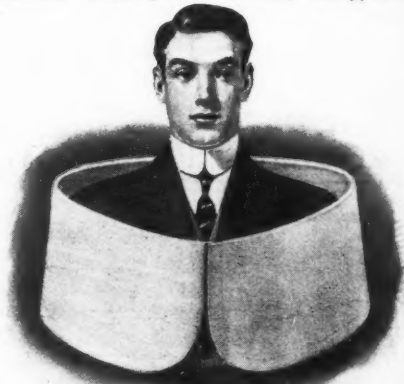
A quarter buys two.

The best Furnishers almost everywhere sell Corliss-Coon Collars.

If your Furnisher should be an exception he knows how to get them for you. If you are not willingly supplied, order direct from our factory. We will mail two collars, any style, any size, on receipt of 25 cts.

Write for the "Style Book." Address

Dept. K, Corliss, Coon & Co., Troy, N.Y.



COUNTRY CLUB-3 HEIGHTS

Corliss-Coon Collars *Two for a Quarter*

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Oxford Time Again

Regal Oxfords, ready *now* in every Regal store and agency, give you the advantage and satisfaction of having every fashion feature correct for Spring, 1908.

Here is one of the 214 new Regal models for 1908—the "Cabot." In this style are combined the "thoroughbred" features of full, round toe and wide flare or "swing" on the outside. The quarter has a line of perforations that marks this Oxford as a genuine custom reproduction.

Regal Oxfords are cut from special right and left patterns, and are built carefully over special ankle-fit Oxford lasts. Consequently, they never gape at the ankle or slip at the heel.

The name "Regal" on a shoe signifies the highest standard of style, materials, fit and wear.

\$3.50 and \$4.00

Custom Specials,
\$5.00



Cabot, \$3.50

(Delivered, prepaid, \$3.75)

Style 6SC2—As illustrated. Blucher Oxford, made of Black King Calf.

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Illustrates the correct models for both *men and women*. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

If you don't live near one of the 360 Regal stores and agencies, order from the Regal Mail Order Department. If the shoes are not exactly as ordered, we will cheerfully exchange, or will refund your money if desired.

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Mail Order Department: 319 SUMMER ST., Boston, Mass.

Mail Order Sub-Stations:

Whitman, Mass. Box 913. San Francisco, Cal., 791 Market St.—*New Store*.
London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane, E. C.

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The
**New Featherweight
Likly Trunk**
QUALITY DE LUXE

Q The gray body tones, deep black bindings and bronzed steel trimmings of this trunk, give it a beauty and dignity all its own.

Q Carefully selected and prepared materials and marked improvements in construction make it

**THE STRONGEST LIGHT
TRUNK AND THE LIGHTEST
STRONG TRUNK EVER BUILT**

Q If you appreciate luggage of exceptional character and sterling worth, ask your dealer to show you this new "LIKLY" model.

Q If he cannot furnish it, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Q Catalogues showing Trunks and Bags for every conceivable want, free on request.

HENRY LIKLY & CO.

347 Lyell Avenue
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



"Your Course has enabled me to double my income within two years, and the good it will do the average man, if he really means business, cannot consistently be measured by the price of tuition."—R. D. CURTIS, 9-10 Ainsworth Building, Moline, Ill.

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Do you want to double your income?

Here is more evidence that we can help you:

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Are you very different from all those other men? Won't the same methods, the same principles, that helped them to bigger earnings and success, help you to bigger earnings and success?

They studied and applied the principles of the Science of Salesmanship. If you will do the same, you will reap the same fine results they have reaped.

Good salesmen are more sure of their positions than any other class of men. Because they produce business.

They are better paid than any other class because they earn their own way, and a great deal more. They keep business going.

Don't you want to "get along in the world"? Don't you want a better position? If you feel you are in a rut, why not study to become a salesman?

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Send coupon today for free booklet outlining the course in Salesmanship. Don't wait. Investigate this success-building plan at any rate. Sending for the booklet places you under no obligation.

Every day you delay adopting some definite plan for increasing your efficiency you become less essential to the business world.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL,

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Please send me the free book on the Science of Salesmanship. I am interested especially in the subjects I have checked below:

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Town..... State.....

Position..... Business.....

All instruction by correspondence.

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Ralston

Shoes \$4



**In Evidence
Wherever Good Dressers Gather**

Their grace of proportion, modish outlines and general appearance of stylish distinction makes them the choice of men and women who are careful of their reputation for faultless dressing.

OUR SPRING STYLE BOOK—FREE

Shows the proper foot dress for men and women for all occasions. Explains why Ralstons wear and keep their shape indefinitely and why they fit with no need of "breaking in."

On request we will send name of nearest agent, or will mail shoes direct at \$4.00, plus 25c. for carriage. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Union Made



Stock No. 108
Patent Corona Jingo Last.



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Womens' Patent Corona Oxford, Meredith Last.

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A
Requisite for Golf and All Out-door Sports
LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

They add to the pleasure of sport by preserving one's comfort, and neatness of appearance. No freak of weather can affect their shape. Never wilt or crack, and being **linen** they look it, yet wipe clean and white as new with a damp cloth. Latest styles in all sizes for all occasions.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.
If not at your dealers, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

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WATERPROOFED LINEN

LITHOLIN

COLLARS & CUFFS

STYLE ECONOMY

FIT COMFORT

REVERSIBLE

Linene

Collars and Cuffs




ONCE TRIED—ALWAYS WORN

Not "CELLULOSE"—not "PAPER COLLARS"—but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. PRICE at STORES 25 cents for box of ten (2½ cents each).

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled discard. By mail 10 COLLARS or 5 pairs of CUFFS 30 cents. Sample COLLAR or pair of CUFFS for 6 cents in U. S. STAMPS. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. S, Boston, Mass.

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Good Clothes
as well as
Good Luck

Ask your
retailer to
show you the
latest models
of HORSE SHOE
CLOTHES
Send us the
name of your
local dealer and
we'll send you
FREE OF CHARGE
a handsome
BALEPHORANDUM
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"HORSE SHOE" BRAND
TOP COATS give
you just the appearance
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you require, and the value
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Oxford—One of
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It's in the unmistakable Style—
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And every Florsheim Shoe is
comfortable—from the first to the
last day's long wear.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot."
Send for it. Most Styles sell for \$5.00.

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THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

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Golden Brown Kid, Tan Russian Calfskin and Patent Leather. Baby sizes 2½ to 5, price prepaid. Larger sizes 5½ to 8, spring heel, \$1.35.

The prettiest and most popular baby shoe. Very stylish and durable. Made over special Eastwood lasts which allow growing feet to develop naturally and give the ankle freedom of motion. Our 60-page illustrated catalogue of latest styles in shoes for men, women and children on request.

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Is made of the refractory metal oxide Thoria, chemically combined with the oxide Ceria, both produced from the mineral Monazite. The Strength and Light of a gas mantle depend on the exactness of the combination and the absolute purity of the two elements. The slightest impurity will make a mantle of weak structure that shrinks and deteriorates in light. We mine the mineral, refine and purify it and make the finished mantle. No one else responsible. Every detail—from the Mines to You—is rigidly supervised. Made for 20 years—Better every year.

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Each priced to a standard of greatest value in
DURABILITY, BRILLIANCY and GAS ECONOMY.

Buy only the Mantle with this Shield of Quality on the Box.
WELSBACH COMPANY, Manufacturers. Sold by all Dealers.

No. 58



No. 34



Here is a Knife Men Love so Much

They Hate to Throw an Old Handle Away

No. 58. Cut is exact size; ebony handle, 3 blades, German silver ends. The long blade is for rough or fine work; the medium blade is as thin as a razor. Price, postpaid, \$1.00. If you are not "DE-E-E-LIGHTED" send it back.

Our strong 2 blade, 75c **Jack Knife** we send for a while for 48c, postpaid; 5 for \$2. Boy's plain, stout, 2 blade, 25c.

No. 34 we call "**Our Master-piece**;" weighs only 2 ozs.; 3 cutting blades; will cut a quill pen or an ax-handle; price, with ebony handle, postpaid, \$1.25; ivory, \$1.50; choicest pearl, \$2.00.

Send for 80 page Free List and "**How to Use a Razor**"

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Formula: Glycerin—Has marked healing and soothing properties. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair. Capsicum—Stimulant, tonic. Increases activity of glands of scalp. Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Bay Rum—Valuable in falling hair. Sulphur—Absolutely essential for the prompt destruction of the "falling-hair germ" and the "dandruff germ." Boroglycerin—An antiseptic of high merit. Alcohol—Stimulant, antiseptic. Water. Perfume.

Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory.

It quickly removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs. A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

Show this formula to your family physician. He is acquainted with each ingredient, hence can give you a valuable opinion concerning its use.

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**DOES NOT
COLOR
THE HAIR**



At Easter Tide

when custom decrees that men, and especially women, should look their best, the raw spring winds cause much damage to tender skins and complexions.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

is then doubly necessary. It soothes and heals the skin, prevents chapping, chafing, prickly heat, sunburn and all skin troubles of summer. After bathing and shaving it is delightful, and in the nursery indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1938. Serial No. 144. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.



Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 463 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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ONE
**Gammeter
Multigraph**
Will Do The Work of
100 Typewriters

The Multigraph can be handled entirely by any boy or girl, with perfect results.

The operation of setting up the form (illustrated above) is performed by a simple automatic device operated without any handling of the type. Only about thirty minutes is required for setting up an average one-page letter. After the form is set up, original copies are easily produced at the rate of 2,000 and over per hour. This is equal to the product of 100 typewriters handled by expert operators, and is double the production of a printing press.

The work of the Gammeter Multigraph is in every way equal to and identical with the work of a high-grade typewriter, because the Multigraph uses typewriter type, ribbon and rubber platen.

Saves On Your Printing Bills Also

Typewritten letters are only one of many uses of the Gammeter Multigraph. It can readily be adapted to print office forms of all kinds, in any style or face of type, giving results that compare favorably with good job printing and costing less than half as much. Electrotypes may be used on the Multigraph and a direct inking attachment is supplied for work not requiring actual typewriting.

Let Us Send You Samples of forms printed on the Gammeter Multigraph, together with a Multigraphed typewritten letter addressed to you personally. Simply send us your name, the name of your firm, and the position you occupy. We will also send descriptive booklet or catalogue.

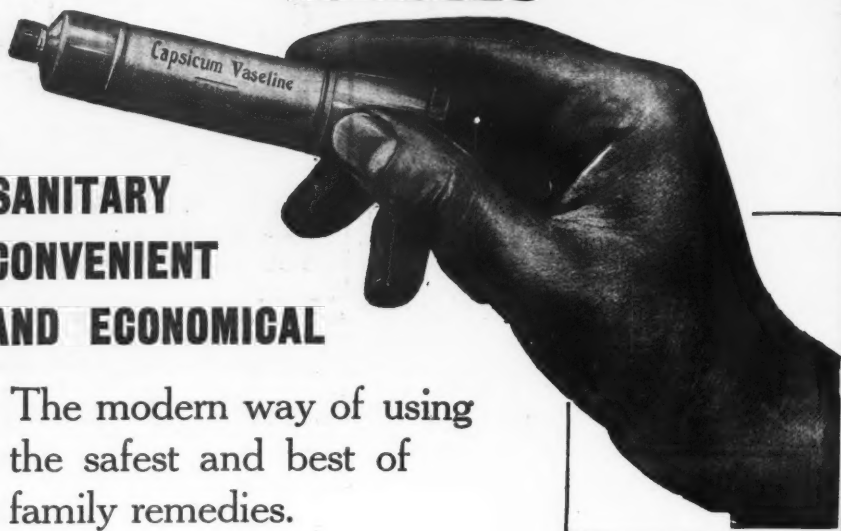
THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., 1814 E. 40th STREET, CLEVELAND, O.
Branch Offices Everywhere. European Selling Agents: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen St., London, E. C.

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IN TUBES

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CONVENIENT
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The modern way of using
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family remedies.



Vaseline is sterilized in the process of manufacture and when squeezed from these tubes is absolutely fresh—entirely free from dust and germs—no hand has ever touched it before. Vaseline tubes are of PURE TIN only—no danger of lead poisoning—and are recommended by physicians and nurses as the hygienic method of using Vaseline.

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You should never be without these Vaseline specialties. They form the handiest and safest medicine chest for the treatment of all the little ailments so prevalent in every family.

CAPSICUM VASELINE

Better than a mustard plaster. A wonderful counter-irritant that will not blister the most delicate skin.

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE

Superior to anything in use for chapped hands and lips and to allay all irritation of the skin.

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For nervous headache, cold in the head, neuralgia, etc.

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Of absolute purity. Taken internally for coughs, colds, sore throats, etc.

CARBOLATED VASELINE

The best of all antiseptic dressings. Pure Vaseline with 3% carbolic acid.

VASELINE COLD CREAM

Keeps the skin in a soft and healthy condition and preserves the complexion. Is a genuine cold cream and will not become rancid.

**Buy Vaseline anywhere and ask for it by name.
Refuse an imitation. Vaseline has NO substitute.**

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK

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A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED



JAP-A-LAC—THE HOME BEAUTIFIER.

JAP-A-LAC is a stain and varnish combined; the original article of the kind made. It "Wears like iron."

You can use JAP-A-LAC on everything of wood or metal, from cellar to garret. The economy of its use is at once apparent, and a JAP-A-LAC home is always a bright, beautiful home.

You can do your own refinishing of scratched or scuffed furniture, and produce a beautiful, lustrous finish, as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. A few cents will cover the cost.

Try JAP-A-LAC today. Be sure to get the genuine, in a can like the illustration. Look for the Green Label.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to \$2.50.

A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE.

If your dealer offers you a substitute, say to him: "No thank you. I want what I asked for. Good bye." Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ask for. That's JAP-A-LAC.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

The name "GLIDDEN" on a can of varnish is a guarantee of highest quality. If you use varnishes for any purpose insist on Glidden's Green Label line and you will secure the best results.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

508 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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The Fame of Tom L. Johnson

President of this bank, as an earnest worker for the interests of the whole people is world-wide. Few men are better known and the efforts of none are more appreciated. In organizing this bank we enlisted the personal and financial co-operation of Mr. Johnson upon the understanding that it should be a bank for "the people" rather than for the benefit of a few capitalists.

It is particularly gratifying that we are able to present our

BANK MONEY ORDER PLAN

the most perfect method ever devised for handling accounts from depositors anywhere in the world. When you send money to us for deposit, we issue to you, instead of the old, clumsy "pass-book," with its dangerous and inconvenient features, our Bank Money Orders. They show, on their face, the amount of principal and interest—you know what it is at a glance, without figuring. They are *Certified Checks* on this Bank, the safest known form of commercial paper. You keep them and when you need money,

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Deposits accepted for any sum from \$1.00 up, and from the moment your money reaches us it draws

4 PER CENT. INTEREST

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Write for Booklet "K" to-day, or send us your deposit and we will at once mail you BANK MONEY ORDERS for the full amount. The booklet is free—write for it now.

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\$3,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage, and Insurance Business, and appoint you

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Write for 62-page book free.

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Make Money Out of Others Fun

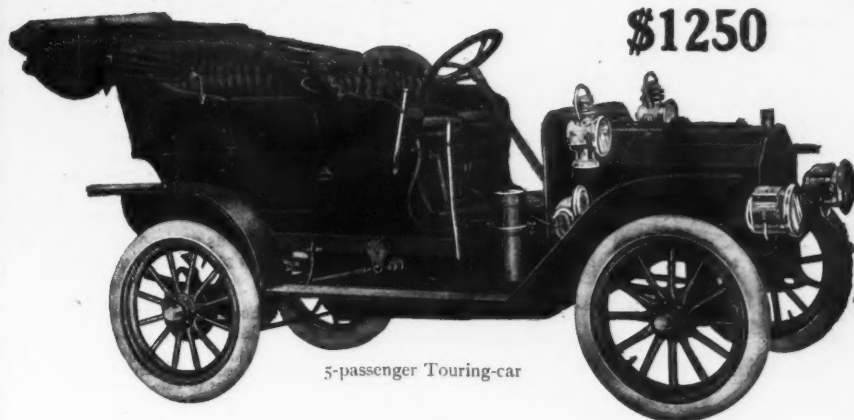
Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds frequently make from \$8,000 to \$10,000 every year. They seat fifty-six people on galloping horses or in comfortable chariots and whirl away to the accompaniment of entrancing music. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.

Park Amusement Outfitters 222 Sweeney St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U.S.A.

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5-passenger Touring-car

REO

Big return on small investment

EARNS MONEY

I purchased my folding-seat REO for my own family but it has earned \$300 for me after hours, at livery work. It makes about 23 miles on a gallon of gasoline, with four passengers. It is as good as new. I have yet to find a hill too steep for it to climb.—*D. F. Hyman, Shelton, Neb.*

HELPS BUSINESS

Since 1905 I have run my REO Touring-car 20,000 miles. It is most economical in tire-wear. Oftentimes six months have elapsed without its being in the shop. It is continuously out of doors from 8.30 A. M. to 7 P. M. in summer's heat and winter's cold.—*Charles Aldrich, M.D., Cleveland, Ohio.*

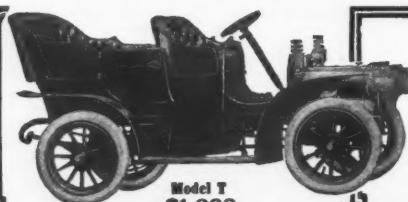
Can you afford to overlook it?

REO 4-passenger Runabout \$ 650
REO Roadster - - \$1,000

REO 5-passenger Touring-car \$1,250
Prices f.o.b. Lansing

Write for the new REO catalogue. Ask any REO dealer to demonstrate what the REO will do for you.

R. M. Owen & Co., Lansing, Mich.
General Sales Agents for REO Motor Car Co.



Model T
\$1,000

The Single-Cylinder

CADILLAC

Economy and Service

Model S-Runabout
\$850



FOR every dollar invested, including purchase price and maintenance, there are two to three times as many miles of actual service in a Single Cylinder Cadillac as in any other motor car.

This is not an empty claim. It is a fact borne out by the experiences of 16,000 users all over the world. Many of these have owned their Cadillacs for five years, have driven their cars 60,000 miles or more and are still using them.

No Cadillac, so far as we know, has ever been discarded because worn out or unfit for further service. If you want to know

**The Truth about the Automobile
and What it Costs to Maintain One**

send for our Booklet No. 20 containing the sworn affidavits of a large number of users showing an average expense for repairs to cars of less than 50 cents per week and averaging more than 18 miles per gallon of gasoline under all road conditions—mud, sand, snow, hills, mountains.

The Single Cylinder Cadillac travels any road that is not entirely impassable and is capable of 30 miles per hour.

It is fully described in Catalog T 20 Mailed on request.

Prices include pair Dash Oil Lamp, Tail Lamp and Horn.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member A. L. A. M.

National



**The New Nationals
Touring Cars, Roadsters,
and Limousines**

meet every requirement of the experienced purchaser in accessibility, simplicity of construction, ease of operation; are quiet and have ample power. The National has a ball-bearing motor, aluminum body, two complete ignition systems, perfect spring suspension, and contains everything that has proven best in modern motor car construction.

Model K—4 cyl., 4½x5. Model R—6 cyl., 4½x4¾.
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Write for particulars and our booklet,
"What Owners Say About Their
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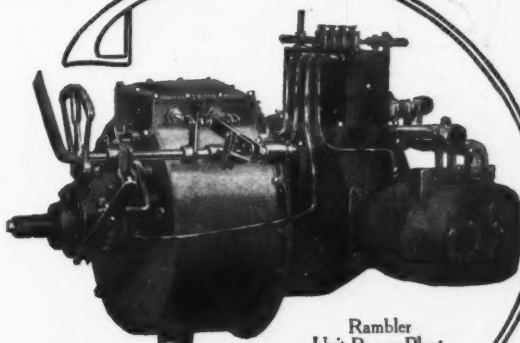
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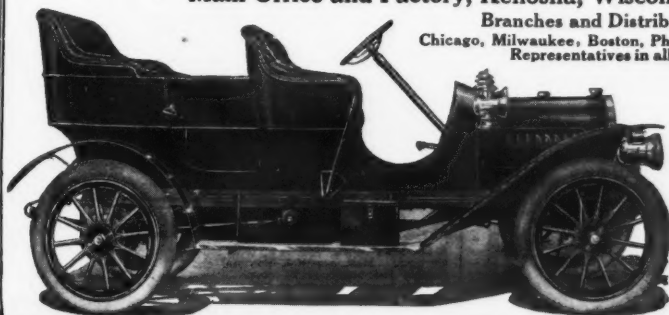
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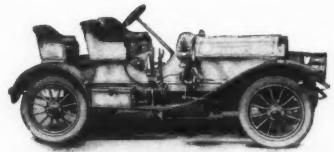
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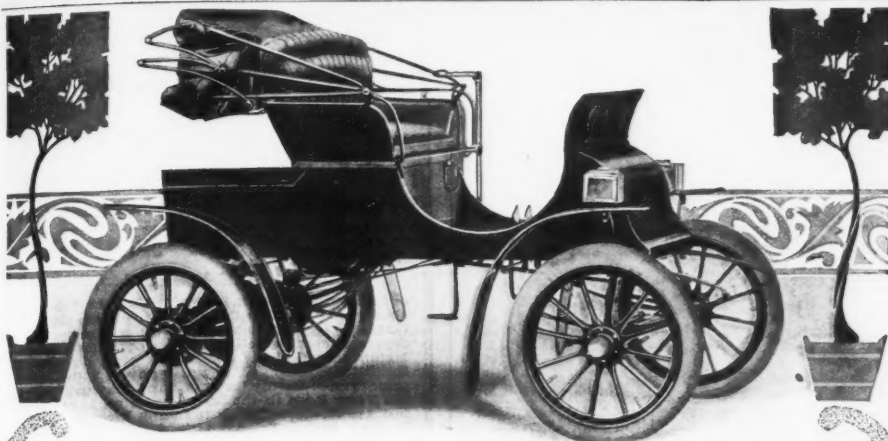
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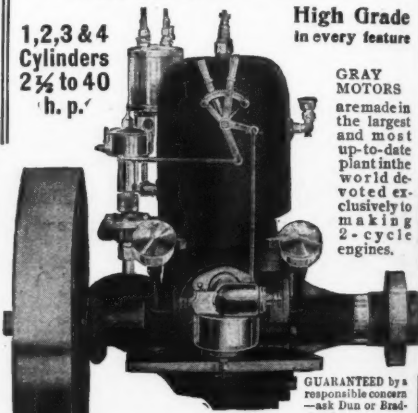
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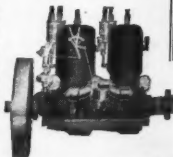
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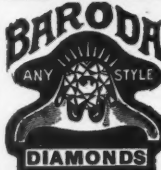
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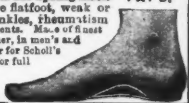
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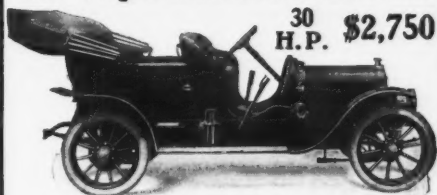
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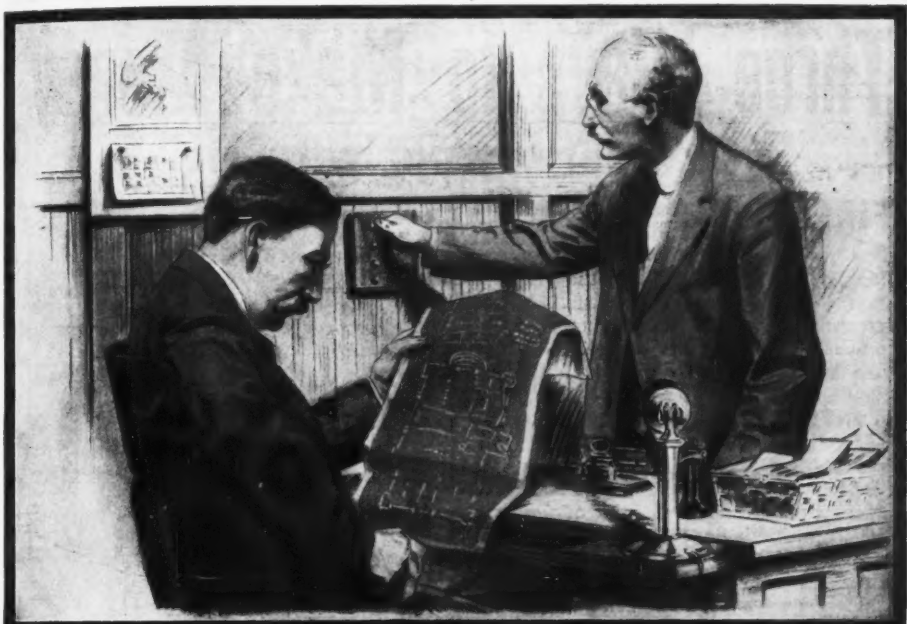
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Training is the one great essential to success. Nowadays, no ambitious man need remain in the “dollar a day” ranks. So long as you have the ambition to **rise and can read and write**, there is no limit to the success to which you can attain through the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

If you want to be the man “sent for” get in touch with the I. C. S. Lack of capital need not hinder; it doesn't matter how little schooling you have had; age is no barrier; it is immaterial where you live or what you do; you don't have to leave home or lose a day's work; there are no books to buy.

The attached coupon will lead the way. Cut it out. Mark it—mail it now. There's no charge for the advice it will bring.

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**The Business of This Place
is to Raise Salaries.**

International Correspondence Schools, Box 841, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

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Stenographer
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Show Card Writer
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Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
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Building Contractor
Architect
Structural Engineer
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Mining Engineer

Name _____
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Three Ways to Make Money

BY COÖPERATING WITH ME

FIRST You can have a big share of the first profits of a very high-class business by TEMPORARILY contributing to the working capital of the business. I am sure the details of this unusual offer will interest you if you have any amount from \$50 to \$500 to put into the enterprise. You may take a \$50 interest by paying only \$10 a month. This is NOT a proposition for you to INVEST money. Under my plan your PRINCIPAL is to be returned to you in a comparatively short time along with A BIG SHARE OF THE FIRST PROFITS. There is often considerable risk of principal when contributing to the working capital of a business enterprise. In this case most of the usual risk is eliminated for unusual reasons which you will appreciate when you read the details. You may take advantage of this offer whether or not you coöperate with me in any other way. Particulars FREE.

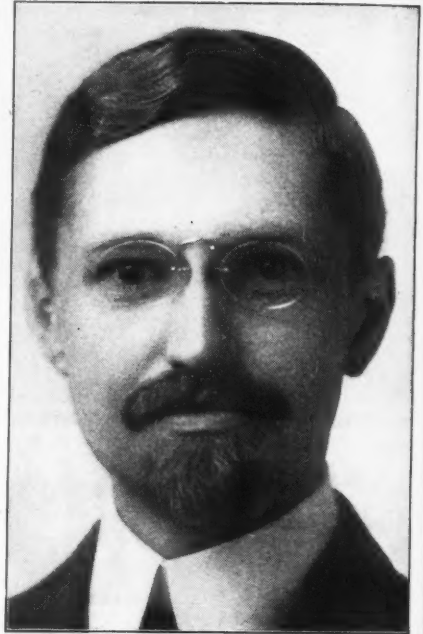
SECOND I want a local manager in each town and city where I am not already represented. I do NOT pay salaries nor furnish offices for this work, but I do allow liberal commissions, furnish full instructions, and the RIGHT KIND of coöperation. This work does not involve canvassing. It consists principally of appointing and managing canvassing agents. Good business ability is essential. If you apply for this work, state age, experience, present occupation, references, etc., in first letter.

THIRD I want canvassing agents in every locality. My proposition is very high-class. I allow unusually liberal commissions. Every hustling canvasser can make good money every day in the year. Orders are easy to secure because you will solicit only from one dollar to three dollars from each customer. Every intelligent person, regardless of age, sex, or occupation, is a possible customer. If you want my offer to canvassing agents, write me about your experience (if any) in this kind of work, state age, present occupation, amount of spare time, etc.

HOLLIS CORBIN

1344 Chestnut St.

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Use this coupon (or write a postal or letter) if you want full particulars about the opportunity to share in the first profits of a very high-class enterprise under unusually favorable conditions.

Date.....

HOLLIS CORBIN,

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Dear Sir: You may send by mail, free of charge, full particulars about the business proposition advertised in The Cosmopolitan. Without placing myself under any obligation, I will consider your offer. If satisfied in every way I

might put \$.....into the enterprise.

Name.....

Address.....

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MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE \$800



FROM THE DAYS
when Helmholtz approved its scientific construction,
when Rubinstein evoked divine harmonies from its strings,
when Wagner acknowledged his indebtedness to the inspiring beauty of its tone,

The
STEINWAY
PIANO

HAS BEEN CONTINUOUSLY WITHOUT
A PEER IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.

IT was created to be a medium to express the very soul of music, and Steinway genius made it a masterpiece, defying imitation.

It has maintained its pre-eminence because the inventions of each successive generation of the Steinway family have kept it far in advance of all other pianos, have seemingly exhausted mechanical possibilities and attained a perfect instrument.

The wonderful refinement of its tone beauty has never been equalled. The proven durability of Steinway workmanship has never been rivalled. Infinite pains and the highest skill have placed it beyond comparison.

Yet Steinway reputation has never been exploited for commercial ends. Steinway always means BEST,—one grade only. Every Steinway piano is an ORIGINAL, not a COPY made by alien hands.

What the Steinway has been to other musicians—a prized work of art, an object of affection, like a real Stradivarius violin, to be handed down from one generation to another—THAT the Steinway would be to you.

We invite your inspection of the Steinway Miniature Grand (price \$800) and of the Steinway Vertegrand (price \$550), ebonized cases. These prices are low for such masterpieces, and differ very little from those of so-called "just as good" pianos. Ultimately you will want a Steinway, anyhow.

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Steinway Hall, 107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York.
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WE ISSUE FOUR HANDSOME CATALOGS and we want the opportunity of placing any one or all of the beautiful and complete books in your hands. If you have any idea of purchasing any of the goods we handle be sure and write today for our catalogs.

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Any woman can produce a beautiful effect by enameling the furniture and woodwork of her bedroom to harmonize with the decorations and draperies, following any color scheme whatever.

Neal's Enamels, Acme Quality, produce a smooth, lustrous, porcelain-like finish in all shades from rich, dark colors to delicate tints and pure white. Anyone can apply them successfully and with little trouble.

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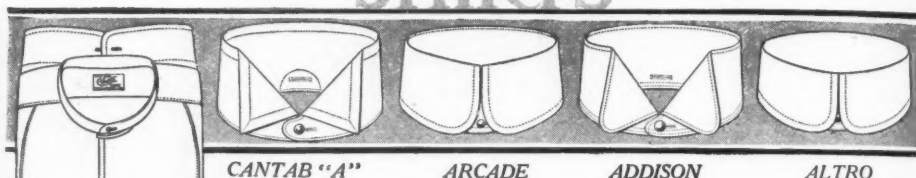
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THE BEST DRESSED MEN IN

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Made only under the Cluett label. \$1.50 and more

Send for "Today's Shirt," a booklet of more than usual interest.

AN ARROW COLLAR will not make a man well groomed, but well-groomed men wear Arrow Collars. There is an Arrow Collar for every style of dress, every style of face, every taste, and all the original qualities are permanent after laundering. Quarter size means perfect fit. Clupeco shrunk means permanent fit.

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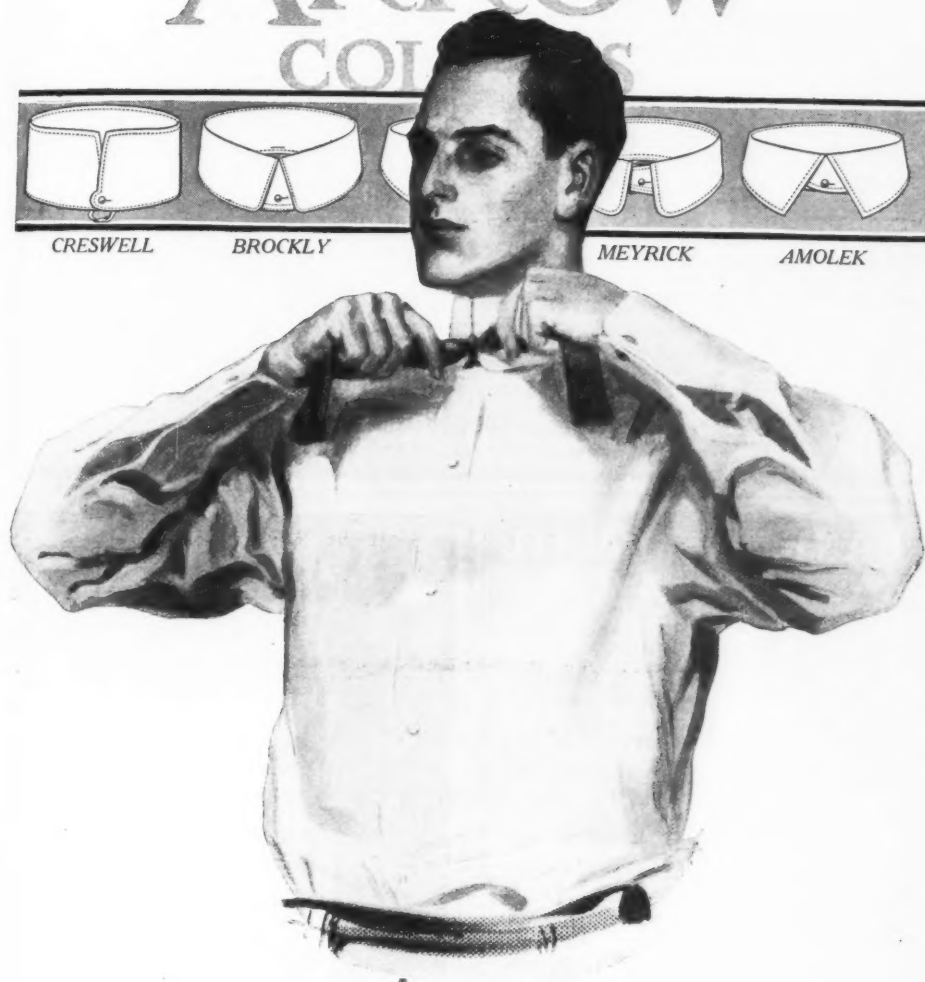


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3 VARIATIONS ON EACH SIDE CLOSE OPEN **THIS SNAP DOES IT IN A JIFFY**

MAKES THE PERFECT SPRING HIP OR "SAILOR WAIST"

NO STRAPS OR BUCKLES

NO WRINKLES

FITS SNUG AND SMOOTH

PRESENT "Nufangl" TROUSERS

The above illustration demonstrates clearly the secret of "Nufangl" Trousers superiority. The arrows show how the side vents and clasps permit of three variations in waist measure on each side of the waist-band—nearly five inches in all. The side vents do away with the necessity for straps and buckles, hence there are no wrinkles anywhere—the trousers fit snug and smooth.

"Nufangl" Trousers are tailored on smart lines by men who are trousers specialists. The styles are the latest, the fabrics in all seasonable weights and weaves. Leading clothiers in each locality sell them at prices from \$4.00 to \$8.00.

If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct, EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for samples of "Nufangl" fabrics. Address

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Sox Insured

Are your socks insured?

"Holeproof" Sox are insured for six months. The guarantee is—"If 'Holeproof' Sox get holes or need darning in six months from date of sale, they will be replaced with new socks FREE."

Thus you are insured against holes—darning—and foot ills.

"Holeproof" Sox cost but \$2.00 for a box of six pairs. And—as they *outlast* the guarantee of six months, they are, *at the end of that time*, as good or better than new socks of the kind that wear out in a few weeks. This means that "Holeproof" Sox are the most economical socks.

Holeproof Sox

—are knit from high-grade yarns—an ideal combination—soft as silk to tender toes, but with a wearing quality like woven wire.

"Holeproof" Sox are knit the natural shape of your feet. They lay smoothly, look well and are comfortable always. "Holeproof" Sox are thoroughly antiseptic—being *doubly sterilized* in the making. They are dyed with fast colors—perfectly pure and harmless. Washing does not harden "Holeproof" Sox. Neither do they shrink, "crock" nor fade.

"Holeproof" sizes are 9½ to 12. "Holeproof" colors are black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue, in medium weight, light weight, or *extra light weight* for very hot weather.

You get six pairs of a size and weight in a box—all one color or assorted colors, as you choose. And, if any or all of them come to holes in six months, you get new socks *free*.

How to Order Ask your dealer for genuine "Holeproof" Sox. If he hasn't them, we will supply you. Fill out the coupon, send \$2.00 for each six pairs (remit in any convenient way) mail to us and we will fill your order promptly. Order today. Don't wait. Make your feet comfortable for the next six months. Save money—and save darning. Ask for our little book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." Send no stamps for the book. Just ask for it. Write us today.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 98 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.



Registered

Holeproof Hosiery Co.,
98 Fourth Street,
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Enclosed find \$ _____
for which send _____ boxes

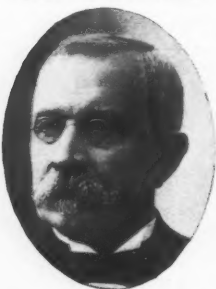
"Holeproof" Sox, Size _____
Weight _____ Colors _____

Signed _____
Address _____

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Originator and Inventor



Hercules Sanche.

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AFTER 9 YEARS' USE OF OXYDONOR WOULD NOT SELL IT FOR \$10,000

479 The Arcade, Cleveland, O., January 9, 1908.
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Try The Sheldon Appliance

30 Days at MY Risk

You need not risk a penny. No matter how serious your case is, no matter what other methods you have tried, I know the Sheldon Appliance will bring you relief. I want you to know it, and I will gladly give you a 30 days' trial to prove it at my risk. Write at once for my book and learn about my scientific method, and how to try the Appliance without risk or obligation on your part.

Don't let Spinal Weakness or Curvature destroy your happiness or ruin your child's life. The Sheldon Appliance has corrected thousands of cases in both old and young. You can do away with bungly, heavy casts and supports. The Sheldon Appliance is light and cool and gives a feeling of strength and activity as soon as you put it on.

You need not suffer a day longer the inefficiency that comes from a weak or deformed back—you need not see your child grow up weak and ill-shaped. Send to me today for my book and learn how to get the style of Appliance your particular case needs, and how I give you a 30 days' trial. You owe it to yourself or to the afflicted one in your family to write me now. Address Mr. Sheldon, President.

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FACE
NECK
AND
ARMS

INSTANTLY
REMOVED
WITHOUT
INJURY TO
THE MOST
DELICATE SKIN



IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It Cannot Fail. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supercedes electrolysis. Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

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Every Bottle Guaranteed

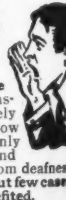
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Clears the Skin of Wrinkles, Frowns, Freckles, Moth, Tan, Lines, Scars, Pimples, and keeps the Skin young. By mail, including instrument, 2 composite stones and creme - - - \$1.00

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Torrey's Oil-Edge Dressing keeps any strop soft and pliable. 15c. or sent by mail upon receipt of price.

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DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS'
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"A new beautifier which is warranted to produce a perfect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes. Will develop or reduce, as desired. A very pretty addition to the toilet-table."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Ford's Biography [1900], page 193. Quotation from Samuel Stearns *ibid.*

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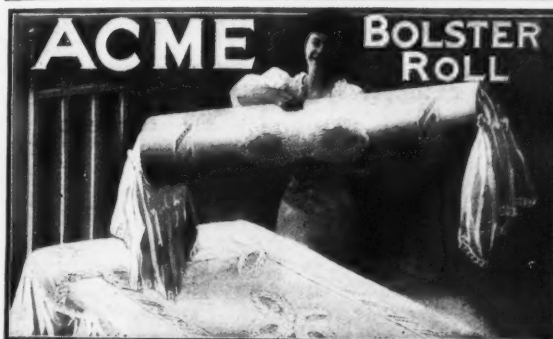
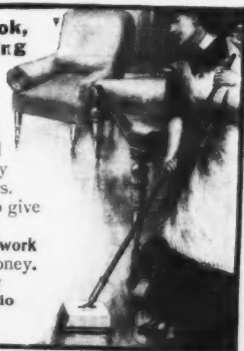
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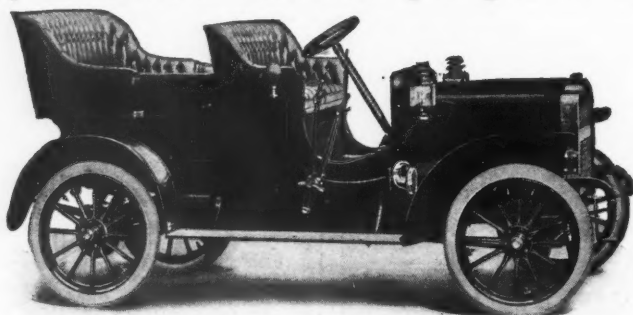
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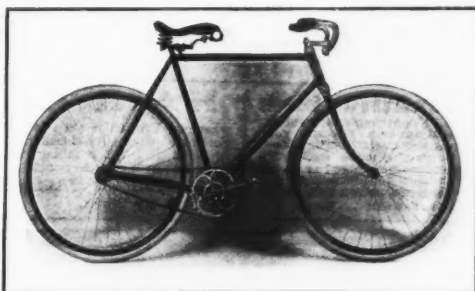
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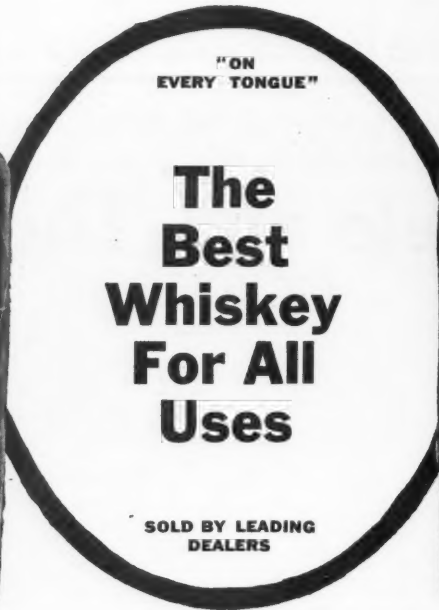
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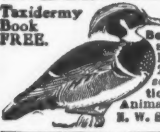
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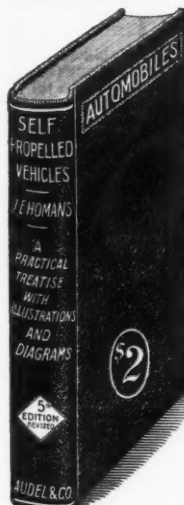
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50 Cts.

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Not a remedy. Contains **five different articles** necessary for the treatment and cure of Corns, Bunions, Ingrown Nails, Callouses and all foot troubles. Saves expensive chiropodist bills—gives quick relief—more satisfaction; always ready. Not to be confused with so-called corn remedies. TO MOTHERS: Avoid the danger of crippling your children for life by neglecting their feet. Proper care now will prevent pain and suffering later on. This outfit should be constantly on hand—it is a blessing in every home. The price is only 50c, but to the average family it means a saving of many dollars. Your 50c back if it does not give satisfaction. Free to anyone for postage and druggist's name a trial package of Goodwin's Foot Powder—cures aching, tired, swollen and sweating feet—together with our interesting booklet, "Taking Care of The Feet."

GOODWIN F. R. CO., 257 Orleans Street, Chicago



\$1.00

"GEM"

AUTOMATIC RAZOR STROPPER

INVALUABLE to every man who shaves. This perfect little machine, compact, strong, and finely finished, is adaptable to the blades of the "GEM," "GEM JUNIOR," and other makes of Safety Razor Blades—and it's guaranteed.

The stropping action is simple and effective, putting a keen edge on a dull blade in a few seconds, lengthening its life indefinitely, and saves cost of new ones. The stropper reverses the blade, sharpening both sides of edge. It is a fine piece of workmanship, silver nickel-plated, with hard rubber rollers and wood handle, ebony finish.

MAILED TO YOU ON RECEIPT OF \$1.00
and 1c postage.

The "Gem" Razor Strop, and a fine Horsehide Double Strop, complete to any address on receipt of **\$1.50** and 12c. postage. State make of razor.

GEM CUTLERY CO., 34 Reade St., New York.
London, E.C., 25 Aldermanbury
Paris, 34 Rue de Constantinople. Hamburg, Pickenshuben, 4
Makers of the famous "Gem" and "Gem Junior" Safety Razors.



PORTABLE BUILDINGS

COTTAGES, Stables, Hunters' Cabins, Boathouses, Garages, Contractors' and Real Estate Offices, Election Booths, Churches, Children's Playhouses, Schools, etc., etc. All our buildings are well painted with colors of your own selection and **ready for use** when delivered, upon re-erection on your premises. Our houses fulfill all our claims. Our customers testify to our businesslike methods and liberal treatment.



Portable Cottage No. 5A

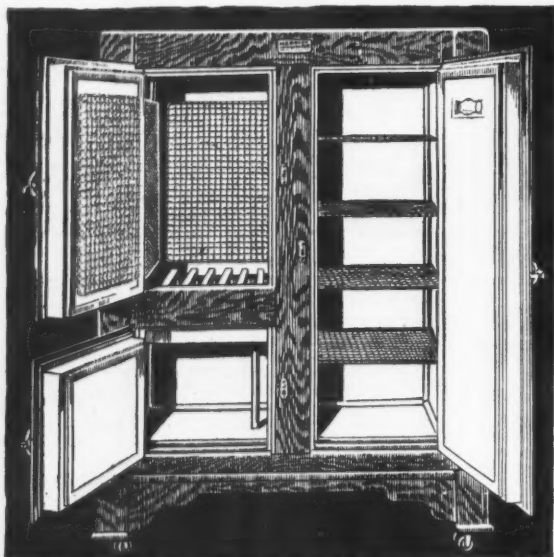
Portable Garages have many advantages. Being "factory built" in quantities they cost you less than to build at home and without the worry and bother of it. On arrival at your station they may be delivered by team, erected by two ordinary mechanics, and ready for use in from four to eight hours. While "Portable" in that they may be taken apart and readily shipped in sections—once erected they are as permanent as any ordinary frame house would be.



Cornell No. 3 Portable Auto Garage erected in our factory complete, taken apart and shipped "Knocked Down." Painted any color. Several stock styles. Any style or size to order.

Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co. (DEPT. C. M.) Ithaca, N. Y., U. S. A.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



YOU want, not a refrigerator—not an ice chest merely—but

Herrick's Cold-storage Cupboard

Built like a cold storage warehouse; perfect cold-dry circulation. No screw-heads to rust; no metal to corrode, no tile to crack; lined throughout with the new material

Cephanoid

(gleaming white enameled)

Water-proof, mould-proof; unbreakable.

Worth more and costs less than "refrigerators." Send for our book "Cold Comfort," free, and see why. When you write, tell us who's your dealer.

Herrick Refrigerator & Manufacturing Company
715 Delaware Street Kansas City Mo.

Bloeker's COCOA

Both Food and Drink.
Comforts a weak stomach.
Quiets irritated nerves.
Satisfies a delicate taste.

Builds good muscle and makes
a clear complexion.

Your grocer; or, 10 cents for postpaid tin of 20 cups.
Address Dept. F.



46 Hudson Street, New York

EASY MONEY

This machine makes it for you while you eat, sleep or attend to other business.

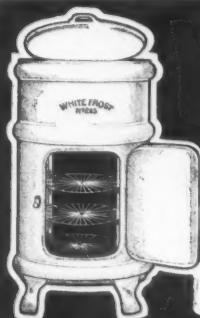
THE ONLY PRACTICAL CIGAR SELLER

yet devised. Compact and beautiful. Made of nickel or copper as you wish. Costs \$10—Lasts always. It rejects "slugs" and "bad money." Many owners making from

\$50 TO \$100 PER WEEK.

Get in quick and secure good territory. Going fast. Write today.

AUTOMATIC VENDING MACHINE COMPANY
1-11 Industrial Building Indianapolis



White Frost Refrigerators

Do you want the Neatest, Sweetest, Cleanest, Handsomest Refrigerator made, one that will always remain clean and sweet?

SEND POSTAL CARD TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET

and learn all about the **WHITE FROST**, with its Revolving Shelves and pure Sanitary Construction. Exclusively Metallic. Finished in spotless white Enamel inside and out. No wood in its make-up. High Art and Low Price. We will sell you one, freight prepaid to your station, at trade discount if your dealer doesn't handle them.

METAL STAMPING CO., 519 Mechanic St., Jackson, Mich.



Dear Bob: I want you to buy me a White Frost Refrigerator

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Leonard Cleanable Porcelain Lined Refrigerators



(TRADE-MARK)

Excel All Others

The porcelain lining is real porcelain fused on sheet steel and indestructible. This means a sweet, clean refrigerator at all times. The doors are air-tight, which prevents sweat and mould.

There is a constant and automatic circulation within of pure, cold, dry air. Patent interior construction makes it impossible for water to ruin the wood work. Cabinet work, finish and design are up to high Grand Rapids standard.

This style 33 x 21 x 46. Polished Oak. Round Corners, Quarter sawed Panels.

\$33.00

Delivered as below.

YOUR ICE BILLS CUT IN HALF

There are 9 walls to preserve the ice (see cut below). Price $\frac{1}{3}$ less than tile or glass lining and the refrigerator is better. For sale by the best dealers or shipped direct from the factory. 30 days trial. Freight prepaid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Beware of imitations made of white paint. Write for free sample of porcelain lining and catalogue showing 30 other styles and prices.

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.

8 Ottawa Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.



HEATING the RIGHT way

Just as "one star differeth from another in magnitude," just so is there a distinction in heating apparatus. There is always one BEST and that is the one you want for your home, your church, school, business building. From results given, we believe



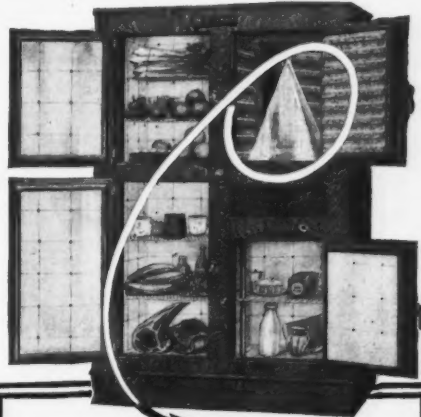
(Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam) to be that one BEST, combining fullness in heating efficiency with economy in operation with fuel of any description—ease and comparatively low cost of installation.

May we send you descriptive literature? The heating question is a serious one, and we know you desire, if possible, to avoid making any mistake. Write Dept. J.

United States Heater Company.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Branch Offices and Agencies in all principal cities.



See the Point?

Do you know why ice melts in the form of a cone in McCray Refrigerators? The fact that it does is the very best evidence that McCray Refrigerators have an active circulation of pure, cold, dry air.

Damp walls or a stale smell indicate poor circulation of air, and a perfect circulation in your refrigerator is just as important to your health as good ventilation in your bedroom.

McCray Refrigerators

have the McCray Patent System of Refrigeration which insures a perfect circulation of pure, dry, cold air. They are lined with White Opal Glass, Porcelain Tile or Odorless White-Wood. No zinc is ever used in their construction, as zinc forms oxides that poison milk and other food and is very dangerous.

Let us tell you how easy it is to have a McCray arranged to be iced from the outside, thus keeping the ice man out of the house.

Do you know why McCray Refrigerators use only one-half as much ice as ordinary refrigerators, and why they are the cleanest, sweetest, dryest and most sanitary refrigerators made?

McCray Refrigerators are made in all sizes, ready for immediate shipment, and are Built to Order for all purposes. Every refrigerator is positively guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction.

Send Us This Coupon

and let us send you free our 40 page illustrated catalog that explains why McCray Refrigerators are superior to other refrigerators and different from ordinary ice boxes. Send us coupon now.

McCray Refrigerator Company,
685 Mill Street,
Kendallville, Ind.

McCray Refrigerator Company,
685 Mill Street,
Kendallville, Indiana.

Branches in all principal cities.

Gentlemen—Please send me your free Catalog of McCray Refrigerators.

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TODAY
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

COSMOPOLITAN CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

READ BY MORE THAN TWO AND ONE-QUARTER MILLION PEOPLE

CLOSING DATE: Advertisements for the next issue should be in our office on or before April 10th.

RATES: \$2.00 a line, cash with order. This rate is subject to a 12½% discount on a six time order, which is allowed only on the last insertion. Example, a four-line (minimum space) advertisement (about 30 words) costs \$6.00 each insertion for five consecutive issues and \$2.00 for the sixth or last insertion.

NOTE: We ask the assistance of our readers in excluding any objectionable advertisement from these columns as it is oftentimes impossible to know personally each advertiser.

REAL ESTATE

"LAND" is a magazine that tells how you can make money in New York real estate. How you can start with \$10 and secure a piece of land that will multiply in value with the wonderful growth of New York City. It gives fascinating facts about the wealth that is being made in New York real estate and tells how you can share in it. Send me your name, address and occupation on a postal card and I will send you "Land" free for six months.

W. M. Ostrander, Suite 545, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BUY A FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA, New Jersey, or Delaware. Best States for profitable farming, farm lands my specialty—sold and bought, write for particulars. Raymond G. Frick, 1102 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia.

AN INCOME FOR LIFE

\$200.00 down (or installments) secures absolute title to land growing crop netting \$41.00 profit the first and \$117.00 succeeding years. We cultivate this land for you, if desired, on the share system and the above figures represent your net annual profit. You need not go on to it, neglect other business, nor buy stocks or bonds. You simply buy the land; we cultivate it and give you the profits. A larger investment brings correspondingly larger returns. If you want an income for life, address

C. P. Bowers & Co.,
218 Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

\$150.00—FIRST PAYMENT, secures 40 acres choice irrigated land in Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colorado's richest empire—nothing more on principal for 2 years. Write to-day, The Routt County Colonization Company, 814 17th St., Denver, Colo.

Architecture—Bldg—Machinery

RIPE AUTOMATIC HYDRAULIC RAM, pumps water by water power—no attention—no expense—2 feet fall elevates water 50 feet, etc. Guaranteed. Catalog free.

Rife Ram Co., 2185 Trinity Building, New York City.

Automobiles—Motor Cycles

100 LATE MODELS—White Steamers and other standard automobiles for quick sale. Some choice bargains in list C. Write for it. \$200 and up. Automobile Clearing House, 240 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

"LARGEST DEALERS OF AUTOMOBILES, NEW AND SECOND-HAND IN THE WORLD." \$2250 AUTO FOR \$1250. SAVING \$1000 ON A BRAND NEW CAR. THAT'S THE BIGGEST AUTO BARGAIN EVER OFFERED. WE HAVE PURCHASED AND NOW HAVE ON SALE THE SURLUS STOCK OF NEW '07 28-30 H. P. 4 CYL. "QUEEN" TOURING AND RUN-ABOUT CARS. GUARANTEED. OTHER BARGAINS IN HIGH GRADE NEW AUTOS AT 40% TO 60% REDUCTIONS. OVER 500 SECOND-HAND AUTOS, ALL IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION, AT RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES. OUR PRICES ARE SO LOW ON TIRES, SUNDRIES AND APPAREL IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG AND LATEST PRICE LIST No. 100. THE TIMES SQUARE AUTOMOBILE CO., 1399-1601 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. AFTER APRIL 15TH CHICAGO ADDRESS, 1332-34 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

THE M.M. MOTOR CYCLE for 1908 offers more advantages to the agent, more splendid new features to the rider at a smaller cost than any other machine built.

Am. Motor Company, 751 Centre St., Brockton, Mass.

ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES

For LIVE ADVERTISING NOVELTIES and Premium Goods. Business Souvenirs, Calendars, Signs, Letter Enclosures, etc. read The Novelty News, official organ of mfrs. Told in pictures. "Selling" goods and methods presented—not theories. \$1.00 a year, trial 3 mos. 25c. Single copy, 10c. stamps. 171-4 Washington St., Chicago.

TRAVEL

TO EUROPE—Seven Limited, conducted parties in April, May, June, July. Everything first class. "Old World Tourist Guide" free. De Potter Tours, 32 Broadway, N. Y. (29th Year.)

REAL ESTATE

PUT YOUR MONEY IN A NEW COUNTRY

Move to the growing West and get a farm or store of your own. Unusual openings are offered the farmer, stockman and merchant in the Dakotas and Montana along the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Rainfall and climate insure good crops; markets are assured by the completion of the line; land now sells at reasonable prices; some may still be secured under the homestead laws. Descriptive booklet free from

F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

YOU CAN SECURE a self-supporting home in the glorious Kootenay fruit district, British Columbia, for \$10 cash and \$10 per month for ten acres. (Discount for larger payments). Annual profits \$500 to \$1000 per acre. Orchard, garden, poultry, grand scenery, hunting, fishing, abundant pure water, healthy climate warm winters, cool summers, churches, schools, post-offices, stores, daily express trains, lake steamboats within few minutes walk, fine neighbors, comforts of civilization combined with delightful rural community. Will send maps, photos, plans, proofs free. Refer to banks and commercial bodies, also hundreds of purchasers. Write to-day. Address, Land Department, Kootenay Orchard Association, 443 Ward Street, Nelson, B.C.

SCENERY: Climate: Soil—Business Chances Big, Horn County, Wyoming, surpass anything in the Country! Just the place for young people. Let us tell you about our lands. Salaried people accommodated; partial payments. Great new country; near Yellowstone Park. Representatives wanted. Tensleep & Bonanza Canal Co. 774 Journal Bldg, Boston, Mass.

WHY LIVE NORTH? Freeze to death in winter. Die of sunstroke in summer. Long life at Jacksonville, Fla. the New York of the south. Don't scatter in wild southern towns. 5 acres \$250. Free guide. Half Million Club, C. L. Bonney, Sec.

FREE U. S. Government Land in the Southwest; still some left. Write for new folder, telling where located and how to get it, with chapters on "dry farming." Will also send "The Earth" (a Southwest journal) six months free. This means money for you. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co., 1115-G, Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Investments—Bonds—Mortgages

6% BONDS WHICH ALSO SHARE EXTRA PROFITS. Solid participating security and very desirable investment. Representatives wanted. Address, Standard Finance Co., Box C, 1135 Broadway, New York City.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS. Advice and Book Free. Terms moderate; highest references; best services; Patents advertised at my expense. All business given prompt and proper attention. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS obtained and Trade Marks registered. Moderate charges for careful work. Our booklet, "Concerning Patents," mailed free. Calver & Calver, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. (Formerly Examiners U. S. Patent Office.)

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. \$100,000 offered for one invention; \$5,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 15 years. Chandice & Chandice, Patent Attys., 920 F Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cents stamps.

R. S. & A. B. Lacey,

Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and what to invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One million dollars offered for one invention; \$19,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. Evans, Wilkens & Co., Washington, D. C.

FREIGHT SHIPPING

JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO. REDUCED rates on household goods to and from all points of the Pacific Coast. 349 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 109 Stimson Bldg, Los Angeles.

The National Market for buyers presents itself herewith

Cosmopolitan Classified Directory

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

\$300 TO \$500 PER MONTH in the Real Estate Business. \$10 will start you. Experience unnecessary, as I prepare you and appoint you my special representative. Write for my free book. C. H. Gray, Pres., 324 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

STANDARD CASH REGISTERS—High grade, low prices, handsome, durable, accurate. Fully Guaranteed. Big money selling these machines. Small capital required. Exclusive territory. Standard Cash Register Co., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS. An opportunity to make big money. Your name and address sent to us to-day will put you in touch with one of the best agents' propositions ever made; only those who mean business need apply; experience not necessary; write at once for full particulars of our big offer to you. Manager, Dept. 5-60 B, Box 1815, N. Y. City.

A manufacturer's permanent business offer. An exceptional opportunity in operating direct sales parlors for the most attractive and comfortable shoe for men and women ever offered the public; many special features. Every person a possible customer. Kushlon Comfort Shoe Co., 11 C South St., Boston.

PUBLISH A MAGAZINE in your town under your own name. We supply the material. No expenses. Illustrated stories to which you may add local reading and advertising. Particulars and samples for postage (10 cents). International Magazine Company, Wright Building, St. Louis.

A **STEADY INCOME** of \$2,500.00 to \$3,000.00 a year assured with one of our Aero Vacuum House Cleaning Wagons. Cleans carpets, rugs, upholstery, draperies, etc., quickly and thoroughly, without removal from your house. In big demand by hotels, churches, residences, etc. A legitimate, permanent business paying over 100% profit to hustling men with about \$3,000.00 capital. Exclusive territory given. Free literature sent to responsible parties. American Air Cleaning Co., Dept. P, Enterprise Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

"SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET." Our little book gives interesting details. It's yours for the asking. Write for it. John A. Boardman & Co., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, New York.

MONEY AND FAME in writing for newspapers and magazines. Fascinating, paying work for men and women. Let us tell you how. Send for free booklet.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL JOURNALISM, Syracuse, N. Y. **THE AMERICAN OYSTER INDUSTRY** is offering an investment you cannot afford to overlook. Now shipping oysters at \$7.00 per barrel. Write for particulars. C. W. Hill, Secretary, Troy, New York.

HOW TO FINANCE a Business Enterprise clearly shown by descriptive booklet, No. 89, which we mail FREE. Write to-day. Address, The Business Development Company of America, 117 Nassau St., New York.

WE START YOU in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. Full course of instruction free. We are manufacturers and have a new plan in the mail-order line. Large profits. Small capital. You pay us in three months and make big profit. References given. Sworn statements. Pease Mfg. Co., 450 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

BIG MONEY IN THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS. The Mail Order Journal, 11 years old, a monthly of 48 to 64 pages, will enable you to start right and keep you posted on business conditions and methods. Indispensable for live business men. No sample copies. Send 25c. for 6 months' trial subscription. Louis Gunther, 104 Schiller Bldg., Chicago.

IF YOU WANT to buy, sell or exchange property, any kind, anywhere, or if you want a partner, additional capital or a location, state your wants and send 10c. for the Investor's Guide, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

OPPORTUNITIES for high-grade Salesmen, Executive, Clerical, Professional and Technical men open at our twelve offices to-day. Free list of positions open. Call, write. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'way, N. Y.

MAKE SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS a year right in your own locality. I start ambitious men in Mercantile Collection Business without capital. Write for Free Booklet explaining plan. L. M. Whitney, Pres., Whitney Law Corporation, 107 William St., New Bedford, Mass.

ACME CEMENT-BLOCK MACHINE equals any machine made, complete outfit, \$40.00. Any design. Large profits making concrete blocks. Colgan Machinery & Supply Co., 2054 Parsons Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

MAKE MONEY securing classified advertisers. Try advertising your business. Learn its value as a business asset. Get your business associates and friends to advertise. Write me for fuller particulars and advertising agent's credentials. E. W. Brainard, 601 W. 140, N. Y. C.

ANY BUSINESS can make money by persistent advertising of the right sort. Why not get in touch with a live proposition? Write for fuller particulars. Classified Advertiser, Box A 2070, N. Y. C.

FOR MEN

DO YOUR CIGARS PLEASE YOU? Is your favorite brand tasting as it used to? Don't you want to try a brand that has held its friends for twenty years. The highest type of a domestic cigar is the F. & D. Perfecto. Send me \$3.50 and I will send you a box of fifty, express prepaid. If they don't suit, return at my expense, and I will refund your money. Phil. Draper, Troy, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MATCH VENDING MACHINE sold outright. Low price and merit sell it on sight. One good salesman wanted in every city.

Laclede Mfg. Co., 520 Laclede Bldg., St. Louis.

"PUSHING YOUR BUSINESS," strong new book on advertising by T. D. MacGregor of the "Bankers Magazine," tells the fundamentals of copy, mediums and methods. Author helped make W. M. Ostrander famous and handled advertising of an \$86,000,000 bank. Get genuine help in pushing your business. Illustrated. Price \$1.00, post free. Bankers Pub. Co., 95 William St., New York.

OPPORTUNITIES for high-grade salesmen, Executive, Clerical, Professional and Technical men listed at our twelve offices to-day. Free list. Call or write. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'way, New York.

"ADVERTISERS' MAGAZINE"—should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "Ad School" in existence. Try subscription 10c. Sample copy free. Advertisers' Magazine, 814 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

START MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS. Sell goods by mail. Cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan positively successful. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Free Book. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTS PROCURED or Fee returned. Send your Inventions to Everette Dufour & Co. (members of the U. S. Supreme Court Bar and expert mechanical engineers). Opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

\$3000 CLEAR PROFITS each year waiting for any energetic man who will start the operation of the "Thurman Portable House-Cleaning Machine." We proved it to many last month—let us prove it to you—now. Over three hundred operators all over the U. S. The "Dustless Method" is quick, thorough and sanitary. Pays in towns of 5,000 population or more. Amount necessary to start business from \$2,500 upwards. We own the patents and are prosecuting infringers. We also make the most efficient stationary Residential Cleaning Plants from \$650 up. Send for catalog and testimonials. Address General Compressed Air & Vacuum Machinery Co., 4458-dept. B, Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS: Start Mail-Order Business at home; devote whole or spare time. We tell you how; very good profits. Everything furnished. No Catalog outfit proposition. For "Starter" and free particulars address G. Krueger Co., 155 Wash. St., Chicago, Ill.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS of your own, but not with a cheap trick or novelty. I made \$50,000 in five years and began small. I will show you how to start right. Send for my free booklet to-day. Heacock, Box 955, Lockport, N. Y.

I WANT ONE OR TWO HIGH CLASS MEN in each state to give my proposition a thorough trial contemplating opening office if satisfied. I manufacture a store necessity. Sell for \$50 to \$1000. Ref. First Natl. Bank, Chicago. M. W. Pinner, 183-189 Lake St., Chicago.

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS under Arizona Laws. No annual tax. No public statements. Members exempt from corporate debts. Stock non-assessable. Capitalization does not affect cost. Cost small. Particulars and laws free. Southwestern Securities & Inv. Co., Box X488, Phoenix, Ariz.

GENERAL AGENCIES for the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner now being established in every city of 10,000 and more. Business builders—men of integrity, energy and ambition wanted to take charge of them. In larger cities they will open offices and employ assistants. The Ideal Cleaner has brought the wonders of Vacuum Cleaning within the reach of all, and at a price which insures its going into every home from the cottage of the workman to the mansion of the millionaire. In the business world its field is equally great. It's a rare chance. Prompt action on your part is strictly necessary. Address Ideal Vacuum Cleaner Co., Astor Court Building, 25 West 33d Street, New York City.

Have you something to exchange? A camera, a music-box, an old violin? Advertise it in *Cosmopolitan* under "Exchange." There is some person who wants the useless thing you desire to discard. It may be of no value to you, but of inestimable value to another. Get in touch with that other under the "Exchange" column. Then write us your experience. *Cosmopolitan* has the way—at \$3 an insertion of about 30 words, read by 24 million people—one of whom are ready and anxious to effect a barter with you. Classified Dept., Box B 1859, N. Y. C.

We need a representative with tact and perseverance in each large city to solicit advertisements for the *Cosmopolitan Classified Directory*. We will make you a special offer which will surpass other opportunities of high-grade work. Write for fuller particulars and credentials to Classified, Box C 1859, N. Y. C.

FOR THE DEAF

THE ACOUSTICON MAKES THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theaters and Churches. In successful use throughout the Country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know, free. K. L. Turner, Pres't, General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

TO THOSE HARD OF HEARING. An efficient Aid sent for trial. No expense no risk, no contract, no money, unless device be kept. Address A. N. Tiemann & Co., 107 Park Row, New York.

Strengthen the good opinion of our readers by keeping constantly before them the merits of your business

Cosmopolitan Classified Directory

AGENTS WANTED

ONE MAN wanted in each town to represent widely advertised real estate company, part or all time, to sell high class New York City lots, exclusive territory. Our men are making \$100 to \$1,000 a month. Send for full particulars

F. W. Gresham, Manager,
176 Knabe Bldg.,
New York.

WANTED ACTIVE AGENTS everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our latest Silk Embroidered Shirt Waist Patterns, Suits and Scarfs—easy sellers. Liberal credit to parties furnishing good references. Send for circular N.

Novel Dress Co., 32 Union Square, New York.

PICTURE AGENTS. Large 24x28 framed pictures cost 43c., sell for 98c. easy; 100 subjects. New idea enlarged portraits, colored, matted, framed, cost \$1.40; sell like hot cakes at \$3.90. Crayon portraits 45c. Factory 2, Wayne, Ill.

HELP WANTED. Work at home. Every man and woman not able to do hard work, and every boy and girl desiring to make some money write at once. Easy work; experience unnecessary. Big opportunity for willing people. Nothing to pay. We want you to work for us. Write to-day and receive full particulars. Clerk 17, Box 1275, Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED. Men and women everywhere, unable to do hard work; work to do at home; also boys and girls who wish to earn spending money; work easy; inexperience no drawback; great opportunity; you pay nothing; we do all that. Write at once—to-day—for full particulars.

F. Kaas, Room 5-60 A, 40 Rose Street, N. Y. City.

AGENTS make \$103.50 per month selling wonderful self-sharpening patented scissors and cutlery. V. E. Glebner sold 22 pairs in 5 hours, made \$13; you can do it. We show how. Free outfit. C. Thomas Mfg. Co., 23 K St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—Will you represent us in your community? Big money made by all our agents; you can do the same; we supply everything; good business opportunity; write to-day and get free outfit and easy instructions.

C. Dreebye, Dept. 5-60 C, Box 2079, N. Y. City.

AGENTS—\$25 a week easily made selling our 14 new patented articles. Each one a necessity to every woman, and a rapid seller. No scheme. Sample free to hustlers.

A. M. Young & Co., A. J. Howland Bldg., Chicago.

\$25.00 A WEEK easily made by ladies taking orders for our corsets. Outfit prepaid. Good territory still open. Write to-day.

Woman's Apparel Supply Co., Dept. C, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS \$75 Monthly—Metal Combination Rolling-Plin, nine useful articles for the kitchen combined in one. Light-nings seller, sample free.

Forshee Co., D 21, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED

"UNCLE SAM" wants Railway Mail Clerks, City Carriers and Clerks immediately. Salary \$1,000. Examinations everywhere soon. Common education sufficient. Preparation free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B1 Rochester, N. Y.

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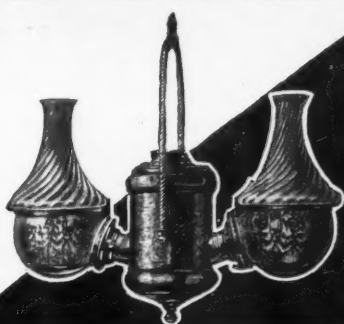
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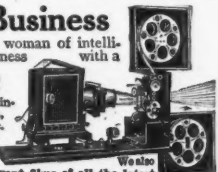
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Begin this Story—Today On Her Wedding Morn

Huldah Asheton rose early; she was too happy to sleep. The sky might well look so fair, the sun shine so brightly, it was her wedding day. She went out for a few minutes to take a last look for a time at her fair domain of Silverwell, and then she withdrew to her apartments to dress. It was characteristic of her that on this, her wedding day, she should ask her faithful old nurse and servant to dress her. No doubt her smart Parisian maid would have done it better, but Huldah wanted the love, the blessing, the warmth of affection that none but an old friend could give.

She—the proud beauty, "The Queen of the Season," Gerald Asheton's heiress—clasped her arms round her nurse's neck.

"I have no mother," she said, laying her beautiful face on the nurse's shoulder, "to kiss and bless me. Wish me godspeed in my new life, Lewis."

And Jane Lewis blessed her with loving words, foretelling such happiness for her as made the girl's heart beat and her face glow.

"Now come, Lewis," she said, "and see all my wedding attire; it lies ready in my dressing room."

Lewis followed her. The wedding dress, the wedding veil, the wreath of orange blossoms, the white gloves, the white satin shoes, the white fan with the jeweled handle, the bracelet of magnificent pearls, all lay ready, just as for years afterward they lay in the closed-up room of the River House.

"You shall dress me, Lewis," said the beautiful bride; "no other hands but yours, because yours have been the kindest hands in the world to me."

She wore a wrapper of white silk, and just as she was unfastening the band of it, saying, "See how the sun smiles on my wedding morn," a knock came at the door.

Susanne, the Parisian maid, came in.

"There is a lady in the hall, Miss Asheton, who insists upon seeing you."

"A lady? I cannot see any one. Say that I am particularly engaged. I have spent so much time out of doors, Lewis, that I shall be late."

Another rap came.

"Lady Evrington begs me to say the carriages are ready."

"I shall not be long," said the young heiress. "Susanne, tell the lady I cannot see her; whatever message she has must be sent by you."

Susanne went away, but returned in a few minutes. "The lady insists upon seeing you, miss; she bade me give you this."

Huldah took a note from the girl's hand and read:

"If you wish to spare yourself untold shame, anguish, and remorse, tell me at once. If you refuse to do so, I shall follow you to the church. When you have seen me, you will understand that to-day's ceremony would be a wretched farce."

Huldah Asheton looked up at the servant who had brought the note.

"The person who wrote this must be mad," she said.

"I do not think so, miss; she looks sane enough."

"What kind of a person is she?"

"Tall, elegantly dressed and pretty-looking, miss. She heard something about the carriages being ready, and she laughed. 'You had better wait until I have seen your mistress,' she said, to one of the footmen."

A sudden presentiment of evil came to the young heiress.

"I will see her, Susanne," she said; "bring her here."

"Into your dressing room?" questioned the maid, wonderingly.

"Yes; I have no time to go anywhere else."

Susanne went away quickly. Miss Asheton read the letter again. What could it mean—dear Heaven, what could it mean? Her beautiful face grew pale.

"Is it bad news, my dear?" asked the old nurse.

"I do not know," replied Huldah.

Before she had time for another word the door opened, and a tall, elegantly dressed woman entered. Her veil was thrown back, showing a pretty but somewhat insipid face, and a quantity of fair hair. The visitor was elegant rather than graceful. With a mocking smile she looked round the magnificent dressing room.

"I am sorry to intrude, Miss Asheton, but my business is imperative—it admits of no delay. I hear you are to marry Lord Wynton to-day."

"I do not see that the matter concerns you," was the haughty reply.

"Pardon me, I am the best judge of that."

Suddenly her eyes fell on the gorgeous wedding dress, the bridal wreath, the silvery veil. A lurid light came into them, a scornful, mocking, triumphant smile curled her lip. She looked at that moment more like a fiend than a woman.

"I see your wedding dress is all ready—the veil and the wreath, and the bridal bouquet, sent by such loving hands. The minister stands ready robed at the altar, the ringers are ready to ring the wedding bells, the carriages stand at the door, the servants all wear white favors, the bridegroom is counting the moments. But listen to me—oh! hour of triumph, for which I have waited and longed and prayed—there will be no wedding, there can be no wedding, for I am Lord Wynton's wife!"

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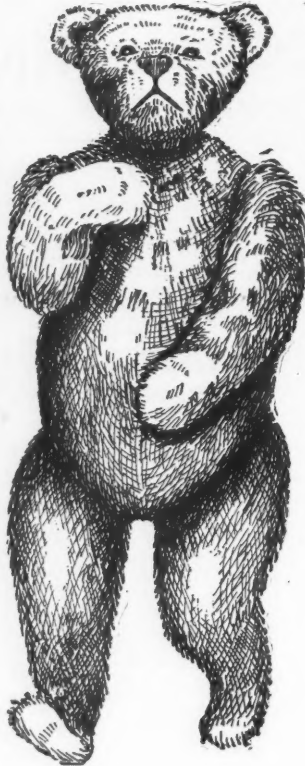
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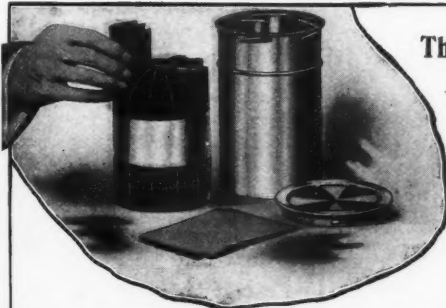
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to be used.



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WE HAVE testimonials from thousands of people who can drink no other coffee, and from thousands who will drink no other. In a few minutes' argument we could convince you that Barrington Hall is the only coffee to use, but one trial in your home is a more agreeable way.

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"Steel-cut" means that the coffee is cut (not ground) into fine, even particles. This cutting does not crush the little oil cells as does grinding, and the rich, aromatic oil (Food Product), which makes coffee flavor, is preserved. This explains why a pound of Barrington Hall makes 15 to 20 cups more of perfect, full-strength coffee than will the same weight of ordinary coffee.

PRICE: 35c to 40c per pound according to locality. Packed in sealed tins only. If your grocer tries to sell you something "just as good," he has his own interest, not yours, in mind. Write us, and we can tell you how and where to get Barrington Hall. If you accept an imitation, please do not judge our coffee by it.

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Clicquot Club (pronounced Click-o) Ginger Ale combines all that is healthful, delicious and gratifying in a beverage. We take the greatest care that in every process from the time the empty bottle enters our premises until it is delivered to the consumer there is not the slightest chance for anything but purity to enter into its composition. Its flavor—we'll let you judge of that.

Clicquot Club is always of the same pure water, pure ginger, pure sugar.

If your dealer does not carry it, let us know.

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From Far-Off Mandalay



Nothing quite so piquant and appetizing ever surprised the palate as a touch of Heinz Mandalay Sauce—the new table luxury whose rare Oriental savor has made it the popular condiment of the day.

HEINZ Mandalay Sauce

is composed of choicest fruits, vegetables and spices of foreign and domestic origin, skilfully blended after a recipe found by an English army officer in the Far East.

It imparts incomparable goodness to hot or cold meats, fish, game, soups and gravies. Indispensable for all chafing-dish cooking—Welsh rarebits, cheese toast, and so on. Stimulates the jaded appetite; is unquestionably wholesome.

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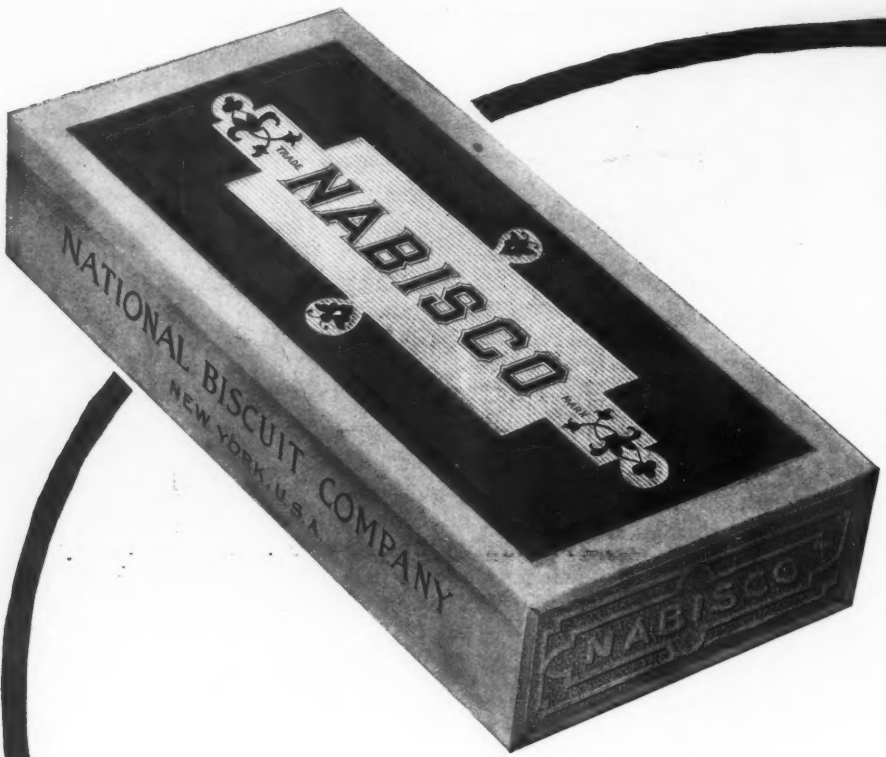


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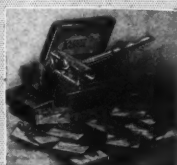


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antecedent to be thoroughly sanitary, and with ordinary care to be a practically indestructible fixture; guaranteed by the makers to be in every respect a **strictly first quality fitting**. The "Standard" "Green & Gold" Label is your protection against the substitution of inferior goods. For the sanitary equipment of your home it pays to specify the most reliable equipment your money can buy. **It pays to specify "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware.** Specify "Standard" Fixtures, which cost no more than those made by inexperienced manufacturers, and look for the label to make sure you are getting the genuine.

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A METAL POLISH
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Imitated But Never Equalled

Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class.

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This illustration is, of course, wholly fanciful; but it serves its purpose, which is to emphasize the fact that Ivory Soap floats.

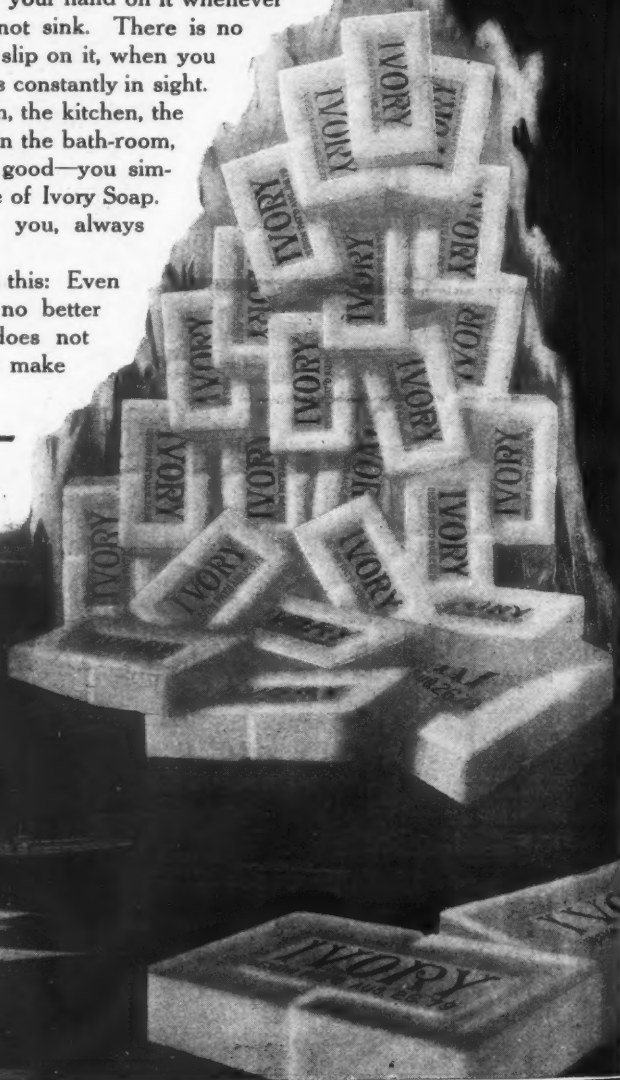
You know, of course, that Ivory Soap *does* float; but has it ever occurred to you how important that quality is?

You wish to take a bath. If you have a cake of Ivory Soap, you can toss it into the bath-tub, knowing that you can put your hand on it whenever you please. It will not sink. There is no danger that you will slip on it, when you get into the tub. It is constantly in sight.

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Now the point is this: Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps, does not the fact that it floats make it better?

**Ivory Soap—
It Floats.**





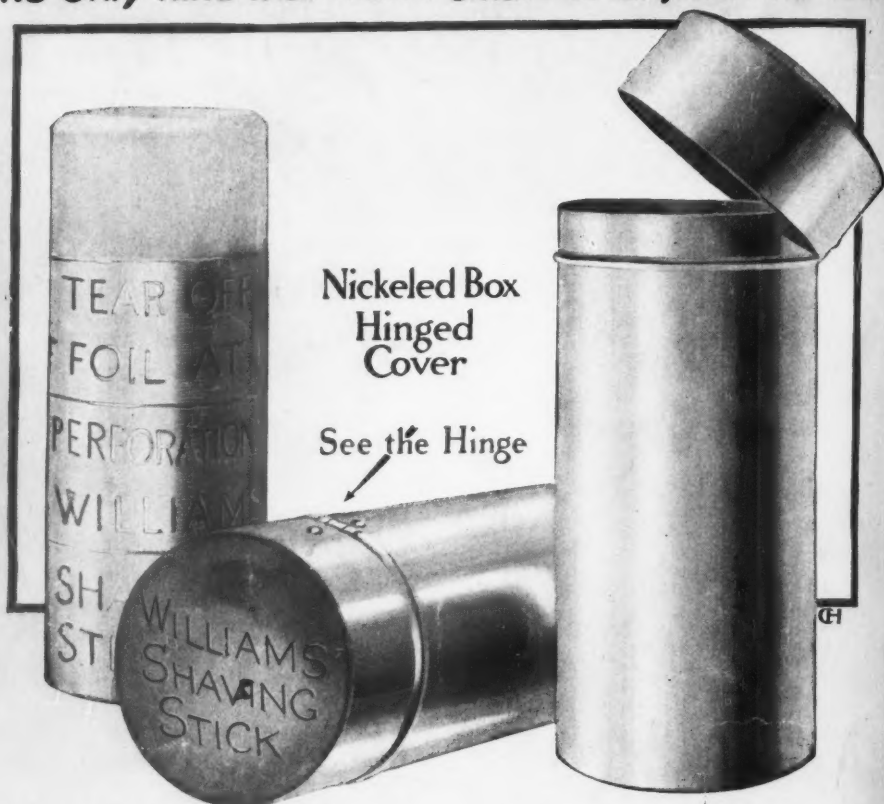
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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



Williams' Shaving Stick can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box as formerly.

A man's face is too conspicuous and too easily marred to risk the consequences of any shaving soap that is not as pure and soothing as Williams'

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